JOHN BULL, MARCH 24, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1449.

SHOULD CHURCHMEN GO TO WAR? By A.G.G.

JOHN BULL

"232" and SANDOM LEISURE HOUR COMPETITION

Comfort ✓
Style ✓
Perfect Fit ✓
Quality ✓
Value ✓

'—and nearly 100 years of tailoring tradition behind the makers of '232' Grey Flannels, Sandom Handycoats and Centacort Flannel Trousers.' These are your reasons for insisting on '232' Grey Flannels, Sandom Handycoats and Centacort Flannel Trousers at your Outfitter's.

"232" GREY FLANNELS
13/9
4 shades, 68 fittings
(outsizes cost a little more)

SANDOM HANDYCOATS
21/- **25/-** 30/-
many patterns to choose from

"Centacort" 100% wool, white or grey flannel trousers **18/9**

WHAT INTERESTS YOU? CRICKET? HIKING? GOLF? GARDENING? PHOTOGRAPHY? BILLIARDS? FISHING? MODEL MAKING?

If you are keen on any of these games or pastimes, here is your opportunity to take part in a remarkably interesting Competition. A series of valuable prizes (1st, 2nd, 3rd and consolation prizes) will be awarded monthly during April, May, June and July, for achievements of merit in each section. Everybody knows what good performances are put up by "232" Flannels, Sandom Handycoats and Centacort Flannel Trousers during leisure hours—now *we* want to know the best performances put up during leisure hours by their *wearers*.

If you take 8 wickets for 26, or knock up a snappy century, you have a magnificient chance of a big prize. If you have produced a fine show of delphiniums, or taken a particularly interesting or amusing snap on your holidays, in goes your entry. Perhaps billiards is your game—or golf, model making, or fishing? Or, perhaps, you like a good hike? Right-ho! A good performance with a rod-and-line has every bit as much chance as a "70 nett" by a 24 handicap golfer. This gigantic and all-embracing Competition is sponsored by the makers of "232" *Flannels and Sandom Handycoats*, who have arranged with a distinguished group of authorities on these different games and pastimes to act as Judges in the Monthly Competitions.

Put a cross against the Competition in which you are interested, on the coupon below, and you will receive, by return of post, a booklet giving full details and an entry form. The booklets have been written by the well-known authorities who are acting as Judges, and contain valuable suggestions for your guidance in winning the Competitions.

FISHING
Mr. R. L. Marston, Editor of *Fishing Gazette*, says: "The rules governing 'The '232,' 'Sandom' and 'Centacort' Fishing Competition have been framed to ensure absolute fairness to all. I feel sure that anglers throughout the country will welcome this friendly Competition." Send coupon below for full details.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Mr. F. J. Mortimer, Editor of *Amateur Photographer and Cinematographer*, says: "The Amateur photographer always welcomes competitions. I anticipate that many thousands of the snaps taken during the next few months will be entered in this '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Snapshot Competition." Send coupon below for full particulars.

To: Dept. J.B.1,
38 Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

I am interested in the following Competition(s)—please send me full particulars and entry form:—

Golf ☐
Cricket ☐
Fishing ☐
Gardening ☐
Hiking ☐
Billiards ☐
Model Making ☐
Photography ☐

Name..

Address...

....

GOLF
Abe Mitchell, says: "As a steadying influence nothing can be more efficacious, than the taking out of a card every time the amateur plays a round, and that is why I welcome this '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Golf Competition." Send coupon below for full details.

CRICKET
"Patsy" Hendren says: "While few men can play for England, we can all strive our hardest for our own teams, and even the most modest performer can have his triumphs when the cracks fail, which is why I welcome this '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Competition which gives cricketers of every class an opportunity of gaining a prize." Send the coupon below for full details.

HIKING
Mr. S. P. B. Mais—well-known to thousand of lovers of the open country—has kindly consented to act as Judge of this competition. He has written an interesting article in a special booklet—send the coupon below for further details.

BILLIARDS
Tom Newman, who is to judge this compeition, says: "Any form of competition open to all players is sure of hearty support. I shall be delighted to judge the entries in the '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Billiards and Snooker Competition, and I wish it every success." Send coupon below for full details.

MODEL MAKING
Mr. C. H. Hayward, the Editor of *Handicrafts Magazine*, says: "Apart from the valuable prizes offered, competitors will have great satisfaction in knowing that the models they make will be a constant source of interest and pleasure." Send coupon below for particulars.

GARDENING
Mr. Walter Brett, F.R.H.S., Editor, *Home Gardening*, says: "There is nothing that delights the average gardener more than a friendly contest in gardening skill. Because of this, I know that every gardener will enjoy entering the '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Gardening Competitions." Send coupon below for full details.

10 YEAR GUARANTEE ONLY 6/9

Many of our watches are still going strong for longer periods, but even 10 years will highly satisfy you that such remarkable value is unapproachable. A "Moderns" Customer is always sure of value and satisfaction. Superb time-keeping. Awards of Merit stamped inside casing. Half Hunter double glass. Hard usage has no effect, wears white throughout, or if preferred Heavy Gilt supplied at same price. ALL have been "SPECIALLY EXAMINED" and tried. Guaranteed Reliable. Send now 6/9, postage 6d.

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Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

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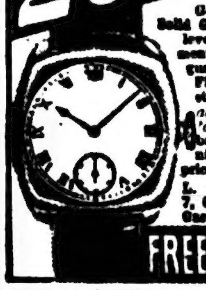

English Hall marked Gent's extra heavy Solid Gold Case, 15 jewel lever precision movement, fully tested and guaranteed 10 years. Fitted fine leather strap. *Illustrated ½ actual size. Special terms:* 2/6 deposit balance 2/6 fortnightly until reduced price of 84/- is paid.

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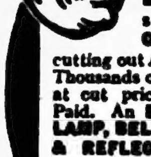

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THIS is typical of the many thousands of happy "Worldwide" Club Organisers who earn from £2 up to £5, £10 and more in their spare time. They are proud of their firm. You too can earn a Good Commission and Profit-share with a few minutes of your spare time each week by organising a "Worldwide" Club—no samples to carry, no selling to do, no experience or capital required. It is a pleasant and profitable hobby for any man or woman, and making extra money is easy with the "Worldwide" behind you.

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Address ....

JB38 ....

(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required)

"WORLDWIDE" CLUBS "THE HOBBY THAT PAYS"

Associated Warehouses:—
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Established 1875.
British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually. Directors: E.C. & W. P. Williams

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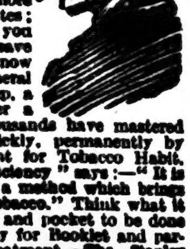
Wholesale Warehouses,
Charles Street,
MANCHESTER, 1.

How to Stop Smoking



Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.2), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

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price 2/11 each Postage 4d
SEND NOW

and save hairdressers' charges?

FOR LADIES AND GENTS. These high-grade Hair Clippers are easy to use and will save their cost over and over again. Gent's Clippers, with two combs for whole head, 2/11 each, postage 4d. Ladies' Clippers, fine for the neck, same price. Two pairs 5/8, postage 6d. Sheffield hand made forged Hair Scissors 1/11 per pair, worth double, post 2d. STONES CUTLERY STORES, (Dept. J.B.), DERBY. Est. 1840.

£1,250 Won in Crossword Competition No. 250.

In the above Competition correct Solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,000 offered:—

G. W. CRAIG, 2, Meads Road, Wood Green, N.22.
L. LYLE, 72, Diana Street, Cardiff.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a Solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 3, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £250 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 29 competitors from whom we received Solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £8 12s. 6d.:—

Barber, F. G., Girls' County School, Mitcham; Clarke, T., 9, Viceroy Rd., London, S.W.8; Coy, R., 64, [illegible] Rd., Doncaster; Craven, C., 13, Hillside Av., Boreham Wood, Herts; Coffey, T. E., Fairseat, Orchehill Av., Gerrards Cross; Greensides, W., 163, Moorside Rd., Eccleshill, Bradford; Hayes, Mrs. E., 64, Hartley Rd., Portsmouth; Hobson, E., 1, Borough Rd., Sheffield; Hollands, Miss M., 17, Cumberland Rd., Sth. Norwood, S.E.25; Holmes, Miss E., 6, Devonshire Rd., Upton, Wirral; Jones, T., 17, Royal Crescent, Penydarren, Merthyr Tydvil; Knapp, E. J., R.A.F. Corps Command Pay Office, Malta; Lane, Mrs. M. A., Combe-St. Nicholas, Chard, Somerset; McDearmid, C. L., 18, Parkinson Av., Scunthorpe; Meppem, A., The Street, Icklesham, Sussex; Mitchell, G. A., 7, Brooks, Clayton, Bradford, Yorks; Moore, E., 13, Oxford Rd., Runcorn, Ches.; Munday, Mrs. E., 8, Avenue Terr., Woodbridge Rd., Guildford, Surrey; Munford, Mrs. D., The Cottage Bungalow, New Brighton Rd., Emsworth, Hants; Pledger, W. G., 1, Littlers Cotts., Christchurch Rd., Merton Abbey, S.W.19; Robbins, F. C., 23, Brook Rd., Seven Kings, Ilford; Roberts, W., 3, Gelynos Place, Talywain, Mon.; Robertson, W., 297, Moseley Rd., Birmingham; Rogers, J., 79, Gipsy Lane, Erdington, B'ham; Rose, H. L., 21, The Crescent, Slough, Bucks; Stevens, Mrs., c/o Mrs. Stone, Stoford, Nr. Salisbury; Stephenson, Miss E., 26, [illegible] Rd., Grimsby; Watkins, W., Bryn Ouse, Gresford, Wrexham; Wheeler, Mrs. H. M., 16, [illegible] St., Walworth, S.E.17.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £5 a week and £500 cash, together with prizes for runners-up appears on Page 44. Try your skill now!

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

DON'T TROUBLE ABOUT MAKING BABY CLOTHES —IT DOES NOT PAY— LET ME SUPPLY A COMPLETE LAYETTE FOR 30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes. 75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby) Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Lawn or Wincey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan, or Wincey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Towels, Bibs, Bedsocks, York Napkins, etc., etc. ANOTHER DELIGHTED PURCHASER WRITES:—"I have never made a practice of 'Shopping by post,' but in this instance I have secured a wonderful bargain that I shall certainly recommend."

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CONTENTS: 6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, [illegible] 6 Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, [illegible] Spoons, [illegible] —50 Pieces.

30/- [illegible]

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A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

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Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Get it Now!

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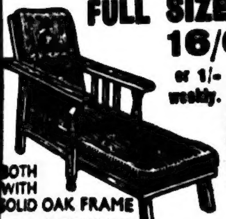

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or 1/- weekly. Polished rich nut brown. 3 soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for new coloured Catalogue 3. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

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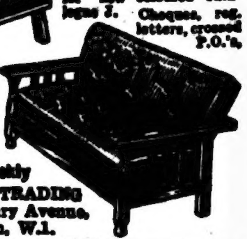

Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 41in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6. **35/-** or 2/- weekly

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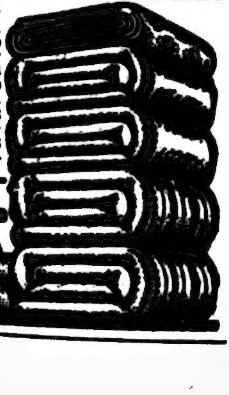

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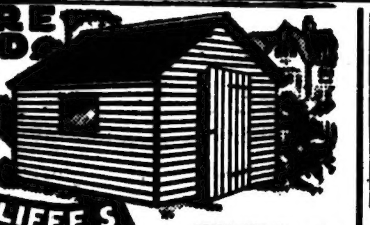

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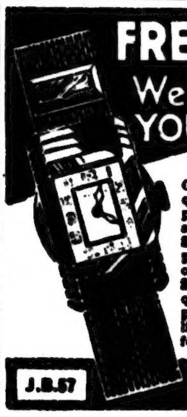

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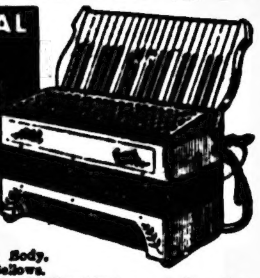

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Magnificent White Enamel Body. 16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until 92/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass, 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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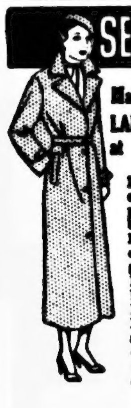

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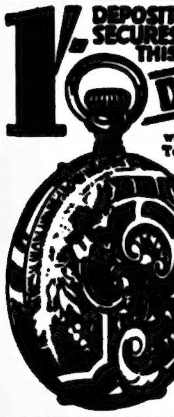

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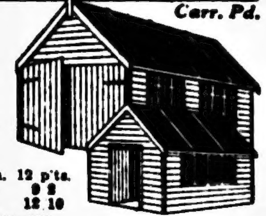

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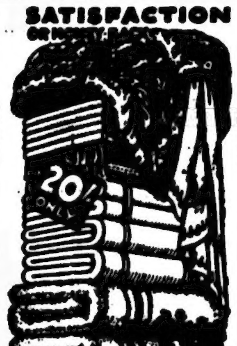

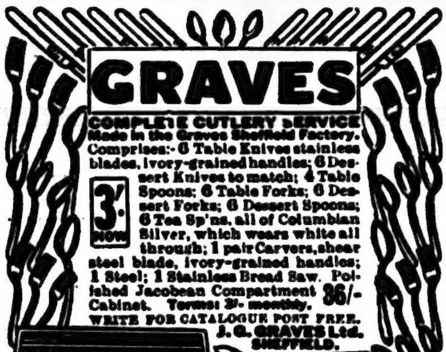

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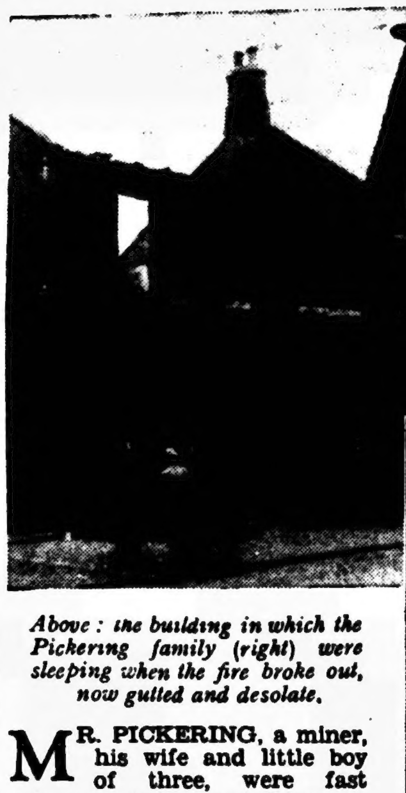

Above: the building in which the Pickering family (right) were sleeping when the fire broke out, now gutted and desolate.

MR. PICKERING, a miner, his wife and little boy of three, were fast asleep in their small home at South Hetton, Durham.

Suddenly, they were awakened by shouts of "Fire!" Jumping from their beds, they found the house full of smoke. Beneath them, in a chemist's shop filled with inflammable material, a fire was raging fiercely.

His wife had only time to throw a coat over her nightdress, seize her little boy and rush for the stairs. On reaching the bottom, she was overcome by fumes, but was saved just in time, a neighbour snatching her child from her arms as she groped her way to safety. Meanwhile, Mr. Picflering had dashed back in an attempt to rescue their fox terrier, but the flames beat him back. In spite of the efforts of kindly neighbours, nearly all their precious belongings were destroyed.

Fortunately, Mr. Pickering had taken the precaution to become a registered reader of JOHN BULL, and, as a result, he has now received a welcome cheque for £55, paid under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL is the *ONLY* paper to cover the home against FIRE, the *ONLY* paper to provide Benefits for Storm, Flood and Sickness.

In acknowledging the cheque, the husband writes: "We don't know whatever we should have done without JOHN BULL'S help," sentiments which will be shared by thousands of other readers.

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Stomach Nerves and Peptic Glands.

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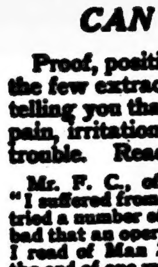

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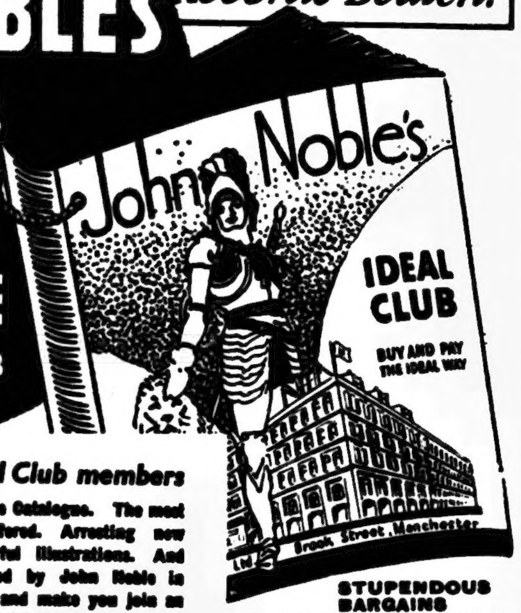

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THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

FILMS FREE for Easter! This remarkable offer appears at top of p. 3.

GRAVES Complete Cutlery Service gives you a complete Cabinet of everything needed for 3/- down. See descriptive ad. on p. 3.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5 Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 63, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

A SMART Dress Hunter Watch for 1/- deposit. This is one of the bargains to be found in the "Shop Window" on p. 3.

WRITE to the address in "ROBBIALAC" ad. on p. 36 for free leaflet and colour card of Robbialac Synthetic Finishes for Cycles, etc.

GARDENING

GARDEN Fertiliser & Plant Food for Aspidistras, Ferns, Geraniums, etc. Effects wonderful Improvement. Tins 6d., post 4d. extra.—Quennell's, Grappenhall, Warrington.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, Drum Outfits. Wonderful 1934 catalogue 44-pages free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

WHY NOT LEARN to play the Ukulele Banjo? A complete outfit with free tutor is offered by Messrs. Moderns in advt. on p. 3. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DIRECT from 1/- lb., Loose or packeted. Own name if required. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., 54, Borthwick Road, Ldn., E.15.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane E.C.4.

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES.—Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenburys" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for ¼-lb. trial sample — Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept J.B.2), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

ASTHMA.—Vapo Cresolene gives quicker relief and soothes the irritated tubes. You must try it.—Write for Free Booklet No. 29G. to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

PSORIASIS, Eczema. These irritating complaints completely ended while you sleep. Immediate relief. Call or write. No obligation.—Ridalex Consulting Rooms (Dept. H.), 121 Kingsway, W.C.2.

FREE, generous Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds and 'Flu. Extraordinarily effective and perfectly safe. Does not affect the heart. Recommended by doctors. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. In Powders and Tablets. Send a p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

A FREE SUPPLY of "MAN-ZAN" is offered in advt. on p. 4 to sufferers from Hæmorrhoids.

WRITE for free bklt. to Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. E3), 150, Regent Street, London, W.1. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality. Or send 3d. in stamps for a free trial bottle. See p. 39.

SEND a p.c. for a FREE SAMPLE of "QUINCASCA" COLD CURE TABLETS. The address appears in the advt. on p. 39.

SEND for free sample of "Musterole" Brand Mustard Ointment for Coughs, Colds, etc. Test the wonderful healing and soothing powers of this excellent remedy. Fill in the coupon on p. 38 and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA should not overlook the ZONOL PRODUCTS ad. on p. 46.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for Spring Catalogue, also Men's Catalogue, sent Post Free. SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent Street, London, W.1.

WHY ENDURE the misery of Deafness? Bring the Vibraphone to your aid. Accept the trial offer made in the advt. at top of p. 2.

START A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS in your own home. Commence small, grow big. Expenses low, profits high. Either sex, anywhere, can commence in this lucrative, fascinating business. A free folder, "How to Start a Mail Order Business," fully describes the Hand system of mail order selling, and a copy will be sent post free and without obligation if you write to Chas. Hand, 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. Mention *John Bull* and enclose 1½d. stamp.

FREE.—Send a p.c. to Fox's Glacier Mints, Ltd., Dept. J.B., Leicester, for a copy of the children's wonderful book, "The Adventures of Peppy." Turn to p. 14.

SECURE a cash sum at the end of any selected period by a plan of simple payments. Fill in coupon on p. 20 for partics.

GET A JIG-SAW PUZZLE FREE! Full partics. appear in Gibbs' Dentifrice advt. on p. 20.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-NK, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 28.

WRITE to Dept. 8K J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol, for a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 30.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent FREE to readers who write to the address in the advt. on p. 41.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 29 for a copy of the STORK Recipe Book.

DON'T overlook the wonderful tribute to "SILF" on the Back Cover. If unable to obtain from your chemist, write direct. Address appears in advt.

A LEISURE HOUR COMPETITION. Fill in the coupon in the Front Cover advt., placing a cross against those sports or hobbies in which you are specially interested. Free partics. and entry forms will be sent to you. Send the coupon for full details now, while you think of it.

A FREE BOOK, giving full partics. of the Freehold Houses offered by New Ideal Homesteads, Ltd., for only 12/9 a week, including rates, taxes, etc., can be obtained by *John Bull* readers on application to the address in the advt. on p. 29. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing.

Nº1 HUGE SUCCESS

Don't miss Nº2 out tomorrow

Friday, March 23

EVERYBODY'S reading, praising, discussing the "Clarion"—the great new weekly newspaper. No. 1 out last Friday created a sensation — sold out in record time — made an instantaneous appeal to hundreds of thousands of thinking men and women. The demand for No. 2 out to-morrow, Friday, March 23rd, is already phenomenal. Unless you get your copy early, you may miss this second great issue of a paper that is making history.

Fearless — challenging — stimulating — the "Clarion" has something to say to you — something that vitally concerns you and your life. Straight thinking — plain speaking — hard hitting — its world-famous team of writers delve right into the heart of things that really matter in politics, industry and finance. What they will say every week will be the talk of the land every day.

As for the actual contents of No. 2 of the "Clarion" out to-morrow — we could show that they surpass even No. 1 in interest, scope and vigour — but WE WANT YOU TO SEE FOR YOURSELF. If you want to be well-informed — in touch with the vital affairs of everyday life — if you want REAL facts instead of being spoon-fed — if you are a person and not a puppet — we know you will want No. 2 of the "Clarion" and will look forward to it regularly every Friday. We are confident that No. 2, out to-morrow, will sell out faster than No. 1 — again we say — MAKE SURE OF YOUR COPY BY GETTING IT EARLY.

CLARION

Every Friday—Twopence

MAGNIFICENT EASTERTIDE OFFER!

In Aid of Charing Cross Hospital.

A Beautiful Edition of The Holy Bible for "John Bull" Readers at a REMARKABLE PRICE!

THE gift of a Holy Bible to your friends—or yourself—is singularly appropriate during the Easter Festival. Here is your opportunity to obtain a really superb edition of "the greatest book in the world" at a remarkable price. A price made possible only by special publishing arrangements—completed in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital Appeal.

The special prices at which—for a short time only—this limited edition is offered, represent the greatest value in Bibles ever known. Every Bible sold through this announcement directly benefits Charing Cross Hospital—on whose behalf this unprecedented offer is being made.

This striking offer is certain to create a tremendous demand. Instant application is advised—so fill in and post the Form below NOW.

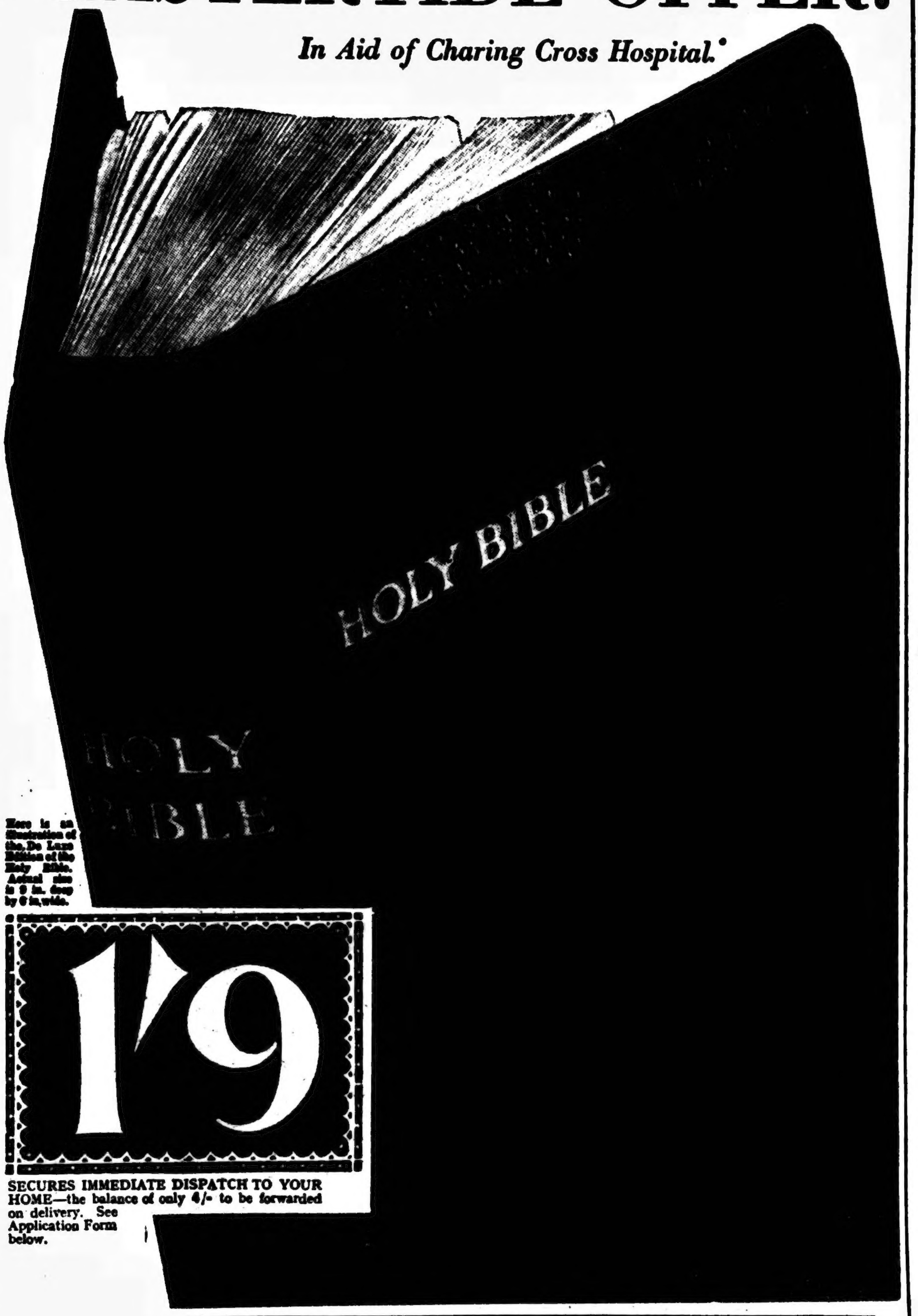
The handsome One Guinea Ordinary Edition is bound in limp black art. leather of rich morocco grain, tooled on the back in gold and with overlapping edges and rounded corners. It contains over eleven hundred pages in large and beautiful type, clearly printed on special opaque Bible paper, and comprises, in addition to the complete text of the Authorised Version, a 112-page Concordance, a Biblical Atlas Supplement with 16 whole-page maps in full colour, a Biblical Gazetteer, and 32 beautiful full-page illustrations in photogravure depicting scenes famous in Biblical history. The page edges are in full gold and a ribbon marker is provided.

WOULD YOU LIKE A DE LUXE EDITION?

There is also available—to immediate applicants—a limited number of copies bound in a superb colour-illustrated and enlarged De Luxe Edition—one of the most magnificent Bibles ever published. It contains, besides the full Authorised Version, the Concordance and the Biblical Atlas and Gazetteer, a copious index of names and places mentioned in the Bible, and a comprehensive Bible Chronology and history of absorbing interest. In addition to the 32 photogravure plates, it has 16 magnificent whole-page reproductions in full colour of world-famous paintings by Raphael, Leonardo Da Vinci, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, and full red edges overlaid with gold, handsome headbands and a silk marker.

In taking advantage of this wonderful Eastertide Offer you will not only receive an unprecedented Bible bargain, but you will be directly assisting the glorious work of Charing Cross Hospital, where for more than a century the noble work of healing has been crrried on.

HURRY! The Special Edition of these Bibles will soon be exhausted. To be sure of obtaining one of these superb volumes you must apply immediately. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation—and all applications from this announcement must be received within TEN days. Send in your Easter Application Form NOW—before it is too late!



Here is an illustration of the De Luxe Edition of the Holy Bible. Actual size is 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide.

1/9

SECURES IMMEDIATE DISPATCH TO YOUR HOME—the balance of only 4/- to be forwarded on delivery. See Application Form below.

A SPECIAL EASTER MESSAGE from Mr. PHILIP INMAN

Managing Governor of Charing Cross Hospital.

"Humanist" of "John Bull."

It is fitting that this remarkable opportunity to acquire a handsome copy of the Holy Bible should coincide with the Easter Festival.

I, therefore, most earnestly urge everyone to avail themselves of such an unusual privilege. By doing so they will not only be obtaining really extraordinary value, but they will be helping us here at Charing Cross Hospital in our great work of healing and alleviating suffering.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL APPEAL EASTER APPLICATION FORM: *THE HOLY BIBLE*

To Book Dept., J.B.5, Charing Cross Hospital Appeal, 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2

I wish you to send me................copy/copies of **The Holy Bible** in the edition indicated, under the special arrangement in connection with the above appeal and at the special prices. I enclose remittance as stated below.

ORDINARY EDITION.		DE LUXE EDITION.*
....copies of the 21/- Ordinary Edition of The Holy Bible at the special price of 4/9 each, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc. (Total 5/9.) I send you remittance of 1/9 now for each volume ordered and promise to remit the balance of 4/- for each copy upon receipt of the copy/copies by me.	PLEASE FILL IN DETAILS AND CROSS OUT EDITION NOT REQUIRED.	....copies of the 27/6 De Luxe Edition of The Holy Bible at the special price of 6/9 each, plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc. (Total 7/9.) I send you remittance of 2/9 now for each volume ordered and promise to remit the balance of 5/- for each copy upon receipt of the copy/copies by me.

*The superb colour-illustrated De Luxe Edition is strongly recommended

Date.............................. Total Remittance enclosed..........................

Postal Order No..................Cross your Cheque or P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to Charing Cross Hospital.

Your usual signature here..
Parent's or Guardian's signature required if applicant is under 21.

Parent's or Guardian's signature here..
Please write below clearly in block letters. Give your full Postal Address.

YOUR NAME..
(State Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

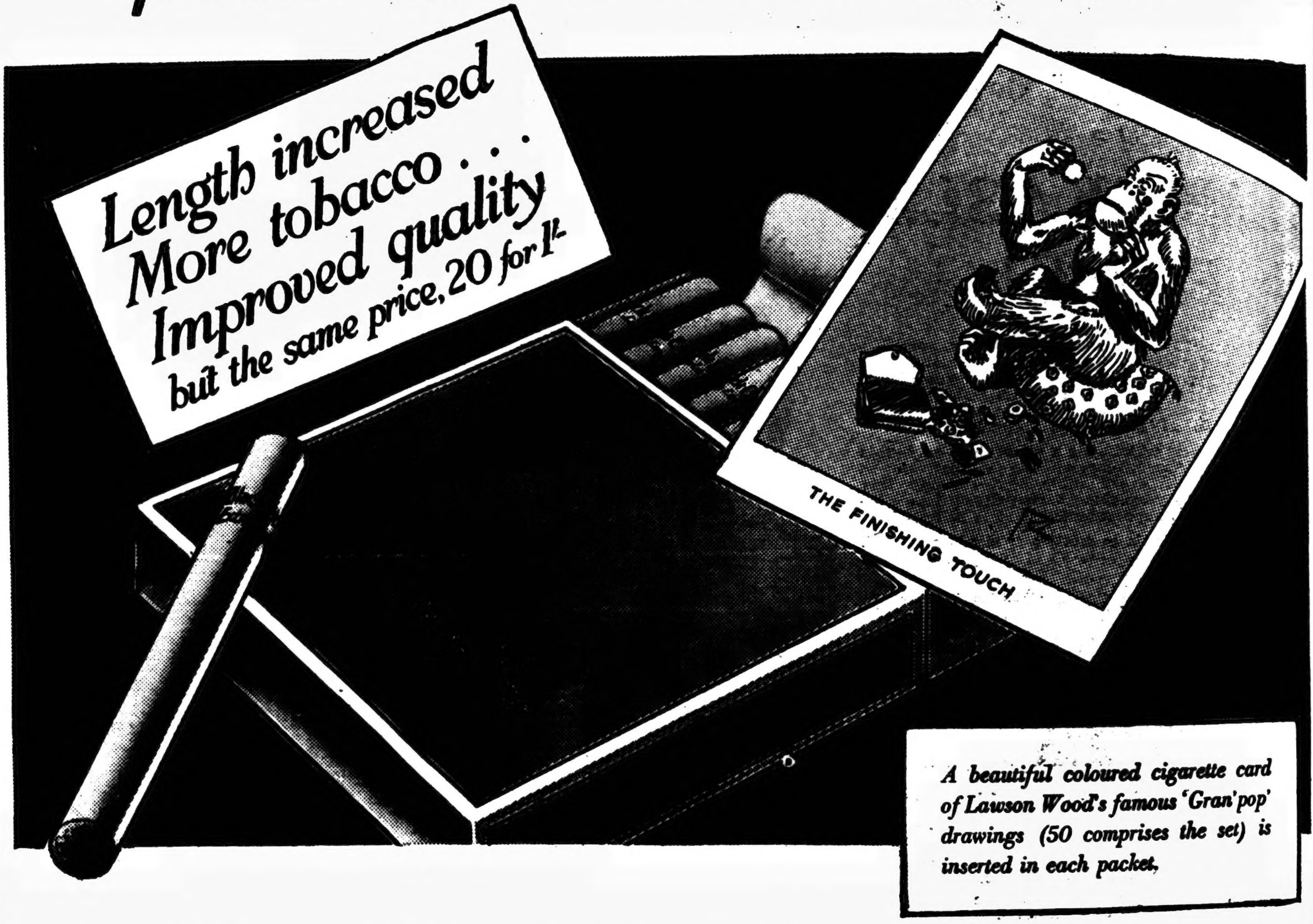
ADDRESS..

TOWN.............................. COUNTY..........................

If you desire, you may enclose your remittance in full payment now with this Application Form.

"John Bull," 24.3.34.

The flavour-the size-the packing of the improved Black Cat *pleases more smokers every day!*



A beautiful coloured cigarette card of Lawson Wood's famous 'Gran'pop' drawings (50 comprises the set) is inserted in each packet.

Carreras have been rewarded for their constant desire to please and benefit the smoking public for the IMPROVED Black Cat GREEN BAND have been an instantaneous success.

You must try them—the pure Virginia tobacco associated with Black Cat for more than a quarter of a century has been IMPROVED in QUALITY.

The same meticulous care in making has been preserved and MORE TOBACCO has been added. The length has been INCREASED and the cigarettes are now foil-wrapped. Only one thing remains unaltered—THE PRICE, 1/- for 20 and 6d. for 10 . . . yet your smoking will become far more pleasurable through these added luxuries.

~The Improved~

Black Cat

20 for 1/-
10 for 6d.

GREEN BAND

IN THE *NEW* AND *ATTRACTIVE* PACKINGS

B.C. 16

MADE IN LONDON'S WONDER FACTORY·ARCADIA WORKS·THE HOME OF CARRERAS LTD.

"John Bull," 24/3/34.

JOHN BULL

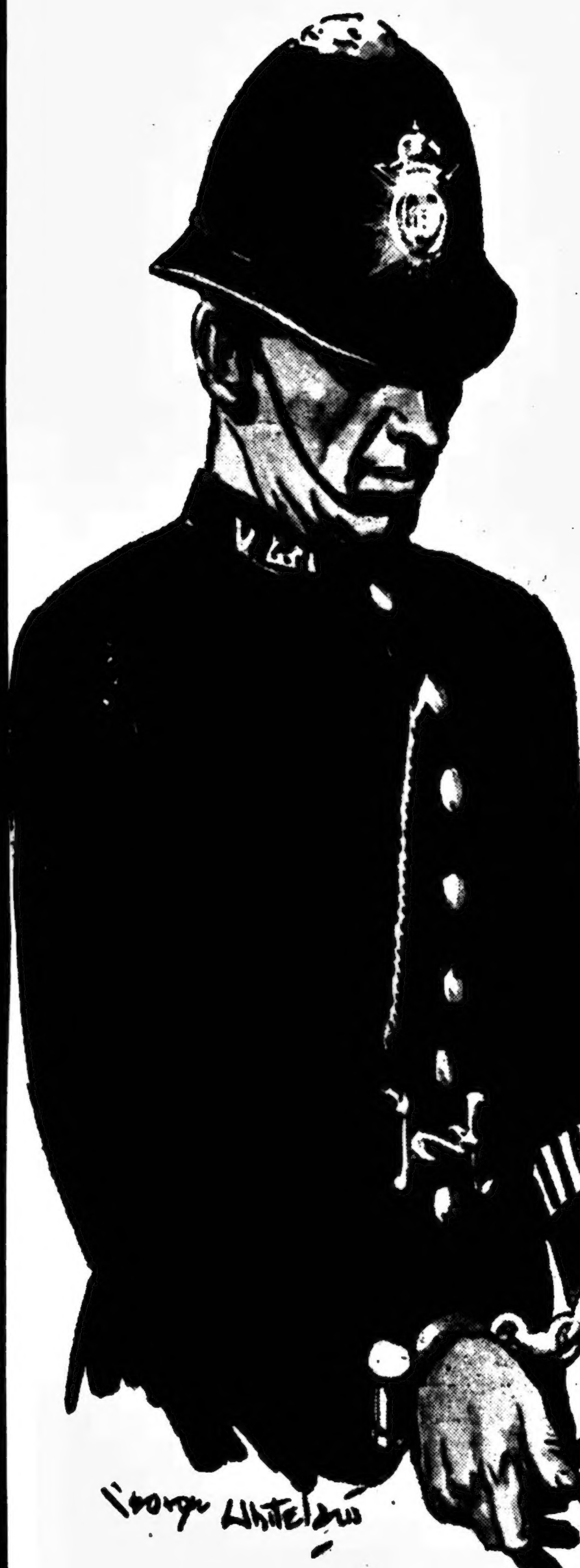
THURSDAY,
For week ending Saturday, March 24. 1934 Twopence.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada. 1d.: all other parts of the world. 1½d.

93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

Without Fear or Favour

THE CRIME AGAINST *the* POLICE



While he is handcuffed by obsolete restrictions how *can* he catch the up-to-date criminal?

SIR JOHN GILMOUR "hopes that the position is improving."

The "position" to which he referred the other day in the House of Commons was the fact that in the last three months for which figures are given there were fourteen smash-and-grab aids in the Metropolitan Police District with rrests in the case of only eight of them, and orty-three cases of robbery with assault with rrests in only nineteen instances.

We are afraid we cannot share the Home ecretary's optimism; nor, we shrewdly suspect, o the police themselves.

That is why the time has come for some plain peaking, and why we intend to be as outspoken n this new crime-wave question as Lord renchard himself has occasionally been.

For the plain and unpleasant truth is that the olice are now not only fighting a losing battle gainst the modern criminal, but are fighting a rime against themselves—the failure of the uthorities to bring about reforms in our antiuated police system.

This is no mere reckless assertion. The proof f it is implicit for all to see and ponder in the tatistics the Home Office annually issues—a rod or its own back.

The gifts of Science, like the rain, fall alike n the just and the unjust. That we know. But he excuse that the criminal "gets away with it" so much and so easily because of the aid of Science is wearing a bit thin.

We hear a lot these days of 90-mile-an-hour squad cars and a lot more about the wonders of wireless as a force against the criminal. But, in 1932, £1,300,000 worth of property was stolen in London alone, and duly paid for in insurance by Lloyd's underwriters or borne as a loss by the owners.

Twenty-five years ago, when wireless was still a new-fangled marvel and racing cars went no faster than thirty or so miles an hour, London's annual loss was £180,000—little more than a tenth of what it is to-day.

To-day there are more criminals with more and better opportunities, but to fight them there is the same old system.

Behind that system, and bent on preserving it, if we are to judge by the upshot of all recent attempts to overhaul and reform it, stands the Home Office and the Government of the day.

If we consider even a few of the ridiculous anomalies which hamper and fetter the policeman in his work, the wonder is that he accomplishes even as much as he does.

Take the matter of the mobility of the modern criminal, for instance—that well-worked excuse for failure.

Only the other day Lt.-Col. W. D. Allan, one of the Inspectors of Constabulary, in his report to the Home Office stated that thieves now operate as far as 200 miles away from their real base. They carry out their raids in cars, either their own or stolen ones.

Yet as the law now stands throughout the country the licensing authority for cars is not the police—but either the appropriate County Council or the Post Office—and valuable time is lost while the detectives are tracing the owners.

Lt.-Col. Allan reported strongly against this method of licensing, and he suggested also there should be such a thing as a licence register for all convicted criminals and suspects.

THAT is a useful and obvious reform which will presumably be pigeon-holed along with others like the one, for instance, that all licences should bear a photograph of the holder, and that the registered number of the vehicle should be stamped on the body of the vehicle itself instead of being carried on a plate which can be changed in a few minutes with a screwdriver.

Co-operation and co-ordination, we are continually told, are the twin tactics that are going to beat the criminal. Yet we had an example the other day of how Whitehall practises what it so glibly talks about, in the undignified squabble between the Ministry of Transport and Scotland Yard over the mobile traffic police cars.

There are 200 of them. The Ministry of Transport, it now appears, pays the wages and upkeep costs.

Some time ago, the "Yard" fitted them out with wireless, and has occasionally sent them off to pursue smash-and-grab men or on an urgent summons to the scene of a crime.

But the Hon. Oliver Stanley, the Transport Minister, says: "No! We pay for these cars to chase road hogs, not criminals."

The other day he ordered the newly fitted wireless to be taken out of 100 of these police cars. Now only the superintendents' and senior officers' cars are to have wireless.

IN the old days if the police did not catch the burglar on the job they usually got him when he came to dispose of the swag. They knew the "fences." But now there are fewer official "fences."

Heaven, and the crooks, alone know how much stolen property has gone into the £100,000,000 estimated to have changed hands since the "gold rush" began.

At the recent Preston Intermediate Sessions was a case on trial where the detectives had been fortunate enough to recover the evidence in the shape of broken gold rings from a bullion dealer.

Sir James Openshaw, the magistrate, commented on the fact that the Court had been concerned with three recent similar cases. Other magistrates and judges all over the country have been expressing their concern at the open door which the "gold rush" has created for the disposal of stolen property.

And yet, the farcical legal position exists that if you are a dealer in old iron, copper, tin or other scrap metals you must be licensed and keep a register of all purchase sources and your disposals. Your register must be fully kept and open to police inspection at any time.

On the other hand, anybody can set up as a dealer in gold and silver and other precious metals. He need ask no questions, keep no register, and if the police want to make enquiries they must officially ask permission.

COMMUNICATIONS and co-ordination should play a tremendous part in the tracking down of the criminal. Yet there are dozens of police centres without a telephone still, fifty years after the invention of that instrument. True, they are usually the cottages inhabited by a solitary policeman in remote rural districts. But occasions may arise when that one ma may be a more vital factor in the arrest of a criminal than all the combined forces of Scotland Yard.

There are also 183 separate police forces in the country. Their detective departments (provided they have one, which is not always the case) would be enormously strengthened by an advance towards consolidation.

A few years ago, when it was intended to merge seventy-nine of these forces, a Select Committee turned the proposal down and suggested twenty-two. But there are still 183.

Now there are still other committees sitting. To be exact, there are four of them, and their supposed object is to give the country the crime-fighting weapon it needs. *But they may not even "report" for years.*

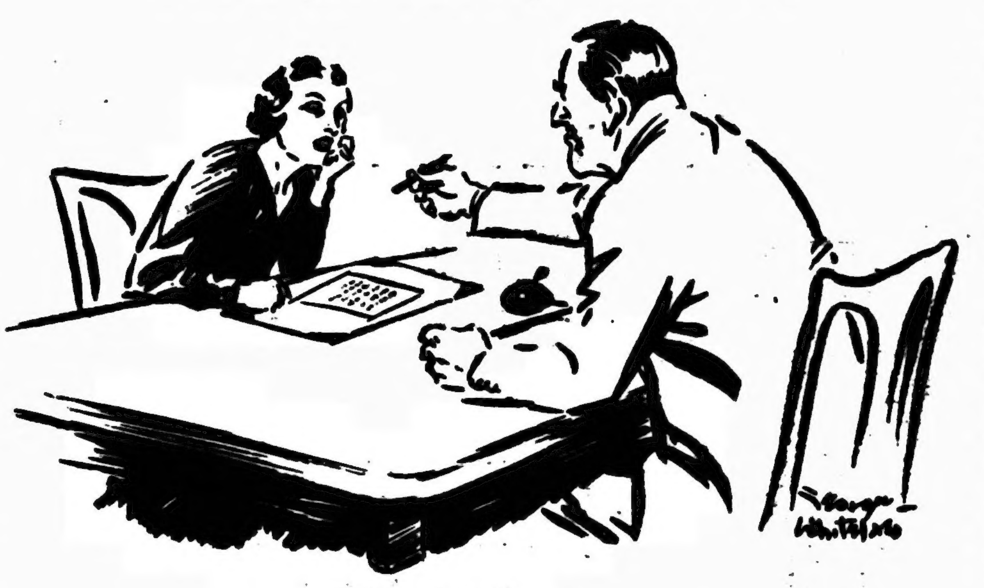
Meanwhile, the crime wave goes on mounting steadily higher. The Home Office is quite happy about it. It has got its four committees. And Sir John Gilmour "hopes that the position is improving."

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Shop Assistants Under the "Third Degree"?

Wanted—Women Magistrates

Fined for Saving His Baby



"Sign, please!" . . .

A SHOP assistant, Miss May Taylor, aged 52, was sentenced the other day at the London Sessions to six months' imprisonment in the second division for embezzling £1 from the firm at whose counter she served.

This case raises some very grave questions that affect all shop assistants.

Confession by ordeal

Miss Taylor was said to have "confessed" to her crime, after she had been interviewed by an agent of a private detective concern.

According to Miss Taylor, she was interviewed alone in a room at the shop for an hour and a half by this man.

For about an hour she stoutly denied her guilt, but under the strain of fierce interrogation, she said, she gave way and, not knowing what she was doing because she was so upset, signed a form of "confession."

Worse still

In other words, it looks very much as though Miss Taylor underwent "third degree" at the hands of a private detective, and in such circumstances as no Scotland Yard detective would dare to employ for the purposes of getting a "confession."

What makes matters even worse is that this particular confession-extraction agency is paid on results by the shops that employ them.

They get a certain amount according to the time spent on the investigation, and half of any restitution made by an accused shop assistant.

Longer the better

It is pretty obvious that a private detective working on this basis is not going to limit his activities with those whom he suspects.

The longer his cross-examination, the more he gets paid for it—and there is always the chance of the accused breaking down under the strain and offering to make restitution—when, of course, the detective gets his extra 50 per cent.

Dangerous system

It is a system that invites all sorts of traps being set for suspected persons, and which subjects them to a cross-examination so fierce that, as we have said before, an ordinary police detective would think thrice before adopting it.

It is a fundamental principle of the laws of evidence that no confession is deemed to be voluntary if it appears to have been obtained by an inducement, threat or promise.

And when persons are interviewed by the police, they are allowed, if they so desire, to be accompanied by a friend or legal adviser.

Why allow it?

Miss Taylor may or may not have been guilty. But we cannot think evidence extracted by this means could alone lead to a conviction in a court of law.

If a similar thing had been done by a Scotland Yard man there would have been a great scandal about it.

Why then should a private detective be allowed the licence?

We are watching

JOHN BULL was mentioned in court during this case as having protested some time ago against this practice of intimidating suspected shop assistants. Well, we protest once more—vigorously, and intend to keep our eyes open for similar cases.

When we find them we shall come down pretty heavily on the parties concerned, let them rest assured of that.

Missing women

We see that Lady Astor is on the warpath again. And we're not sorry.

She has complained to the Lord Chancellor that more than thirty towns are without a woman magistrate and that 200 Benches have failed to elect a woman to the special panels of justices which sit in the new juvenile courts.

We hope the Lord Chancellor gives full consideration to this complaint. We know of too many Benches which show the old harshness in dealing with young offenders—harshness that might be softened by a woman's influence.

Exile for the young

We don't pretend that every woman magistrate is a paragon of wisdom. There are some who, in our opinion, have an entirely wrong attitude towards child offenders.

One of them is Miss Barrows, of the Birmingham Bench. A boy had been sent to an "approved school" for not less than three years. A solicitor who asked for his release described this sentence as "a very heavy punishment."

Most people would agree, but Miss Barrows declared that the boy wasn't being punished at all!

Stern justice

We are glad the solicitor retorted: "I should look on it as a punishment if I were taken away from my family."

Of course he would! And so, we daresay, would Miss Barrows.

We cannot protest too strongly against this system of sending children to prison-like "schools" for years—often for the pettiest of offences.

Infamous

We must protest, moreover, at the abominable scandal of jailing older youths for petty lapses.

A welfare society has just pointed out that no fewer than 650 lads between sixteen and twenty-one were sent to Liverpool prison alone during last year. And some of those youths had merely been fined for trivial offences and, being too poor to pay, were put behind prison bars!

We know that sort of thing is not confined to Liverpool, and it's no excuse to say that the magistrates never foresaw such a result when they fined these poor lads.

Slipshod sentences

Too many magistrates make no effort to assess the means of the offender before they fine him. Too many forget that even a fine of ten shillings is beyond the capacity of an out-of-work youngster.

We know very well that young offenders must be punished. But we also know that to make a jailbird of a youngster just because he is poor is likely to turn him into a criminal.

Axe for teachers

Turning to a different aspect of youth, we want to know why the Board of Education is still cutting down teaching staffs. It is going to reduce the number of full-time teachers by 1,500.

The excuse is that there are fewer elementary schoolchildren. But what about the urgent need for smaller classes in the schools?

New social menace

We are prompted to ask another question by a statement made in the House of Commons.

It was admitted that there are nearly 600 convictions a year for drunkenness in England and Wales due to the drinking of methylated spirit. In Scotland the evil is far worse.

So why doesn't the Government support Miss Horsbrugh's Bill to control the sale of methylated spirit?

Health denied

And we fail to find a single reason why M.P.s are so shy of Mr. Will Thorne's measure to abolish the slum-like offices in which black-coated workers lose their health.

We cited some examples of these dreadful offices months ago, and the other day fifty typists went to Westminster to describe some more.

But very few M.P.s promised support. That seems to us to be a reflection on the mentality of the non-supporters.

In darkest Britain

Equally incomprehensible, to us, is the treatment of the latest mother to be arrested for stealing food.

She is a Suffolk widow, Mrs. Lilian Askew. She lost her job, her boy fell very ill, and then her unemployment pay was stopped.

All she had to keep herself, her daughter and her sick boy was the widow's pension of 15s. Out of that came 13s. 6d. rent. One and sixpence left for a week's food, fuel and clothing for three people!

Poor Mrs. Askew stole a quart of milk.

The real disgrace

"Disgraceful!" stormed the magistrate, and fined her 5s.

Yes, but still more disgraceful that a British family must endure such stark, maddening poverty!

Still more disgraceful that mothers are forced to steal in order to feed their children!

Why fine him?

A day or two later came the case of the Worcester man whose baby was very ill. He rushed on his motor-cycle to a chemist before the shop closed, though the cycle was not licensed.

When summoned, he asked: "Don't you think I was justified in saving tim
when my baby's life was at stake?" Bu
the reply was a 5s fine.

Is it impossible to temper justice wit
compassion?

Where honour is due

But sympathy at its best is reveale
in the tribute of a South London vica
the Rev. Arnold Sykes, to the memor
of his stepmother.

"I loved her very much indeed," h
writes in his parish magazine, "and sh
made my father deliciously happy."

A fine epitaph—and a fine objec
lesson to those people who regard the
step-parent with jealous suspicion.

They'll grow up

And there seems to be some jealo
suspicion in the Anti-Women Societ
formed in London by eighteen you
men.

"Women get on by sex-appeal an
playing on men's consideration for th
weaker sex," thunders the twenty-tw
year-old president.

Well, well! But we have no dou
that these young people will eventual
grow up—and marry.

Home for—

Now for a word about some peop
who have grown up, but need to
woken up. They are the councillors
Ebbw Vale, and their council owns
number of huts.

The walls of the huts are plastere
with fungus which ruins furniture an
clothing, while water streams into som
of them.

The councillors see that the tenan
pay their rents; we'd like to see the
building houses for the unfortuna
tenants.

Lindrum's skittles

Being a dictator in any sphere of li
is not all beer and skittles. Walt
Lindrum, the billiards wizard, has ju
discovered this.

Because he won the English champio
ship last season he chose to dictate he
and when he would defend his tit
He shocked English followers by choo
ing Australia as the scene.

But here's the snag. Lindrum is le
with the field to himself. Though he
roping in his nephew and brother,
needs Newman and Davis to make t
championship worth watching. A
they're remaining in England.

Lindrum should know better ne
time.

Jardine's future

Now for a word about Jardine. J
because he has resigned from the Sur
county cricket captaincy people ha
jumped to the conclusion that he w
not lead England against Australia
the forthcoming Test matches.

Nothing could be farther from t
truth. If Jardine retains his wonder
form as a batsman—he is easily t
soundest amateur batsman we have—
will be at his old job of foiling t
"Aussies" this season.

Old dodge—new form

Housewives should be on their gu
against a new form of tea ramp whi
has recently been practised in Sou
London.

Packets of tea are offered for sale
a girl, and purchasers are promised t
if they will prepare a testimonial t
canvasser will return and pay £5 for
Needless to say, she is not seen again

With thanks

Our criticism of asylum conditions
Fife have forced the county authorit
to grant the necessary reforms.

"We appreciate the value of Jo
BULL's publicity," said the convener
the hospitals committee; "only s
outspoken criticisms, reaching as th
do a widespread section of the pub
could force the hand of the authorit
While Bailie Frew, of Dunfermline,
pressed the gratitude of the hosp
staff.

We are grateful for the acknowle
ment.

An Easter Egg for the HEALTH MINISTER

Ancient homes and comic chimneys at East Peckham

Shocking Slum in his Own Constituency

SIR EDWARD HILTON YOUNG, the Minister of Health, contemplates spending part of his Easter vacation in his constituency. But not, presumably, at a place named East Peckham, which lies therein.

A probable reason will be found below.

As Minister in charge of the housing of the nation, Sir Hilton has just announced a Five-Year Plan for a widespread demolition and rebuilding of the slums of the country.

He has prepared at long last what is virtually a Black List of towns and villages that have failed to get to grips with this grave scandal of the slums in their midst.

There is one glaring omission from that Black List—there is no mention in it of the Minister of Health's own constituency, which contains at least one locality that can challenge the worst slum areas in Britain.

It is ten months since Sir Hilton heralded the Government's assault upon the slums.

Public opinion, he said then, had become fully awakened to the evil and the urgent need for a remedy. That moment, he thought, was a matchless time for a national call to a campaign to be conducted with courage and determination under his leadership.

His courage and determination, Sir Hilton let it be known, would be all the greater because the vast campaign was something very much more than any personal fad of his or the Government.

It was the demand of the nation unrolled in an unexampled wave of public opinion, declared the Minister, and for that reason the attack he would lead would have the whole country for its objective.

In the ten months that have elapsed since then, Sir Hilton Young has travelled much about the country, counselling and reprimanding laggard local authorities, seeing the slums for himself and often expressing his personal disgust of the frightful housing conditions revealed to him. If only a gesture, this activity was commendable.

The public would, however, have been better able to measure the strength of Sir Hilton's "courage and determination" if, during those journeyings, he had found time to examine his own constituency.

What the tourist sees

WHEN, a few days ago, Sir Hilton issued his list of areas into which the slums war may be carried, not a few people must have scrutinised it to see if it included the district of East Peckham.

It did not.

East Peckham may be better known to foreign tourists than it is to you. It lies on one of those routes through Kent, the Garden of England, which are so much favoured by visitors to Britain who come to view the rural glories of our land. It is the centre of the hop-growing country and the fount of the best British beers.

Travellers invariably pause at East Peckham to savour its rustic glamours. "How truly English!" they murmur.

And the professional guides explain to the sightseers that this delectable-looking locality has the honour to be represented in Parliament by a Cabinet Minister—no less a person than Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health.

"How appropriate!" the rubbernecks remark as they gaze upon the fair vista of ancient homes and comic chimneys.

Ancient homes most certainly they are. Two centuries old.

They draw their water from wells, but none knows the source of supply. This is the communal well in The Square

Sir Hilton Young has now represented East Peckham, in the Sevenoaks Division, for ten years. Surely in that time it might be thought he would have become well acquainted with the heart of his constituency. Perhaps, like the tourists, even he has been deceived.

For East Peckham must be about the worst slum in all Britain. Yet its name is not to be found in the Black Book of British Slums which Sir Hilton Young has taken ten months to compile and has just issued.

Go to Glasgow, go to Manchester, go into the vilest warrens in London's East End—neither there nor anywhere else will you find conditions more revolting than in East Peckham.

Escorted parties of visitors to East Peckham do not smell or see the truth. If they were allowed to wander away on their own from the exhibition points they would be horrified and sick.

The place stenches. Nowhere has any attempt ever been made to equip it with main drainage. Open cesspools nauseate the stranger at every turn.

Filthy conditions

SIR HILTON YOUNG, when observing the slum conditions of other parts of the country, made special note of the inadequacy of ordinary sanitary precautions. Bad as he found things to be in those places, he would have been dumbfounded if he had sought to learn the truth about his own constituency.

East Peckham is drained by deep, wide and open ditches along its highways, into which the contents of the ghastly cesspools filter continuously. These uncovered, mud-laden, weed-infested gulleys, palpitating with slime and filth, would be terrible enough in an open, uninhabited countryside. Their existence outside the front doors of a large community is criminal.

Some houses in East Peckham do have water laid on to them, but the general body of landlords in these parts have refused even this provision for their unfortunate tenants. They draw their water from wells, but none knows the source of supply.

They are not far from the truth, however, who guess that the well water comes from the polluted stretch of the river Medway which flows near, and that the wells are fed also by the percolations from the open ditches and the cesspools.

In his travels through the rest of Britain's slumdom, Sir Hilton Young saw how foul streets can become when the houses in them are allowed to degenerate into hovels. But nowhere in the whole country did he see anything so bad as he might have done in his own constituency if he had cared to go there.

Worse than cowsheds

THE inhabitants of East Peckham have never seen a dustcart in their midst. For generations all refuse, garbage and the soil from the primitive lavatories have been buried in the front gardens, which are expected to produce healthy vegetables for human consumption.

The garden-middens can hold no more, and now the refuse is piled in mounds around the houses.

And what houses!

East Peckham possesses something called The Square. It can only be called "something"—there is no name which would describe it.

To label this quadrangle of age-old hovels as a slum would be senseless flattery. There cannot anywhere outside the Minister of Health's constituency be anything quite like it. A respectable farmer would not accept The Square as a cowshed. That it should be regarded as an area fit for human habitation in the constituency of Britain's Minister of Health in the twentieth century is beyond all credibility.

In East Peckham there is also The Pound. The Pound is about twice as bad as The Square. Sir Hilton Young has told the country that no one is entitled to make a profit out of bad houses any more than out of bad meat. Why, then are his constituents condemned to live in houses like those at The Pound?

Their homes are not even houses. They are the converted storehouses of some factory which existed two centuries ago. To attempt to describe them and their awful surroundings would only torment the mind of the reader. The best that can be said of them is that they are testimony to the power of Nature in preserving human life under the worst conceivable conditions.

We present these facts to Sir Hilton Young as an Easter Egg. If they encourage him to change his plans and visit East Peckham while he is in his constituency the egg will have done its duty.

“ Stitch, Stitch,

by

MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON,

who in her search for the heroines of the Great Depression this week goes to Scotland

I AM taking my readers to Scotland to meet my next heroines of the Great Depression—the mothers who throughout the lean years have battled bravely with adversity in order to keep body and soul together.

I found these poignant examples of quiet endurance in one of the loveliest cities of the world.

I have seen many magic places, but in the long chain of memories their names evoke—Kiev, rising like a golden jewel from the silver Dneiper, Pekin of the shining green and yellow roofs, marble dragons, and gem-like temples . . . one image holds persistent—Edinburgh, the Athens of our North.

I have felt again and again the poetry and the potency of that view from the Castle Hill where the classic outline of Princes Street, gleaming below, seems to merge into a distant tracery of branches. Always there rises in my mind a picture of those cavalcades, pageants of splendour, tragedy and romance, that have gone up and down the hills.

It is always a poignant moment when from the beauty of the scene my mind is drawn towards the dark slum spots of Canon Gate and Tolbooth, where, unbelievably huddled, self-respecting Scots, their wives and families, pass an existence as far removed from cultured ease as light from darkness.

The contrast between the mellowed atmosphere of the old Law Courts, the phlegmatic security of St. Giles that breaks out into modernity with the tribute to Robert Louis Stevenson, and the hotch-potch of houses impingeing on their dignity, is like a knife-thrust.

And yet, even in High Street, with its congeries of broken-down tenements, beauty is not so far away, that man, however heart-sick and oppressed, cannot lift his eyes to the everlasting hills—the hills that enshrine the memorial to those who fell in the War, and with them, their faithful comrades, the mice, the birds, dogs, horses, all the animals who suffered with them and befriended them.

Winning through

Pride of race is strong in the Scot; tradition seals the lips of suffering; you may starve, but your neighbour must not know. The wolves of want that have been all too plentiful during these years of untold hardship, may ravage your hearth, but a Spartan silence closes the door.

Never have I felt this aristocracy of character more keenly than in Mrs. Douglas, who lives and strives in dilapidated rooms off Leith Street. She is one of the most wonderful of all the mothers who are winning through in the fight against the misfortunes that have stricken so many humble homes to-day.

A thin woman nearing the sixties, in a scrimpy black dress, of all trades I could never have guessed her to be a dressmaker—and first-rate at that.

As I stood in the front parlour—workroom, sitting-room and kitchen—with closely curtained windows, I stared amazed at the brightly coloured snippets of stuff upon the floor, the really smart costume on a stand, and a skirt, admirably tailored, in the making.

Mrs. Douglas did not marry early. Her husband, in the book trade with his father and brothers, used to travel for the firm. When first he came to Edinburgh he lodged at her mother's, and some years later, after the old lady's death, he and Mary got married and two sons were born. The family were comfortable at first, and Mrs. Douglas dropped her dressmaking connection.

“Six years back—Andrew, my eldest, was ten—my husband's firm closed down. The old man had died and his sons couldn't make a success of it. John was thrown out of work, and except for an occasional week at Christmas-time, or at sales when bookshops are busy, he's been out ever since.”

She made a dart at a roll of tweed, spread it on the table, and proceeded to cut out a coat. “It's for a girl in service at Glasgow. She is over for the afternoon, and will be in presently for a fitting.”

Mrs. Douglas has plenty of work, but, alas, her earnings are small. “Ready-mades are so cheap that no one will spend much on a home dressmaker.” But she manages to pay her way and to keep the house together.

They'd saved a bit when the crash came—Mr. Douglas seems to have been a prudent man—and at first they thought they'd keep on their house and let rooms as her mother had done.

“But,” said Mrs. Douglas, “times are bad and lodgers are uncertain, so we moved here, and I went back to my old trade . . . it took a lot of time to work it up again.”

Snip! Snip! Snip! went the scissors. Everywhere I looked were piles of work. A treadle machine stood in one corner of the room, a closed-in sink in another. On the kitchen range soup was in the making, and a porridge-pot which now and again she broke off to stir.

“Andrew is sixteen and studying for the ministry,” she told me proudly, and I reflected that in bonny Scotland education is within the reach of the poorest. A good brain will win a scholarship for fees, and on a diet of porridge a comparatively few pounds will see a youth through the University. In another four years Andrew should have passed most of his examinations, “but it will take quite four”—an impalpable sigh stirred her flat chest, narrowed by years of bending over a sea of stitching.

Meanwhile the lad sells papers of an evening and makes a little in other ways.

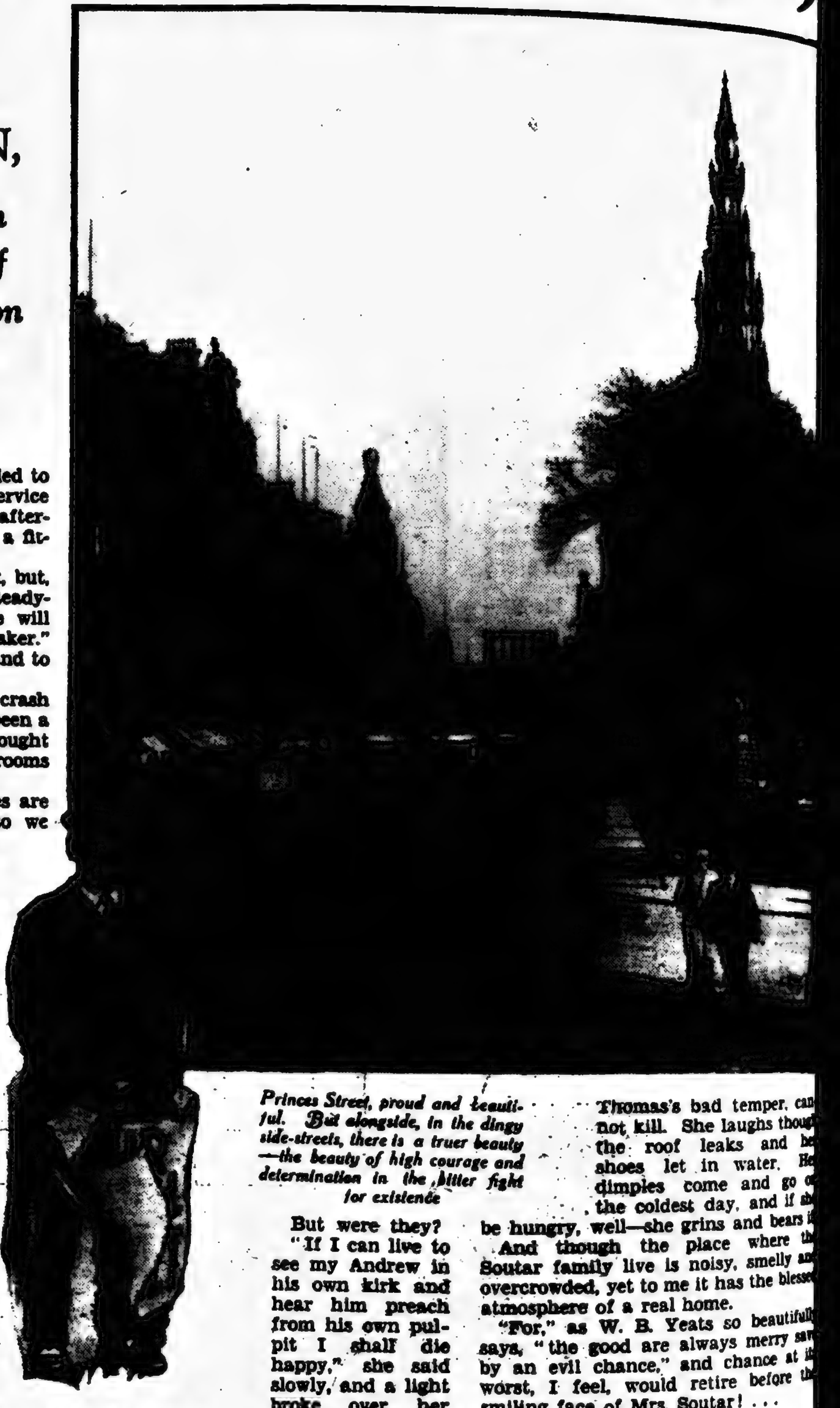
She put the coat aside for tacking and started on a roll of serviceable blue cloth.

Mrs. Douglas does not often leave the front parlour. Her husband does the marketing and household chores, except the cooking, and on Sunday he takes the two boys to church.

The treadmill

I gathered that his wife does not often accompany them. It is not indifference to the observance of the Sabbath, still an integral part of the national life, but customers are too precious to disappoint and there always seems to be something to finish off—or to begin—a treadmill of other people's clothes.

The air was close, the surroundings drab, the front parlour, with its dingily papered walls and dim gas-jet, seemed to become a cell in which the soul and body of Mrs. Douglas were imprisoned.



“The lad sells papers of an evening . . .”

Princes Street, proud and beautiful. But alongside, in the dingy side-streets, there is a truer beauty—the beauty of high courage and determination in the bitter fight for existence

But were they?

“If I can live to see my Andrew in his own kirk and hear him preach from his own pulpit I shall die happy,” she said slowly, and a light broke over her face which made her homely features beautiful. . . .

Made of the same stuff as Mrs. Douglas is Mary Soutar, a poor scholar but a hard worker, who counts it as a blessing that she is a cleaner and general utility woman at a public-house in the neighbourhood of Waverley Station.

When she is not occupied with publican requirements she gives her husband a hand with his barrow and hawks vegetables round the street.

Thomas Soutar is a master-man—God save the mark!—and so ineligible for the “dole,” and as he is blind of an eye, through a splinter from a log of wood that he was chopping, and slightly lame, he does not make a grand “do” of things. But Mary is man enough for two: breadwinner, nursemaid — the youngest of her three children is only a year old—and Jack of any and every trade that can turn a profitable penny.

She has bright eyes, a generous mouth, and a love of fun that all the scrubbing and the dragging, the hard times, and Thomas's bad temper, can not kill. She laughs thoug the roof leaks and be shoes let in water. He dimples come and go o the coldest day, and if sh be hungry, well—she grins and bears i

And though the place where th Soutar family live is noisy, smelly an overcrowded, yet to me it has the blesse atmosphere of a real home.

“For,” as W. B. Yeats so beautifull says, “the good are always merry sav by an evil chance,” and chance at it worst, I feel, would retire before th smiling face of Mrs. Soutar! . . .

* * *

I cannot think of the Heroines of the Great Depression without recallin Glasgow. And whenever I think o Glasgow, two pictures present them selves to my mind—Kelvinside, with it pleasant park, well-built houses an well-dressed people, and Govan, on the other side of the Clyde.

Govan of the great shipyards tha build the floating palaces which bea her proud name round the globe; Govan of the narrow alleys that, like rabbit runs, lead from the main road up the dim closes to the long dark tenement packed, from the roof down to the basement, with teeming humanity.

They are a fine race, these Govan people, with a courage and a patience that touch your heart. Groups of men the finest craftsmen in the world, stand waiting, in a dreadful expectancy, fo the chance to use the skill that has made the town renowned in every port

To-day those gallant fleets that used to keep the yards a-hum by night and day have dwindled down to one, or perhaps two, solitary ships. In the silence

Stitch . . ."

The GALLANT MOTHER who lives the new "SONG of the SHIRT"

of the industrial slump hope, like skill, grows rusty.

Mrs. Jones' husband was one of the men who waited . . . . and waited in vain. "The idleness," said his wife quietly, "broke his heart. He died six years ago."

I found her up one of the darkest closes in this drab place. Yet despite the darkness and the smells you knew immediately you entered that you were in the presence of a craftsman's wife. No woman in that proud position will tolerate a speck of dirt, and the little kitchen was bright with the reflection of polished pans and a glittering shelf-full of china dishes.

She dusted (quite unnecessarily) the chair she pulled forward for me, but I knew that she would fret for days for fear that I might get a mark upon my dress from her kitchen. Mrs. Jones is like that. Though in a district of mean streets, bundled against each other, with clouds of smoke hanging over thousands of chimneys, it must be a Herculean task to keep even a small home clean.

A tired little woman with delicate features, she must have been a pretty girl years and years ago. But though she is only thirty-five she might be sixty. Her hair is grey, her eyes lack lustre, there is a tragic listlessness about her figure.

After her husband died, the two girls and herself were left with just what she could earn and the fifteen shillings a week widow's pension!

The eldest girl of fourteen and the second of ten are bright, pretty creatures. I do not think they often go hungry, but I feel that Mrs. Jones never has enough to eat. Her transparent skin, her weary smile, tell a grim story of semi-starvation, prolonged denial.

"Yes, it's gey difficult at times," she said quietly. "Maggie got a bit job in an office, but times are so bad everywhere that she's been suspended."

She looked towards the copper pots as though they gave her courage, but "Luck's out for me as well," she said. "I was working in a men's restaurant, but they had to close down—and I'm out like Maggie." . . .

"Still"—the drag in her voice hurt me—"still, I'm hoping that something will come along. It's two months since I had a regular job."

Face to face with such a desperate pass I could not find a word to say. Somehow I felt ashamed of being well-fed and warmly clothed, while she, day in day out, had to fight for sheer existence.

A real Scot

"But I won't go on the parish," she said suddenly. She spoke with an intense conviction which kept me silent, though I knew that if she applied she *must* get help.

"All my folks were decent working people," she said firmly. "None of us ever went to the parish in our lives and I'm not going to start now. I've weathered the storm for a while; noo that Maggie is getting up a bit I can weather it better."

And suddenly all the patience had dropped from her face and there was a look of intense determination written there instead.

Here was the real Scot that lay beneath the surface of all the patient pride of race. If the enemy, Poverty, had taken everything else he couldn't take her pride.

I shall always remember that moment. It was almost sacred. My fingers were in my bag where my purse lay, but I took my hand out and shook hers dumbly.

That was all I could do. . . .

My search for another of the mothers who are keeping the home fires burning during the worst period of want Glasgow has ever known took me to Mrs. Brown, who lives in that dire swamp of poverty and dilapidation—Cowcaddens. There is always something supremely ironic to me in the juxtaposition of this congeries of mean houses with the smartness and prosperity of Sauchiehall Street and its fashionable shops.

Mrs. Brown knows little of fashion. Her energies and will are concentrated on holding her home together.

She has two sons and a bedridden husband whose few shillings from National Health Insurance are a main plank in the upkeep of the household.

The next item is a small weekly sum paid by Mr. Brown's nephew, who is studying for the ministry and lives in with the family; but the lad's people are not at all well-off, so his contribution is only trifling, though his folks in the country supplement it with an occasional hamper of farm produce.

Mrs. Brown does every kind of odd job—cleaning, mending, cooking, when they come her way; but of late work has been cruelly scarce.

Relentless force

"Sometimes it's difficult to get a good nourishing meal for them all," she said, "though I try to make the pence spin out. But Charlie earns a bit now and again and we worry along somehow."

Charlie, her eldest boy and the pride of her heart, has won a bursary and goes to a high school. He's a clever laddie, "but I can't get him the clothes he should have," said Mrs. Brown. "And he has to walk to school and back. It's a terrible long way for a growing lad."

It did not seem to cross her mind that Charlie might not be able to stay out the length of his bursary. I believe that even her stout heart would quail at such a prospect.

There is something almost frightening in the relentless force of mothers like Mrs. Brown. You feel they would literally be torn in pieces rather than give up their son's chance. Charlie's future is the rock on which Mrs. Brown has built her hope. If he can get a footing in life, her abnegations, her unending blinding toil, will not count.

The place was bare but beautifully neat. Mrs. Brown pointed with pride to the rows of books in the corner. "Charlie's a great reader," she said.

How she contrives to feed four persons—I do not include her with the rest—and keep a roof over all their heads is one of those secrets that women of her calibre do not disclose. Her tall, spare body seems built to withstand hardship, and she is the kind that does not know self-pity. But if her days are hard, her nights must be a weary round of wondering how she is to face the morrow.

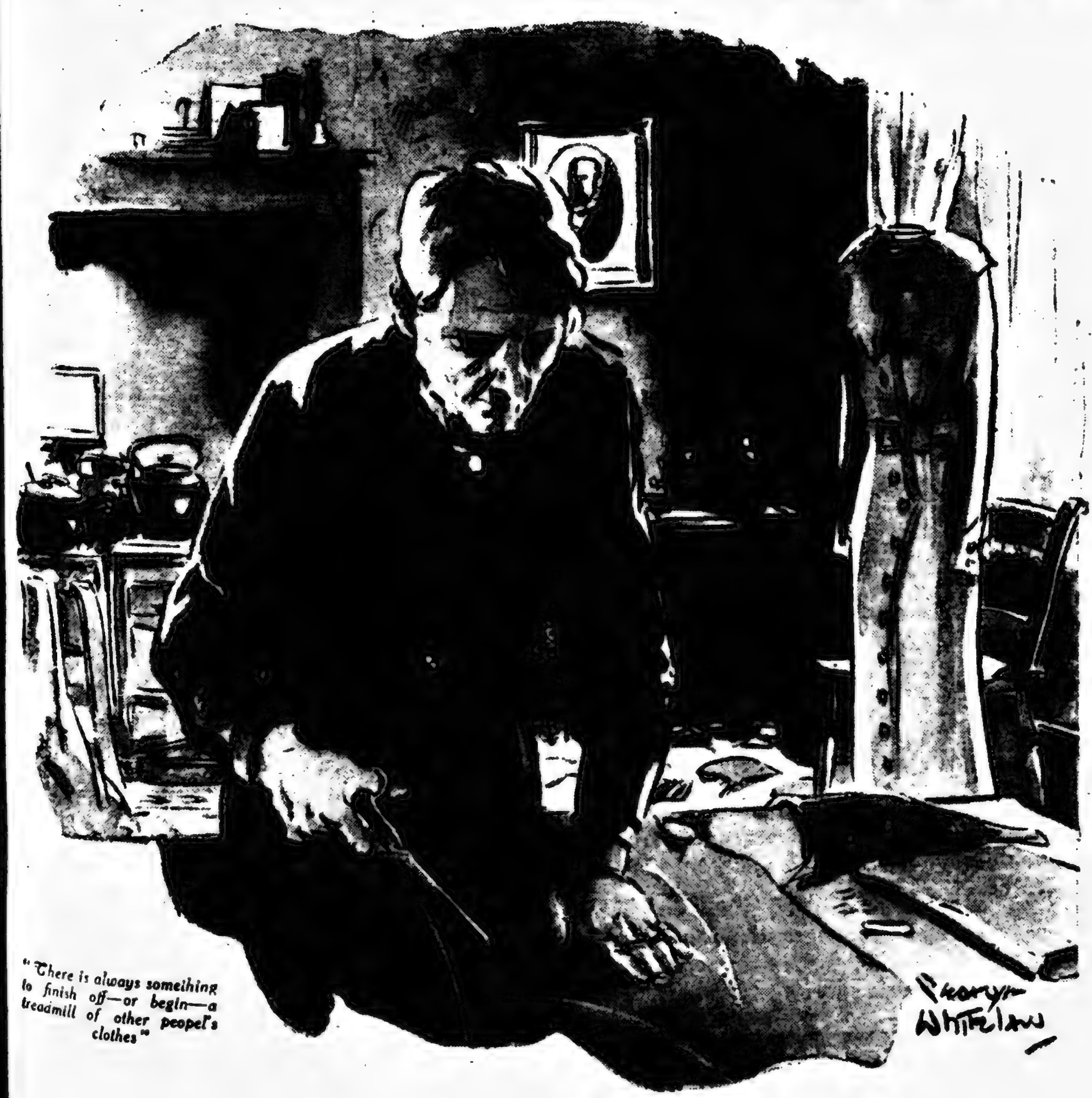
She will go on . . .

But she does not complain. She cannot bear to worry the boys. "They'll only be young once," she said. "When they're started in life and doing well it will be time for me to stand aside."

She watched me down the stairs into the frosty sunlight. And suddenly, looking back, I saw her framed in the doorway—dingy with age and crumbling with decay. But the squalor and the dirt faded somehow and I was conscious only of her eyes and the steadfast set of her mouth. And I knew that while her children needed her she would go on until she dropped.

And after?

"Night brings all home," said Mrs. Brown. . . .



"There is always something to finish off—or begin—a treadmill of other peopel's clothes"

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Wonder Mothers of Cottonopolis

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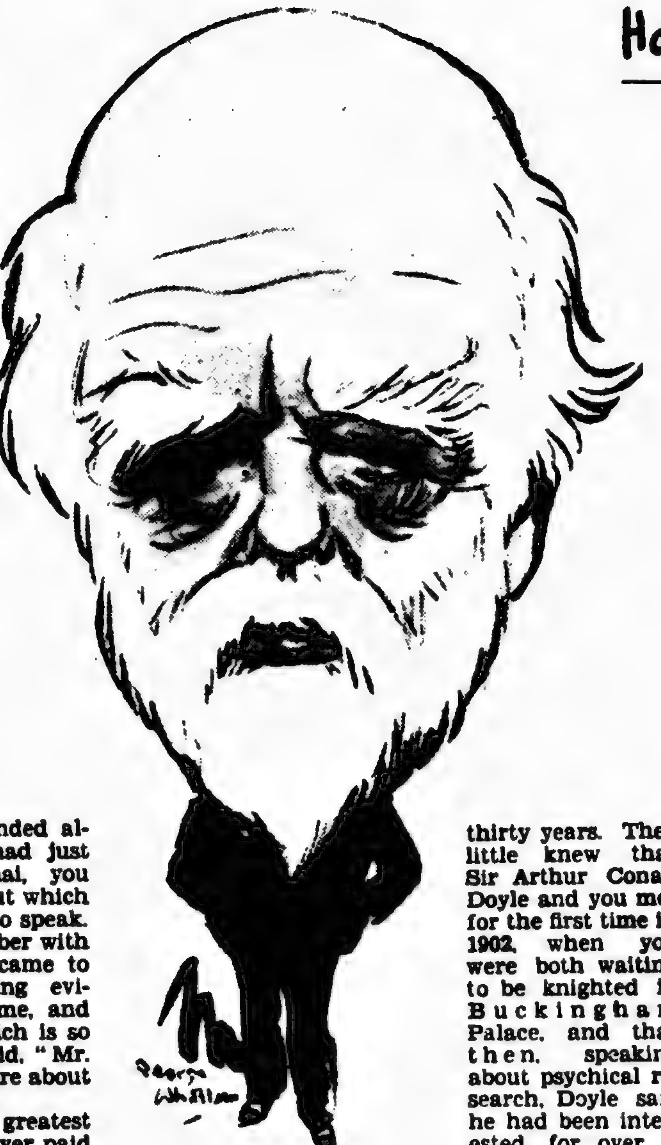
YOU KNOW there is NO DEATH

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR OLIVER LODGE



DEAR SIR OLIVER,—I dó not suppose that even you are conscious of the greatness of the drama in which you, an octogenarian, were, the other night, the central figure.

You are accustomed to wireless. Indeed, but for your experiments, made years ago when ether rays were almost unknown, there would not have been a B.B.C.

Even in those days you were so careful that you did not see the magnitude of your discoveries. Marconi once told me that you said to him that in fifty years it might be possible to transmit a message across the back garden! That showed the scientific condition of your mind. You were always like that.

It made all the more deeply significant your wireless speech the other night.

There were you, the most respected scientist in the whole world—yes, I suppose, the most admired man in the British Empire, one above party, and above class—broadcasting in what became, at the end, a quavering voice, your last message, one of supreme and unchallengeable conviction, that "Man survives the grave. It has been proved."

* * *

This message went into homes all over the country, rich homes and poor homes, where people, mourning and in trouble, were seeking comfort.

Many of them had left churches because of the "Science *v.* Religion" controversy. You, joining Religion and Science—the latter had led you, for years an Agnostic, back to the first—spoke with knowledge of how "Love bridges the chasm of death." To bereaved people who wrote you in deep distress, you said, you replied, always, "All is well with your loved ones."

I remember sitting behind you at the Portsmouth Brotherhood, about three years ago, when, looking like Moses in your venerableness, and speaking with such authority that it sounded almost as though you had just come down from Sinai, you said, boldly, things about which so many are timorous to speak.

I shall always remember with pride that, when you came to one little bit regarding evidence, you turned to me, and with that humility which is so great a part of you, said, "Mr. Swaffer can tell you more about that than I can."

It was by far the greatest compliment that was ever paid to me.

People are apt to forget, now, how you were laughed at during the war when, conscious of the great grief that was swamping the world, you had the courage to print "Raymond" and its message of comfort.

"Oh, the old man's gone barmy," people said. "He's lost his son. It's unnerved him."

They little knew that you had held the views you then proclaimed for nearly thirty years. They little knew that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and you met for the first time in 1902, when you were both waiting to be knighted in Buckingham Palace, and that then, speaking about psychical research, Doyle said he had been interested for over a quarter of a century and you replied, "My interest is older than that." In a few years you were side by side, braving ridicule.

* * *

Yes, Sir Oliver, you stand miles and miles above us all.

The "great statesmen" of the world blunder on. Big men of business merely get richer. Soldiers and admirals strut their petty pride, up and down a quarter deck or on the parade ground—yes, and, with all their stupid narrow "patriotism," head us for another war. Bishops quarrel over theology.

There are over 200 kinds of Christians in England, and they quarrel with each other over things that do not matter, missing, all the time, the essential fact. So many people fear to say what they believe to be true.

You—as did Crookes before you, yes, and as did F. W. H. Myers, who, you told a wondering world over the air, had communicated with you from beyond the grave—risked your great reputation for the sake of Truth, as you saw it.

Your courage has survived the mockers. People remember how you—conscious as you are that "Love survives the grave"—merely walked with your family, in their ordinary clothes, to a simple church service when you lost your beloved wife, and then, returning home, went on with your task, as did your children.

* * *

When so many millions fear and doubt and tremble, on the brink of dangers that, really, are not there, you, the greatest scientist of your time, a man so great that you can transmute the profound into words so simple that a child can understand them, you, whose honesty of purpose, and character, and nobility of mind are beyond question, stood, the other night, beside a microphone in Bournemouth and gave, as your farewell to the world, the message, "There is no death. . . . Trust in God as a loving Father. Let me take an affectionate farewell. Good-bye."

I have sat in hundreds of theatres and seen thousands and thousands of dramas. I do not remember a drama as moving as that.

But then we are all so used to wireless, aren't we? We do not understand how great a miracle it is. You know.

You also know other things. And, boldly, you proclaim them.

Beside you, we are all as children, merely "listening-in." . . .

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER,
The Palace, Gloucester

MY LORD,—So you don't agree with the Archbishop of York's plea that a restoration of the "cuts" in unemployment pay should be the first charge on the Budget surplus. You would rather see a hefty reduction in income-tax.

And you "resent the use of the authority of religion to justify a policy which I believe to be damaging to the country."

Then why do you use the authority of your position to plead for a reduction of income-tax? And why should a bishop be less generous towards the unemployed than the majority of M.P.s?

Your letter to the Press merely leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

JOHN BULL.

General Sir PETER STRICKLAND,
Snettisham, Norfolk

DEAR SIR,—You must have been amused at being haled before your fellow-magistrates on the Hunstanton Bench for driving a car without a licence.

The licence had expired 23 days, but they fined you only 10s., including costs. Did that amuse you still further?

JOHN BULL.

PROFESSOR K. L. MARTIN: Attacking League of Nations, you say "there was more war in 18th century when armaments were less." Yes, no League in those days.—JOHN BULL.

Sir AMBROSE FLEMING,
Gower Street, London, W.

DEAR SIR AMBROSE,—I share your view that we cannot allow the B.B.C. to become the master and not the servant of the public.

You were talking sound sense when you proposed a Court of Appeal, formed of representatives of public bodies, to deal with political broadcasts and such matters.

The breath of fresh air that such a committee would introduce into the stuffy atmosphere of Broadcasting House has long been needed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS RILEY,
Rochdale

DEAR SIR,—You are the victim of what every sensible person must regard as a gross miscarriage of justice.

You were charged with your wife with neglecting your children, and you were both sent to hard labour for a month.

But the fault was obviously your wife's, since you had done your best to keep the house clean, had bathed the children, and washed and cooked. You had even lodged a complaint, hoping that it would bring your wife to reason.

That you should be sent to jail is a monstrous scandal.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. T. CHEVALIER,
Exmouth

DEAR SIR,—An ex-Serviceman, you object to the proposed removal of the German tank and guns which desecrate your sea-front. You regard them as a gift to be maintained with dignity.

Well, the great majority of ex-Servicemen say "Scrap the lot!" And so do I.

We should not need such ghastly mementoes to remind us of the horror of war.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES BURNS,
Old Trafford, Manchester

BURNS,—Instead of paying into court the money left by your mother for division between yourself, your sister and stepbrother, you spent the lot on a cruise to Malta.

The judge said you had shown wilful and wicked defiance of the court. But far worse, to my mind, was your wilful and wicked squandering of other people's money.

Now you have been ordered to refund the money by weekly instalments or go to jail for four months. I think you are lucky to have the option.

JOHN BULL.

Lord LONDONDERRY,
Secretary for Air

MY LORD,—The idea that one man—a Minister of Defence—could control the Army, Navy and Air Force is fantastic, you say.

Do you think it fantastic that one man, General Foch, directed all the Allied armies during the most anxious later days of the war?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN SAYER,
North Wembley

DEAR SIR,—For thirty-six years you have driven a motor-car without a single accident or complaint of any kind. Recently, though, you were summoned for driving without reasonable consideration; but the Bench were actuated by your remarkable record and dismissed the case on payment of £1 costs.

I am glad there is no mark against you as a car driver. With an average of 600 miles a week to your speedometer, you are a fine example of what a motorist should be.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ALICE GRIFFIN,
New Road, Barnet

DEAR MADAM,—The law, in your mind, must be an absolute ass. For selling twopennyworth of cheese at 8.25 p.m. you were fined 5s., with 4s. costs, but had you sold sweets up till 9.30 in the evening the powers that be could not have acted against you.

People in a small way of business like yourself must feel highly indignant at the existing state of affairs. Ginger up your M.P. on the point.

JOHN BULL.

Capt. ROBERTS,
Governor, Hull Prison

DEAR GOVERNOR,—I don't suppose the Hull magistrates are interested in your praise of their using the birch. And when you commend this form of punishment to another town—Grimsby—it savours of impertinence.

"Shame!" said a voice when you added that a "good hefty policeman" should wield the birch. I echo that word.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. HANBURY,
Lincoln College, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—Talking about the undergraduates, you remark that "Years may bring disillusion, and they may become more tolerant of things they now deem abuses."

I sincerely hope they will not. For how can reform be reached unless we are all intolerant of abuses?

JOHN BULL.

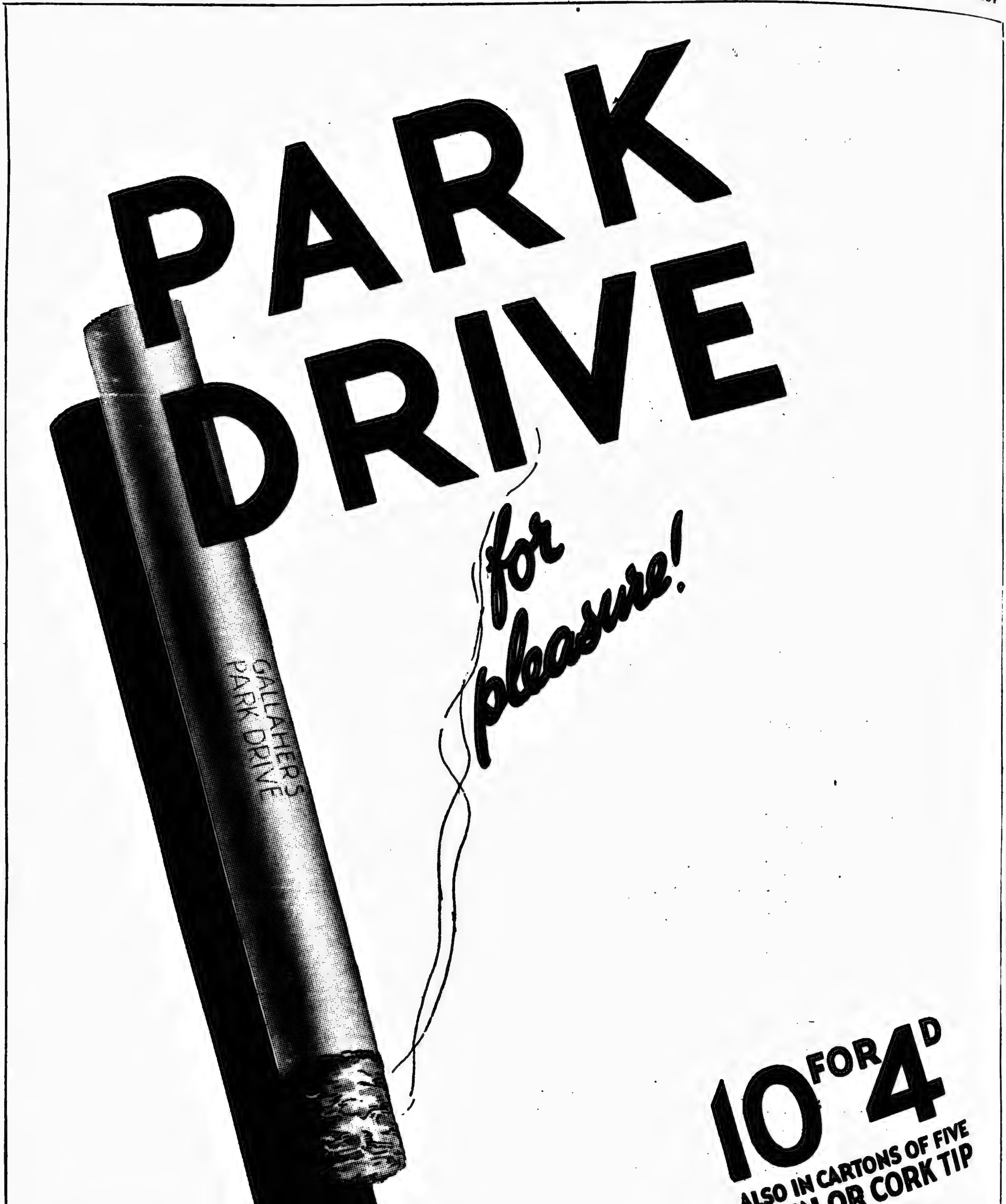
THE NURSES, Guy's: "Welcome," you said when asked to train coloured nurse, other hospitals having refused. Good for you! Tending the sick should know no colour bar.—JOHN BULL.

GEORGE PATRICK McGOWAN,
Ilkeston, Derbyshire

BRUTE,—You threw a terrier into a canal three or four times, while it screamed like a child, and then beat it to death—a crime for which you have been given a mere seven days' hard labour.

When savages meet with such luck it brings Justice into disrepute.

JOHN BULL.


PARK
DRIVE
for pleasure!
GALLAHER'S
PARK DRIVE
10 FOR 4D
ALSO IN CARTONS OF FIVE
PLAIN OR CORK TIP
SIX MILLION SMOKED EVERY DAY

Shall CHURCHMEN go to WAR?

A VERY urgent challenge was thrown down at the annual meeting of the Free Church Council at Birkenhead a few days ago. It is a challenge which applies not only to the Free Churchmen of this country, but to the religious communities of every country, especially of every Christian country.

The world is drifting visibly to another war, and the question raised at Birkenhead was: What are the Churches going to do in the face of this dreadful menace?

How near the danger is does not admit of doubt. Warnings on the point crowd in on us from every quarter.

The Disarmament Conference is still technically alive, but we only pretend that it is alive because we fear to face the admission that it is dead, with all the consequences that the admission will bring.

Russia and Japan are arming might and main for a conflict that no student of the Far East now doubts is unavoidable. The tension in Europe that has its focus in the Austrian question grows daily more acute, and in informed circles the conviction deepens that the issue whether Austria is to become a German province or an Italian province is moving to a catastrophe.

Drifting

Mr. Eden has made his tour of the Continental chancelleries and has returned with thinly disguised despair, and Mr. Baldwin has met the alarmist clamours of his back-benchers with the assurance that if Europe will not disarm in the air this country will be compelled to join in the race and be "second to none."

France is trembling on the brink of a revolution that could not fail to have disastrous effects upon the frail hopes of preserving Continental peace, and Spain is in convulsions that add to the general insecurity of the whole European system.

It is this gloomy landscape that confronted the Free Church Council, as it confronts every body of opinion in the country, with a challenge to do whatever is in its power to stay this drift to world suicide. It passed a long and weighty resolution urging the claims of peace upon the Government; but this was felt to be inadequate by a section of the Council.

The Rev. T. W. Bevan, of Bradford, moved a supplementary resolution calling upon the Churches to take direct action. They were asked to declare that they would have "no part or lot in war or the preparation for war."

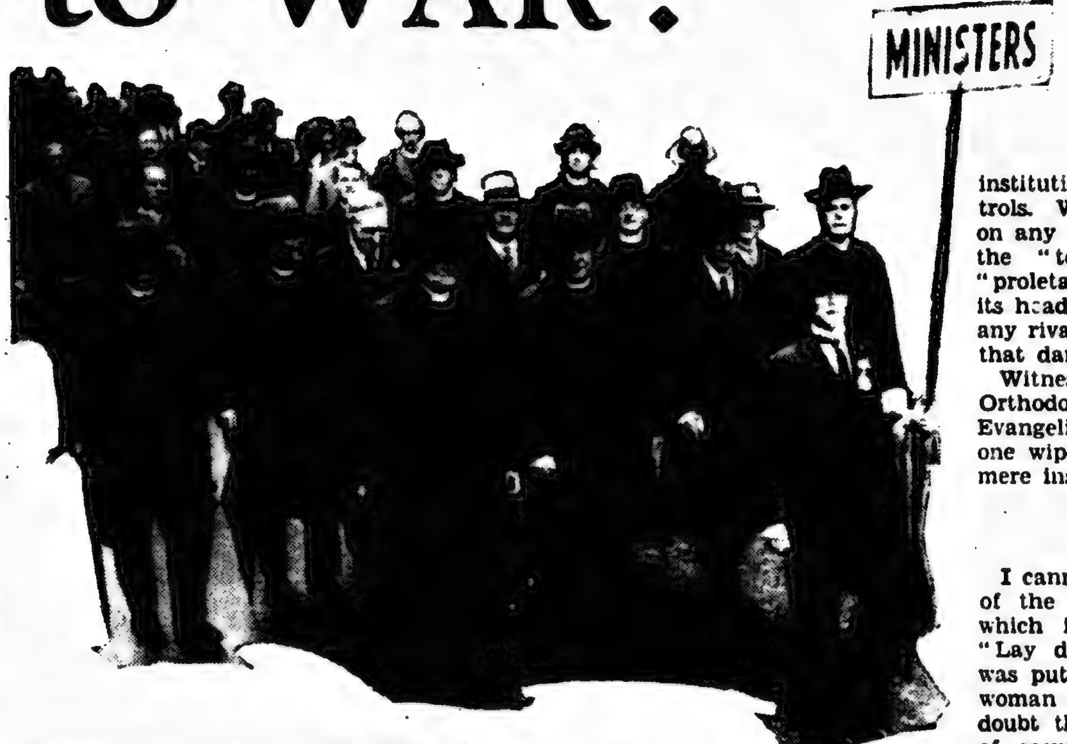
Blow at religion

The resolution was opposed by Dr. Scott Lidgett, the aged and one of the most respected leaders of Free Church opinion. He, while expressing the utmost sympathy with the motives of the mover and seconder of the resolution, advised his hearers, if they wished to retain their influence with the Churches, not to send down to them, after inadequate discussion, instructions on so difficult a matter. His advice was followed, and the "previous question" was moved and carried overwhelmingly.

But though defeated, Mr. Bevan raised an issue, as Dr. Lidgett knew equally well, that involves the very existence of Christianity.

Among all the terrible consequences of the Great War, none was more devastating than the blow it struck at the authority of the Churches throughout Christendom. Under that blow they are still reeling. From another such blow they couldn't recover.

The spectacle of the surrender of the Christian ideal to the secular necessities of the State was fatal to the prestige of religion. In the presence of war the Church universal broke into fragments, and the gospel of a common faith and a common deity was discarded. Each nation went to battle with prayers and hymns, not to the God of all nations, but to a tribal deity. The Churches ceased to be the voice of the eternal. They became merely departments of State working not for spiritual ends but for material conquest.



Where would they lead us? In the front line—extreme left—in this parade of United Methodists is Dr. Scott Lidgett

by A. G. Gardiner

Battle hymns

The German armies marched to the strains of Luther's hymn to the God of the German Fatherland, and the padres of the French, British and Italian armies appealed with the same confidence to a God in Whom each country assumed a proprietary interest.

I remember that when my friend, William Archer, made a collection of the most heathen public utterances in Germany during the war, most of them came from the pulpit. We were less gross, but no less partisan, and few will forget the storm that raged around the present Archbishop of Canterbury because he dared on one Good Friday in America to apply the words from the Cross, "Father, forgive them," to the enemy in the field.

The plain fact is that Christianity and war cannot co-exist. They are mutually destructive, and it is easy to understand the point of view of those who, with another world war looming up, insist that the Churches must have no part in it or in its preparation.

But it is unfortunately no less easy to see the considerations which led Dr. Scott Lidgett and the majority of the Council not to adopt this method of direct action. It would involve, not merely an organised resistance to war, but an organised resistance to the Government's measures and taxes for the defence of the State.

I have no passion for that abstraction, the State—least of all that tyrannical form of the State which has destroyed liberty in Germany, Italy, Russia, and nearly all over Europe.

But we cannot have our social and communal existence without some sort of collective control. We must have government, and no government could function which permitted outside bodies, however good their motives, to organise resistance to the decisions of Parliament.

In a free country we must work through public opinion and the democratic institutions that public opinion controls. We cannot have a free country on any other terms. The alternative is the "totalitarian," "corporative" or "proletarian" State, with a dictator at its head who will make short work of any rival authority, secular or spiritual, that dares to murmur "I will not."

Witness what has happened to the Orthodox Church in Russia and the Evangelical Church in Germany. The one wiped out, the other turned into a mere instrument of the Nazi tyranny.

Not in sight

I cannot argue here the practicability of the policy advocated at Bradford, which is summed up in the phrase, "Lay down your arms." That policy was put forward by a famous German woman before the war, and no one can doubt that, if by some miraculous act of security all the nations could be brought to agree to lay down their arms, peace would be established in this distracted world.

Perhaps that miracle will be accomplished some day. If it is not, civilisation is doomed. But it is not in sight yet.

Consider what is happening in Europe. Look at the revival of Prussianism in Germany. Look at the militarist despotism that is leading Japan we know not whither. Should we advance the cause of the world's peace in the midst of this welter of armaments and ambitions if we announced to the world that our armies were to be forthwith disbanded, our warships dismantled and our battle planes thrown on the scrap-heap?

If it would not—and who can seriously say that it would?—our duty is clear. It is to use our present moral and material influence to induce the world to disarm, to show how good faith was disarming ourselves to the utmost limit consistent with safety, to champion the League of Nations as the only security of peace, and to make it clear that we will not employ force except against those who provoke war.

And the function of the Churches is to create such a public opinion in this country as will tolerate no other policy.

Not from the B.B.C.—Miss Laura La Plante supplies the low-down on—

This Marriage Business

ISN'T it sad about Willy and me?
I like him so much, and, of course,
He's been just as nice as a husband can be;
But the nicer he is the more clearly I see
There simply must be a divorce!

We're *marvellous* friends, and I write to him still;
My letters are *terribly* sweet!
There's no one who's quite such a darling as Bill,
And when we're unmarried I'm sure it will fill
Me with pleasure whenever we meet!

And I, he declares, am a *marvellous* girl—
A fact that I cannot deny!
It's horrid to think he must lose such a pearl!
And, when we're divorced, I may marry some churl—
Oh, gee! do you wonder I cry?

Yes, girls, it just had to be! It's nobody's fault; but I guess you've all read (if you haven't I'll sure talk turkey to my bonehead boob of a press agent!) that I've just made a secret (wal, perhaps not so *very* secret) journey to Riga, to file divorce papers on my husband, Bill Seiter, the film director?

You say you have read the glad news? Wal, that's O.K. by me! And now, girls, what I'm out to do is to give you the low-down on this marriage business.

As I've told your Press boys, this is a real friendly divorce—an agreement entered into by two of the best pals who ever went through the wilt-thou-I-wilt cer-e-mony.

When I told your noosepaper guys: "We are still marvellous friends. I have written to him and am still writing to him," I said a mouthful and meant every darned word of it!

And I reckon you've seen what Bill said when the papers were served? "She is the most wonderful girl in the world," said Bill; "but if she wants a divorce I guess it will be best for both of us."

Ain't he a darling? The more I think of that guy the more I tell myself that I was the luckiest girl in the world to marry him! But I guess I'm even luckier to be divorcing him!

You see, the trouble is we're too good pals! As my dumb publicity agent was instructed to tell the world: "I married him because we were such great friends—and there we made a big mistake."

Take the low-down from me, girls: "Never hook up with a guy you like real well or you'll sure pull a boner! That sort is O.K. as a pal, but as a husband—nope!"

Dear girls, if you should contemplate
A change from your unwedded state,
Be careful ere you choose a mate
Just take a tip from me:
On no account your footsteps wend
Toward the altar with a *friend*—
For married life with him may end
In abject misery!

Maybe your boy friend likes to buy
You chocs., and you need not deny
This pleasure to him! But, please try
A little tact to show!
Permit him in your smiles to bask;
But if the silly mutt should ask
You to be his, your feelings mask
And firmly answer "No!"

If tastes uncommon you possess
You're simply bound to make a mess
Of marriage! Who desires success
Looks hard before she leaps!
It's madness, dear, a *pal* to pick;
But if some yob who turns you sick
You chance to meet—then grab him quick
And make him yours for keeps!

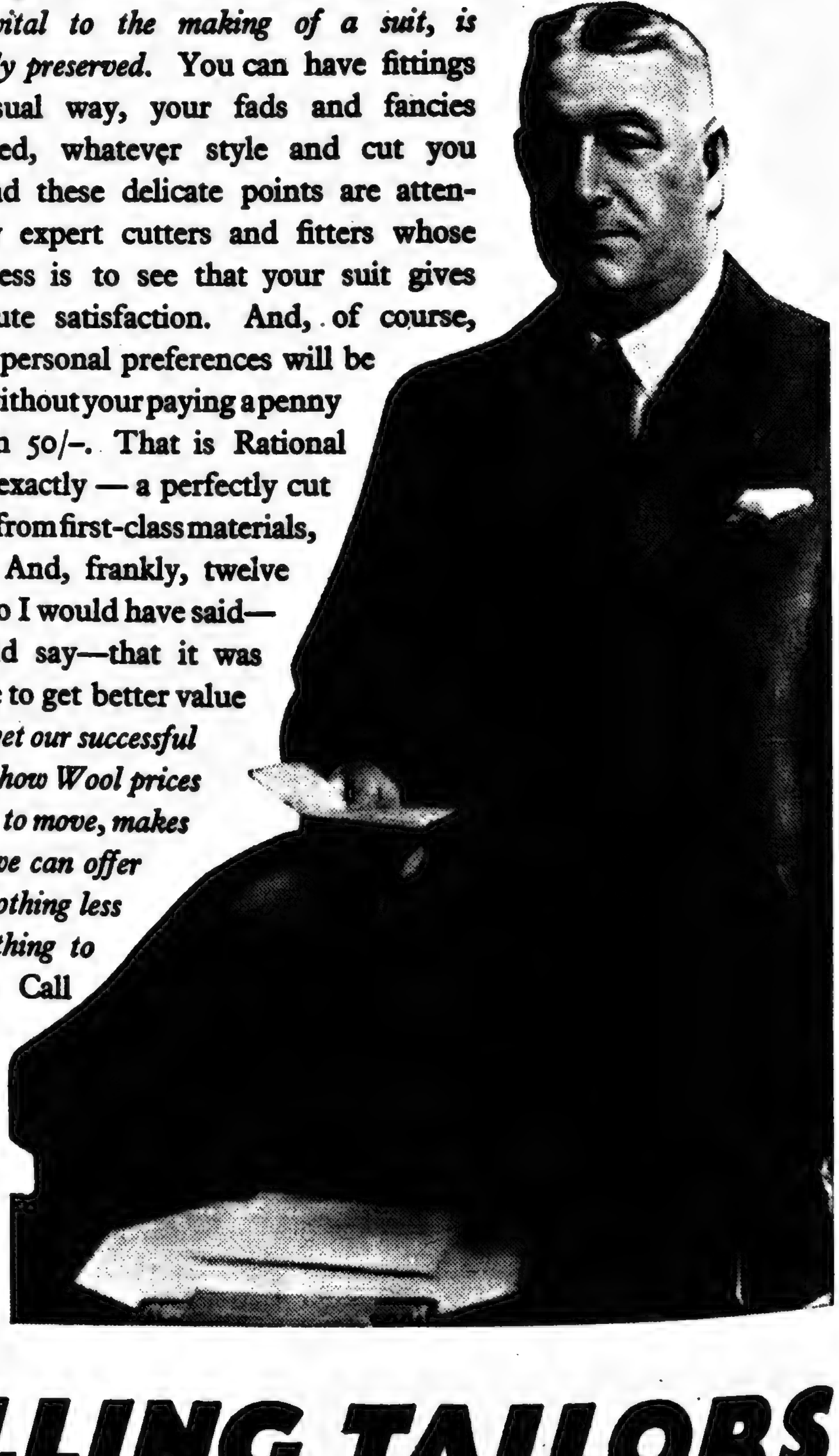
● THIS YEAR—YOU ARE GETTING EVEN BETTER VALUE THAN EVER!

I am not overstating in the slightest degree when I say that in the whole history of tailoring, there has never been such value offered as there is now at every branch of The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

That is a bold claim but a true one—and here's the reason : we knew the high-grade raw materials, from which our fabrics are made, could not possibly remain at the ruinously low level to which they had fallen. *We not only knew this—but we had the courage to back our judgment by buying heavily to meet requirements for a long time ahead.* Since then, as you have read in the papers, wool prices have risen enormously, leaving The Fifty Shilling Tailors in the strong position of being able to offer picked cloths from some of the finest mills in the country—cloths which are far and away above to-day's values.

Our only difficulty is how we can convince you of the extraordinary quality we are offering at the present time. WE CAN'T : we can only let you convince yourself—by visiting any one of our Depots and inspecting for yourself the New Season's patterns—in Cheviots, Huddersfield Worsteds, Saxonies and pure Botany Serges. There are up to 500 patterns for you to choose from.

During the last year or two, hundreds of thousands of men have come to us "to find out what it's all about "—what "Rational Tailoring" really means. Briefly, it's just an application of modern business ideas to the making of clothes. *But the personal element, vital to the making of a suit, is scrupulously preserved.* You can have fittings in the usual way, your fads and fancies incorporated, whatever style and cut you prefer—and these delicate points are attended to by expert cutters and fitters whose sole business is to see that your suit gives *you* absolute satisfaction. And, of course, such little personal preferences will be included without your paying a penny more than 50/-. That is Rational Tailoring exactly—a perfectly cut suit, made from first-class materials, for 50/-. And, frankly, twelve months ago I would have said—I often did say—that it was impossible to get better value for 50/-, *yet our successful forecast of how Wool prices were going to move, makes the value we can offer this year nothing less than something to wonder at.* Call in and see for yourself!



Mr. H.P.Price, Managing Director of The Fifty Shilling Tailors.

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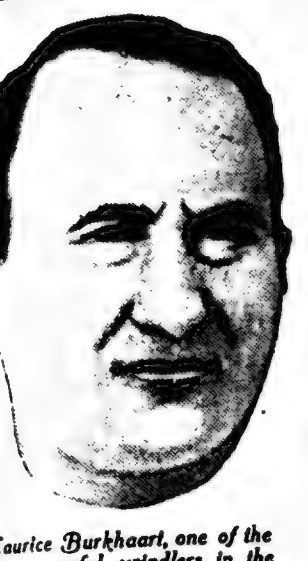

Maurice Burkhaart, one of the most successful swindlers in the world

"GATED" is a term much used in police circles with a special, criminal significance. It applies specifically to foreign adventurers who have been banished from this country on Home Office instructions that they must never return.

It is being used very much in high official quarters at the present time in relation to a learned and polished American named **Maurice Burkhaart.**

This man has been "gated" on several occasions by a succession of Home Secretaries. But he is such a persistent adventurer that the stern decrees of Home Secretaries mean little or nothing to him.

For Maurice Burkhaart is one of the greatest and most successful swindlers in the world, and one the police of two continents would like to catch.

He was in London quite recently, staying at a famous hotel. People who became acquainted with him there, if they were fortunate enough not to be included among his intended victims, believed that he was what he pretended to be: a magnate in the theatrical world with vast international interests to control.

Although he had never permitted his name to figure in the limelight as a showman, he had "been behind" countless productions of world-wide repute, and had "made" numerous international "stars."

Spell-binder

That was his story. And the people who listened to it, coming as it did so convincingly from this genial, well-dressed man of forty-five, could not fail to be impressed.

No man ever held his listeners more spellbound than Maurice Burkhaart. And no criminal is more "wanted" than Maurice Burkhaart is to-day. Though some of the best brains at Scotland Yard have been pitted against him he has so far proved the winner.

Colossal sums have passed into the banking account of this pseudo-theatrical magnate from America.

And though officially recorded as a notorious financier, who has been banished three times and whose photograph was specially supplied to all our principal ports at least three years ago, he has contrived to come here repeatedly to bamboozle the authorities and add to the plunder which has made him one of the wealthiest criminals at large.

Burkhaart, in America, has a reputation that almost equals that of Jacob Factor. Rivals there have even hired gangsters in attempts to frighten and intimidate him into disgorging some of his ill-gotten gains.

But he has just retaliated by using the four stalwart "protectors" who are always in his employ to hire lesser thugs for the purpose of showing that gangster tactics form a game that two can play.

Even before America came into the great war Burkhaart was known to the police of the United States as being a resourceful adventurer of the most accomplished type.

But he has made tremendous strides since those early days. So great have been some of his more recent hauls that latterly it has been no uncommon thing for urgent messages concerning his movements to be passed constantly between England, America and France by cable and telephone.

The exploits of a super crook often carried out so brilliantly that they occasion a kind of admiration in the minds of victims, who, when they review all the facts and circumstances, realise that they were duped by sheer cleverness.

Huge fraud

Such a master man in crime is Maurice Burkhaart that he has actually surprised more than one detective through the manner in which he has acquitted himself in difficult circumstances.

A few months ago he opened an office in the vicinity of the London Stock Exchange, surrounding himself with the most efficient staff he could find.

For the purposes of the venture he proposed to operate he became an Englishman temporarily, and assumed a good English name.

He engaged a number of expert salesmen who were so specialised in their work that they undertook with complete self-assurance to sell anything—be it valuable or otherwise.

Burkhaart, who has a great reputation for paying handsomely for such services, held a conference with these men, and, stating his requirements, handed them documents and printed particulars which supposedly related to numerous British companies of the highest repute.

Thus was launched a most audacious scheme for defrauding the British public.

People in various parts of the country were visited and, through the medium of misleading documents, that had been occasionally manufactured for the purpose, were duped in the most reprehensible fashion.

Believing that the so-called Stock Exchange firm over which Maurice Burkhaart presided was able to offer them financial bargains in companies in which they were already interested, and which were paying them heavy dividends, these people handed over large sums of money to the emissaries.

It says much for the cunning displayed by agents of this gang that one victim is poorer to-day by more than £40,000, which was handed over gradually by him during a succession of visits.

Official enquiries later led to the astonishing discovery that the principal rogue behind the swindle was Maurice Burkhaart, who, banished from this country on the orders of the Home Office, had been thought to be in his native America!

Several officers at Scotland Yard, in collaboration with the City of London police, were detailed to arrest Burkhaart at all costs. Enquiries were made in numerous provincial towns, but while there was ample evidence of his activities, he himself could not be found.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

Texas Guinan, in whose notorious ventures Burkhaart was at one time interested

A new name

The natural theory was that, having obtained all the money he wanted, he had returned to the United States. For the time being, therefore, the inquiry came to a dead end.

Yet Burkhaart, as we can now show, was all the time "in hiding" in this country.

The truth is that, when he realised that the authorities were getting too interested in the complaints that were by that time growing numerous about him, Burkhaart changed his "temporary" English name once more and moved into another office.

With the aid of a number of other rogues, he had soon recommenced his enterprising activities in London and elsewhere.

Gradually, in a similar manner to that detailed above, a chain of inquiry was forged into his new operations, but by the time it was discovered that fresh dupes had been added to his list he had performed another of his astonishing vanishing tricks.

He was recently associated with certain swindlers who included in a minor capacity three men who have now been sent to jail at the Sussex Assizes.

They were Albert Distleman, who has been already exposed in these columns and two notorious Americans named Adelberg and Macgregor, who, in a mild emulation of Burkhaart, also adopted other names for the purpose of their fraudulent campaign

It is not surprising that there is now a hue and cry after Maurice Burkhaart—especially as he is wanted for fraud in various countries, in a variety of aliases, including those of Burks, Berkhart, Wagstaff, and Rappaport.

Some idea of the luxurious fashion in which he resides can be illustrated by the circumstances in which he was found on one occasion when visited for interrogation by a Chief Inspector of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard.

He was staying in one of the most expensive suites at one of London's most fashionable hotels.

His bill for weeks had averaged £50, and his life there had been one long whirl of gaiety.

When the officer called he found Burkhaart and his wife ready to leave for a theatre. A magnificent diamond ring and two exquisite diamond studs were being worn by Burkhaart, while his beautiful wife was loaded with jewellery, which was stated to be worth something like £20,000.

Jumping it

A little later he was warned again and served with a peremptory Home Office order of banishment. Weeks afterwards, following fresh complaints, he was found mingling with some of the most exclusive members of London society and frequenting two fashionable hotels.

Money has always come easily to this super-adventurer, who is well known in New York's night life, and at one time was financially interested with Texas Guinan, whose clubs and cabarets were notorious the world over.

Perhaps the most impudent exploit Burkhaart ever brought off in this country was when he was actually arrested here and charged at a London police court with fraud.

He performed, perhaps, his biggest "vanishing trick" on that occasion, for, obtaining bail with difficulty, he just "jumped it."

When due to appear at court, where an eminent counsel had been briefed to prosecute him, his name was called in vain!

He laughs . .

And, even then, his frauds had been engineered after he had been "gated" by the Home Office owing to previous misbehaviour!

It is a long while since we encountered a financier of this calibre. His audacity and resource seem immeasurable.

To live by fraud persistently, laughing at Home Secretaries and Police Commissioners and Port Commandants, is no mean feat.

It has been brought to a fine art by Maurice Burkhaart, theatrical magnate, night club financier, man-about-town and international fraudsman elect!

"I've given up shaving with *ordinary* soap"

"I never knew what a *real* shave was until I tried Lever's Easy; using household soap for shaving was like tidying my hair with a scrubbing brush. And I couldn't bear shaving every day—it was too painful. Ordinary soap's not made for shifting beards like mine. *Now* the wife gets me Lever's Easy Shaving Stick at her grocer's. Sixpence is all she pays for it, but it gives a whole hundred shaves. Real fine lather too. Shifts the bristles in next to no time. So I shave *every* day now; a smart appearance counts in my job; and my face feels all the better for it. Just you try Lever's Easy—sixpence at any grocers." See that Lever's Easy is on the next grocery list.

LEVER'S **EASY**
SHAVING STICK

100 SHAVES FOR 6^D

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LEVER'S
EASY
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Gibbs Jig-Saw Puzzles FREE

Ask for one when you buy your Gibbs Dentifrice

There are four gorgeously-coloured Jig-Saw Puzzles in all, each measuring 10" x 8", and containing 88 pieces. The backs of all puzzles are marked for a very amusing and jolly game. You get one free with your purchase of Gibbs Dentifrice—but hurry, for supplies are limited.

Visit your Dentist twice a year, clean your teeth with Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day to ensure sound teeth throughout your life. Buy a case for each member of the family today.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE
GD78H

Popular size 7½d
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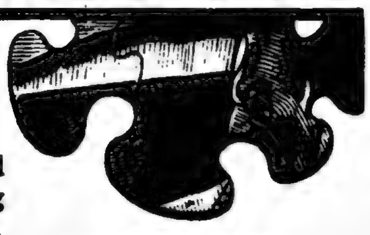
EMERGENCY COUPON
For use only if your Retailer is out of stock of Gibbs Jig-Saw Puzzles.

Take the Hygiene Certificate from any Gibbs Dental Preparation you buy, attach it to this Coupon and send it to D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept. 78V), London, E.1. in 1½d stamped envelope. There are four Gibbs Jig-Saw Puzzles-and-Game. You will get one with each Hygiene Certificate, so long as supplies last.

Name..............................

Address..............................

PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS



RETIREMENT MADE EASY

To the thoughtful person provision for the future is a matter of serious concern. Casual saving and private investment cannot be compared with the facilities and security offered by

A **PEARL PENSION POLICY**

which **GUARANTEES** benefits such as these to a man aged 35 next birthday:

For yourself at age 65	A cash payment of £450 and a life income of £150 a year or instead of the income a further cash payment of £1,500.
For your dependents if you die before age 65	A sum of £1,500 plus guaranteed bonuses. If death is accidental, a further sum of £1,500 will be available.

The premiums entitle you to reduction of income tax.

Fill in and post the enquiry form below.

ENQUIRY FORM

TO THE JOINT MANAGING DIRECTORS,
PEARL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

Please supply particulars of how I can obtain a pension of £.................. My age next birthday will be..........

Name..............................
(STATE WHETHER MR., MRS. OR MISS.)

Address..............................

14 J.B. 24.3.34. ....

Just a minute, please!

That's all it will take of your time to read one or two of "The Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 5. You're bound to find something of interest or value there

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

YOU CAN STOP YOUR COLD BUT— IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

"Nostroline" acts in 30 seconds. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat or chest. "Nostroline" gives amazing relief from Colds, Catarrh, Head Noises Deafness. Safe even for youngest child. 1/3 at all Chemists.

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.66, Clifton, Bristol.

Who would suspect that grim tragedy and poverty could exist in the heart of the beautiful Cotswolds?

WIDOW EVICTED at Seventy-Three

TO be rendered suddenly homeless at nightfall and left in the streets alone in midwinter at the age of seventy-three—how terrible it sounds!

Yet this gives but a small con-eption of the tragic fate which recently efell Mrs. Caroline Blencowe, a widow, f Over Norton, Oxfordshire.

For she was reduced to this plight y a bitter blow, and as she stood bewildered in the chill streets it was with he knowledge that the cottage that ad been her home for more than hirty years was barred and locked gainst her, while all her household reasures lay in a forlorn heap in the pen.

But for the kindly intervention of a eighbour, who granted her temporary aven, she would have not known where o go that night.

Her story provides yet another rim tragedy of eviction.

The beginning of her trouble may be raced back to the death of her husand, who had been employed as garener by Major Daly, of Over Norton ouse, for over thirty years.

He had first entered the Daly service ack in the days of the South African ar, and was an active member of the ritish Legion.

During the Great War he volunteered is services, and in his absence Mrs. Blencowe carried on his gardening work at home.

They occupied a lodge near the entrance gates to Over Norton House, and this pretty habitation, in the course of years, was regarded by Mrs. Blencowe as "home."

It was there that she and her husband celebrated their seventieth birthdays!

It was from this home, in which they had spent many years of happy and devoted married life, that the widow was required to move almost immediately after her husband's death.

Within a week or two, in fact, she was politely informed that the cottage was required for the accommodation of another family.

The landlord was, of course, within his rights to seek possession of the cottage in order that it might be occupied by a full-time servant.

* * *

But to obtain another cottage in the Chipping Norton district was easier to suggest than to accomplish.

It is to the old lady's credit that she did her best to secure alternative accommodation within her limited means.

Because of the fact that she was over age when the widow's pension Act came into force, she is compelled to struggle along with the old age pension.

Mrs. Blencowe is assured of nothing additional to that meagre ten shillings payable at the local post office on Wednesday every week, and though the landlord showed kindly consideration from time to time solicitors were finally instructed to take proceedings in the county court.

Then it was that, for the first time in her life, the widow found herself in a court of justice.

Judge P. H. Randall heard the case with great sympathy, but he had no alternative but to order her to vacate it within twenty-one days, a period which expired shortly before last Christmas.

* * *

Then, one day early in January last, three men arrived at the cottage in her absence, and set rapidly to work moving the furniture out to the side of the road.

The day was bitterly cold, but neither pleas nor protests uttered by sympathetic neighbours stayed the bailiffs' hands.

When Mrs. Blencowe returned from a fruitless search for alternative accommodation at Chipping Norton, she found all her treasured belongings stacked in a heap by the way, and the door of her house locked against her.

Imagine her plight! Alone: with nowhere to go, and without relatives or anyone who could help her salve her goods and chattels from the gutter!

Heartbroken and distressed, she finally found refuge with a kind neighbour who afforded her shelter for the night. Another neighbour, saddened by Mrs. Blencowe's helplessness, went as far as to visit the Daly mansion in order to plead the poor old lady's cause.

For the problem now arose how to secure storage accommodation for the furniture and effects gathered during nearly half a century of happy married life.

Once these facts were brought to his knowledge the landlord had Mrs. Blencowe's goods and chattels removed to a cottage off New Street, in Chipping Norton itself.

Unfortunately, in spite of all efforts, the only alternative accommodation that could be found adjoined an ancient stable, long ago disused, *in the midst of property marked down for slum clearance by the local council!*

* * *

And it was in this pitiful retreat that a JOHN BULL investigator found Mrs. Blencowe, her entire belongings stacked chock-a-block about her, in premises recently inspected with a view to their being condemned.

It is known in the locality that this particular part of New Street, in Chipping Norton, was ancient when the borough was first chartered back in the year 1606.

The rooms of this tragic widow's new dwelling are but eight by nine feet; the walls are almost two feet thick, the ceilings are low.

The supply of water has to be obtained from a tap fully ten yards from her door.

Yet scarcely two minutes' walk away there is a vacant almshouse, one of eight charming old-world cottages erected in the benevolent memory of Henry Cornish, a local benefactor, whose thought was for the poor.

It seems a great pity that this much more suitable dwelling could not be made available for Mrs. Blencowe so that she may spend the winter of her life in some degree of comfort.

Danger-Tide

WATER, untamed, is the most unmanageable of all the elements.

A wire will lead a lightning flash to safety. A prairie fire n be stemmed, if the right methods are nployed. But if a dam or river bursts s banks, everything in the way is at the ercy of the raging flood that is released.

While the bulk of the country was talkg about a "winter drought" recently, Scottish householder learned this grim sson.

Awaking in the clamour of a violent indstorm at dead of night, he heard ater rushing into his home, and found at the burn, which usually flowed acidly by the house, had burst its banks. For nearly 24 hours he tried in vain to em the tide. And when, at last, he saw e waters receding, he realised with a avy heart that the ravages to his home d undone the work of years.

* * *

In his extremity he turned to us. . . . ow, JOHN BULL is no King Canute, as he ew well. He turned to us because, by ning such a form as you can turn to -day on page 4, he had earned the proction of our unique Free Insurance heme.

We paid for the flood damage, as we d promised, and so showed that the st precaution against this terror is the e JOHN BULL provides.

The Human Machine

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!

THE late Arnold Bennett once said: "You look after your body, inside and out; you run grave danger in hacking hairs off your skin; you employ a whole army of individuals, from the milkman to the pig-killer, to enable you to bribe your stomach into decent behaviour. Why not devote a little attention to the far more delicate machinery of the mind?"

We don't, you know. We rarely consciously try to get our minds in hand. Yet if we only would we could cure half the evils of life, in particular what Arnold Bennett justly described as "that miserable, avoidable, shameful disease—worry!"

It's not very difficult—though it certainly entails a certain amount of trouble. It only means, for instance, making yourself concentrate on something for five minutes each day—concentrate, mind you, without letting your attention wander for a single split second. It's not so childishly easy as it sounds. Try it and see!

It only means, for instance, doing what has to be done at any given moment without any argument or delay; making your brain do what you want it to do, instead of allowing it to roam around at its own sweet will; being definitely and actively interested in whatever you happen to be doing; doing everything you do to the very best of your ability; gaining some new knowledge about something every day; doing a few minutes' original thinking every day instead of taking someone else's opinions about everything; reading, for instance, a page or two of some really good book every day.

That's all it means. That's not beyond your powers, surely?

Even if at first it's a bit of a bore, it's surely worth it for the sake of one day having complete mastery of your own brain and mind?

Maybe you think you've got that already?. Well, try to go through just one morning along these lines—and see!

LET LETKEY ALONE

A CONCERN called F. G. Letkey and Co., described as "manufacturers, mail-order and advertising agents, and circular distributors," has announced to readers in South Wales, Sussex and Kent that it requires homeworkers willing to address envelopes at 10s. 6d. a thousand.

They have been invited to send 5½d. in stamps to Letkey at 53, St. James Road, London, and among these is a widow, dependent upon a small pension for her livelihood.

To this reader F. G. Letkey and Co. has addressed a circular according to which it appears that it has agents and correspondents in all parts of the United Kingdom.

It offers spare-time employment, declared to be genuine, novel and interesting.

Neither age, nor sex, nor lack of experience are barriers to the success promised by the proprietor of this nationwide organisation.

It is boasted that even a schoolboy could follow the instructions: but the scope afforded is so unlimited that the agents appointed will be enabled to earn practically any amount.

At a cost of 5½d. people all over the country are being appointed agents "under guarantee."

They are "guaranteed" against loss in every direction, but can only commence work by sending at once for the book of instructions, which, after much thought and deliberation, F. G. Letkey and Co. has had compiled.

But as a security against this manual and a supply of circulars a deposit of 3s 6d. is demanded.

Readers are urged to make up their minds immediately and when we disclose that F. G. Letkey and Co. is an unregistered concern, they should be in no difficulty

MARCH RECORDS ON PARADE!

Brilliant New Records to suit every taste

Yvonne Printemps (Sasha)

Noel Coward (Dorothy Wilding)

"CONVERSATION PIECE"

"I'll follow my secret heart" (*Act 1*) *Parts 1 and 2.*	Yvonne Printemps and Noel Coward. DA 1363 4/-
"Charming Charming" (*Act 1*) "Dear Little Soldiers" (*Act 1*)	Yvonne Printemps with Heather Thatcher, Moya Nugent and Maidie Andrews. DA 1364 4/-
"English Lesson" (*Act 2*) "Nevermore" (*Act 2*)	Yvonne Printemps Yvonne Printemps and Louis Hayward DA 1365 4/-
Finale (*Act 2, including* Melanie's Aria) *Parts 1 and 2*	Yvonne Printemps, Noel Coward and Ensemble. DA 1366 4/-

Accompanied by His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra, conducted by Reginald Burston.
The above records in Album Series No. 206

"Regency Rakes" "There's always something fishy about the French"	Sidney Grammer, George Sanders, Pat Worsley, Antony Brian, Heather Thatcher and Moya Nugent. B 8133 2/6

Accompanied by His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra, conducted by Reginald Burston.

Selection *Parts 1 and 2*	His Majesty's Theatre Orchestra conducted by Reginald Burston C 2654 4/-
"I'll follow my secret heart" *Waltz* "Nevermore" *Waltz intro. Danser, Danser*	Ray Noble and his Orchestra B 6464 2/6

VOCAL

RICHARD CROOKS *My song goes round the world. Smilin' through.* DA 1360 4/-.
PETER DAWSON *Here is my song. Jogging along the highway.* B 8120 2/6.

INSTRUMENTAL

KREISLER, new recording. *Londonderry Air. May Breeze.* DB 2117 6/-.
CORTOT, the supreme Chopin player. *Barcarolle in F sharp Major. Op. 60.* (Chopin) DB 2030 6/-
CASALS, the greatest living cellist. *Gavotte. Tonadilla (Valentine, arr. Piatti; de Lacema, arr. Cassado). Largo (Vivaldi, arr. Stutschewsky).* DA 1118 4/-

LIGHT ORCHESTRAL

John Barbirolli and His Orchestra. *Berceuse, Praeludium (Jarnefelt).* B 8112 2/6.
Marek Weber and His Orchestra. *Die Fledermaus—Overture (J. Strauss). Parts 1 & 2.* C 2646 4/-.

VARIETY

Jack Buchanan.

JACK BUCHANAN and Elsie Randolph *Oceans of time. Who do you think you are!* B 8109 2/6
Jack Buchanan. *Weep no more my baby.* **Elsie Randolph,** *The sun is round the corner.* B 8110 2/6
Raie da Costa *Piano.* "*Mr. Whittington*" *Selection.* C 2647 4/-
New Mayfair Orchestra *Oceans of time. (V.R.) F.T. The sun is round the corner. F.T.* (*both from "Mr. Whittington"*) B 6450 2/6.
The London Palladium Orchestra *Conducted by Richard Crean. Medley of Wilfrid Sanderson's Songs—Part 1.* B 8114 2/6.
Drury Lane Successes for the past six years. SYDNEY GUSTARD on the Organ of the Gaumont Palace Cinema, Chester. *Drury Lane Memories, Parts 1 and 2.* C 2650 4/-.

DANCE MUSIC

Ray Noble and His Orchestra *I'll follow my secret heart (Waltz). Nevermore (Waltz—intro. Danser, Danser)* (Conversation Piece), (Noel Coward), B 6464, 2/6. *In town to-night (One-step). Knightsbridge (from the London Suite), (Eric Coates). Over on the sunny side (V.R.)* F.T. B 6463, 2/6.

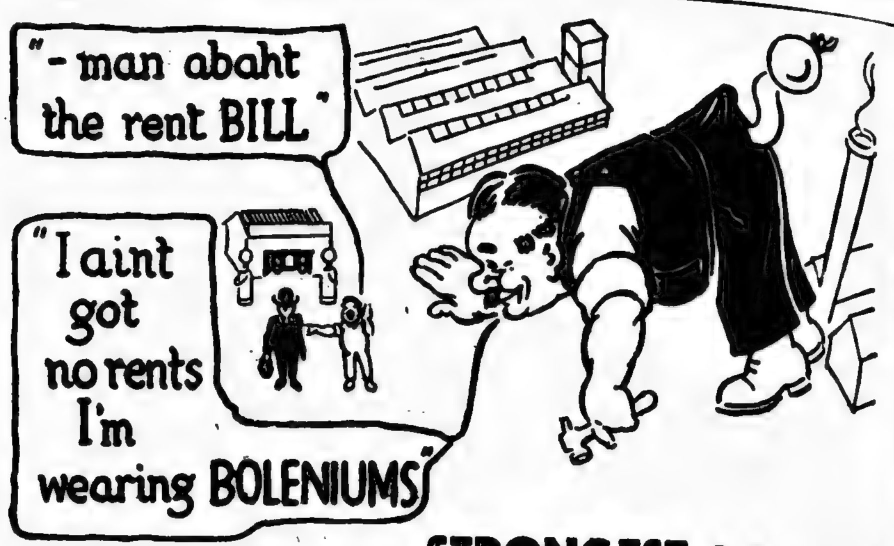
Cab Calloway.

Jack Jackson and His Orchestra *Lullaby in blue. Dixie Lee.* B 6458. *Play to me, gipsy. Faint harmony.* B 6448, 2/6.

HOT RHYTHM Fox Trots
Cab Calloway and His Cotton Club Orchestra *Lady with the fan. Little Town Gal.* B 6456, 2/6. *Harlem Camp Meeting. Zaz Zuh Zaz.* B 6460, 2/6.

"His Master's Voice"

The Gramophone Company, Ltd., 98-108 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1 (Prices do not apply I.F.S.)


"- man abaht the rent BILL"
"I aint got no rents I'm wearing BOLENIUMS"

STRONGEST WHERE THE STRAIN COMES!

SATISFIED! YOU'VE SAID IT says BOLENIUM BILL

Bolenium Overalls are made to be ill-treated. Bend, tug and twist as much as your work demands, these sturdy togs will stand the strain. Seams, double-seam with 16 boot thread; extra stout dust and grease-proof material; detachable buttons, and unique non-slip brace-buckle. "Worn by the man who knows." Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

PRICES

BIB & BRACE OVERALLS
Grade 3, 6/6
Grade 2, 7/6
Grade 1, 9/11

BOILER SUITS
Grade 3, 9/11
Grade 2, 12/6
Grade 1, 14/11

LONG KHAKI COATS
5/6, 7/6, 8/11

LONG WHITE COATS
7/6, 8/6, 9/11

Ask your outfitter or write for complete price lists.

BOLENIUM

PRONOUNCED BO-LENNY-UM

OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

BIB and BRACE OVERALLS, BOILER SUITS, BUTCHERS' CLOTHING, WAREHOUSE COATS, PROVISION COATS, JACKETS, TROUSERS, ETC.

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (Dept. 1) UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13

Like father—like son: the preference for Player's is handed down from one generation to another. Though times may change, Player's still maintain that sterling quality which has made them the most popular 10 for 6d. cigarette of our time.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES MEDIUM
20 Cigarettes 20
20 FOR 11½D

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

PLAIN AND CORK TIPPED

It's the Tobacco that Counts

N.C.C.200.J

Love Unlimited—AN INCREDIBLE SPOOF

A PLEASING prospect this:—

Live on the Italian Riviera with an appointment carrying a salary of £9 a week. Duties light and interesting, such as secretarial work and keeping accounts. Plenty of spare time for golf, tennis and other outdoor sport. Knowledge of Italian not necessary, but some French an advantage.

How excellent it sounds; the ideal kind of job for a young Englishman of good education, who is trying hard to find a suitable position, preferably abroad.

You might expect a ready response to such an offer—a queue of applicants, in fact.

But like so many apparently "good things," the offer is not exactly what it seems.

In the first place, it is made by a man named Edward C. Hennequin, of 50, Clements Road, Ilford, Essex, a man who has dabbled in a number of dubious enterprises.

Then, in addition, a cash deposit of £100—described as "returnable"—is required before the appointment develops from the nebulous stage.

It is easy to see what this plausible person is after. He is trying to secure dupes for a gaming system by which he claims he can make a fabulous fortune at the casinos of the Riviera—a favourite game of his.

Enquiry shows that not long ago he was using the name T. N. Hughes.

He was issuing circulars from that same address asking for investment in a small private syndicate with a capital of £2,000, to try out a "New idea. Not Turf, Stock Exchange, Football, or Greyhounds."

"Great fool country"

As in his present venture, he was promising a return of no less than £9 a week for each £100 of capital employed.

Probing his affairs still more deeply, I find that Hennequin had another infallible way of making easy money. That was in connection with horse racing.

He promised clients who would entrust him with £200 a reward of £24 a week.

Really, I thought this schemer had reformed his gambling propensities, for I have in my possession a letter written by him in the summer of last year to the Editor of JOHN BULL, following a reference to one of his multifarious schemes.

"If you want some good copy," wrote Edward C. Hennequin, with his characteristic impertinence, "why not something like this: 'Gambling Crook Turns Spiritualist'? What a headline!

"Under it you could write of my escapades at Monte Carlo. How thousands of pounds rolled in by post from the great fool country. The figures would astound you.

Hobnobbing with dukes

"You could also deal with the Anti-German League affair. How I flooded the country with advertisements and finally had to defend myself, with the whole of the forces of the Crown arrayed against me. Five weeks at the Westminster Police Court, and a seven days' trial at the Old Bailey.

"How, after hobnobbing with dukes and earls, and living like a lord at Monte, I found myself selling matches in the streets of London. And within a few weeks of the latter, got possession of a freehold property and large works here, for the exploitation of other ideals.

"And, finally, how the police have been trying to get me for sixteen years."

It rather looks as though Hennequin has now regretted his repentance and has turned back to his old gambling projects.

Would you like to break this bank at Monte Carlo? Edward Hennequin will show you how

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Probably the rewards of virtue were not sufficiently rapid for him.

One recent venture was amazing. He had printed and circulated on a wide scale a mock company prospectus, with the heading "Love Unlimited."

The authorised capital was given as 40,000,000, divided into 40,000,000 shares of one loving heart each.

Extracts from this crazy document are as under:

Directors:

Wm. Roseate Dawn, Esq., 1, Sunshine Square, Summerland.

John Helping Hand, Esq., Azure Villa, Friendship Street, Silverlining Town.

Henry Dogood, Esq., Rainbow Cottage, Journey's End, Goldenford.

Arthur Kindsoul, Esq., Rosebower Lodge, Sympathy Street, Port Sunlight.

Thomas Cheery Smiler, Esq., Welcome House, Joybridge Park.

Solicitors:

Messrs. Sacrifice and Service, Bounty Chambers, Peacehaven.

Bankers:

The All Souls Trust and Survival Guarantee Corporation, Universal Buildings, Seventh Heaven.

Auditors:

Messrs. Recording Angel and Co., Many Mansions, Starville.

Secretary and Registered Offices:

E. Ver. Happy, Esq., Golden House, Heart Street, Loverspool.

Under the heading "Object of the Company" he stated:

"It is an established fact that you cannot make others happy without making yourself happy as well. Therefore, making people happy must be a good scheme. And it is proposed to form a company with that object in view.

"Spiritualism, which is founded on Love, will (when better known and understood) make millions of people happy—far happier than all the churches in the world have been able to make them."

Plenty of ideas

Knowing the record of Hennequin, I have searched for the money side of his preposterous "Love Unlimited," and find a reference to that in the letters which he was issuing with his "prospectus."

"People are now writing for 25, 50 and 100 copies of the prospectus to be sent to them for distribution," he states in a circular.

"But, they do not appear to think of the expenses to be met at this end. The postage alone on 50 copies amounts to 5½d., quite apart from the cost of printing, and the time taken in packing, etc., and I am getting awfully short of cash.

"However, I believe that help *will* come."

There was the suggestion in another leaflet that "a wealthy man" might come forward to help in the distribution on a large scale.

Hennequin is always prolific in ideas which he tries to manipulate to his own advantage and usually to the detriment of others.

There is seemingly no limit to his optimism, for he launches every scheme with an enthusiasm that is truly astonishing.

His present offer of employment in Italy is a reversion to a dodge he has practised on former occasions.

Before me is a letter which he sent in July, 1932, to a young man, who was advertising for a post.

It is almost identical in phrasing to the offer mentioned at the outset of this article.

In this earlier case, however, he was asking for only £50 in cash security as against the present £100.

It really looks as if his demands for ready money have grown larger with the years.

Wits keep him

Hennequin's headquarters consist of a rather dilapidated wooden office, where he weaves his plans to catch the unwary.

The premises here were formerly owned by an old-established firm of builders and contractors.

On the death of the founder of that company Hennequin in some way secured possession of the property, which he has made many unsuccessful endeavours to sell.

No genuine business appears to be carried on there.

Really, Hennequin is a rather transparent fellow. He has undoubted abilities of a sort, but he lives on his wits and his victims.

Although he is transparent, he is also harmful, and I should be glad to think that this article has done something to curb his activities.

Homely Wisdom—

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE SOUL'S HEALTH

ONE of the greatest discoveries of recent years in the field of medicine and hygiene is what the doctors call vitamins.

We have learned that it is not enough to have plenty to eat: our food must contain a sufficiency of vitamins or our health will be poor. That is why we are hearing so much just now about the importance of securing, by Government action and otherwise, pure milk for schoolchildren, because milk is especially rich in vitamins of the best kind.

These vitamins, so we are told, are produced by the sun's energy effecting a combination of certain chemical elements in what we eat and drink. The same elements without the magic touch of the sun would not nourish us.

There are spiritual vitamins, too, of which we all stand in need for our soul's health. One of these is love, another is peace, and a third is joy. If we were altogether deprived of them life would become intolerable.

People write to me in all sorts of trouble.

One typical letter has just come in as I sit down to write this little homily. It comes from a friend of a man who has been trapped into marriage with a bad woman and been driven nearly mad by her cynical wickedness. His friend tells me that it has made such a nervous wreck of him that he has become unequal to his duties and may soon lose his job in consequence.

Only a few days ago I responded to an appeal from a young fellow who wrote to ask what he was to do to get rid of the shadow of despondency which hangs over all his waking hours and even robs him of needful sleep.

He says he never knows what it is to feel at ease with himself; he is conscious of being a failure in life; he makes mistakes, gives way to temptation, forms bad habits, suffers from remorse. How can he get free?

Others, no end of them, poor, quiet, uncomplaining folk, are dogged by worry and fear. They labour day by day under the lash as it were. Thousands of ill-fed wives and mothers have to drag themselves to their daily toil when they are quite unfit to do it and ought to be in hospital.

What a sad total of pain it all is! And the root cause in every case is the waste of vitality engendered by inner conflict and strain. That is what ought to be eliminated.

The principal reason for nervous breakdown is nearly always the same thing, the draining away of spiritual force through constant unhappiness and interior fret.

Joy is as much a necessity for the soul as vitamin A for the body. In fact, vitamin A will not do much good to the body if the soul remains sick. Nor can we live without love, and there are thousands of people eating their hearts out for lack of it.

If we can only be sure of loyal love we can brave anything. And peace we must have if we are to do our best for those we love and by whom we are loved.

Can we get these vitamins? Oh, yes. They are made by the sunlight of heaven. Open your heart to it in simple unselfish trust, and it will flow in and purify and sweeten all your days.

SUNKEN SUBMAR

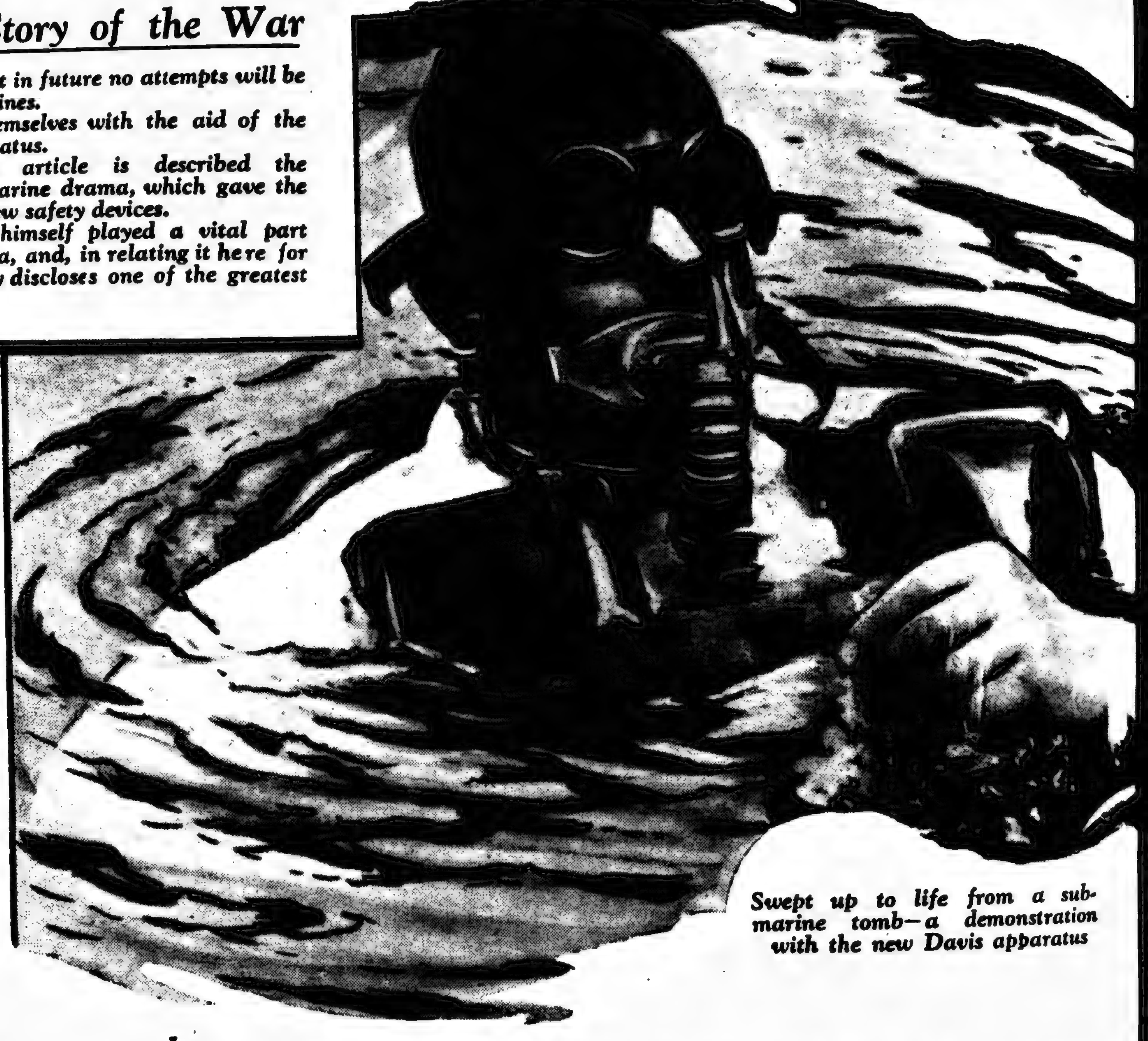
Greatest Untold Story of the War

THE Admiralty has stated that in future no attempts will be made to raise sunken submarines.

The men will have to save themselves with the aid of the new Davis life-saving apparatus.

In the following remarkable article is described the first "Save Yourself" submarine drama, which gave the authorities the clue to the new safety devices.

It is written by a man who himself played a vital part in that life-and-death drama, and, in relating it here for the first time, he incidentally discloses one of the greatest untold stories of the war.



Swept up to life from a submarine tomb—a demonstration with the new Davis apparatus

by

Ex-Leading-Signalman

ARTHUR R. RILEY

of the ill-fated K.13

I DOUBT if any more dramatic story of the war remains to be told than that which, eighteen years later, has led to the momentous decision of the Admiralty: that from now on the crews of sunken submarines must save themselves.

It is a story that goes back to a grim day in 1916 when the tortured men in submarine *K13*—who had already been on the sea-bed for more than 25 hours—thought out, during what they imagined to be their dying moments, a means of escape that had never been tried before, and which has now been almost universally adopted.

In our extremity—for I was one of those apparently doomed men—we extemporised a means of shooting an officer to the surface by means of compressed air that led to the rescue of every man who had not been killed in the first rush of water.

That perilous expedient which was born in a nightmare hour has been developed by the genius of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman and Co., Ltd., the submarine engineers to our Admiralty, until it offers a means of escape from lost submarines that far outdistances all other rescue devices.

As it fell to my lot to take a leading part in shooting a human being from sea-bottom like a projectile, I am well qualified to reveal the tragic events that led to this amazing discovery.

But first let me tell how *K13* came to be built—*K13* which plunged to disaster within a few hours of being launched.

Wonder ship

The story begins with the decision of the Lords of the Admiralty, early in 1916, to build such a submarine as the world had never known before, something that would eclipse all those wonderful German U-boats we were hearing so much about.

She was to have a size and speed hitherto unheard of. She was to be able to cross the Atlantic as if it were some home bay. She was to have Diesel engines, the last word in motive power even for surface craft.

I remember seeing her for the first time at Fairfields Shipbuilding Yard, on the Clyde when I had been posted to her a few days before Christmas, 1916. I was standing on the bridge as this Queen of the Depths glided into movement for the first time. Near me was our captain, Lieutenant-Commander Herbert, D.S.O., and with him, travelling apparently as a passenger but actually taking note of us because he was intended to take us over after the trials, Commander Goodheart, D.S.O.

I heard people around me discussing her as the greatest and finest submarine ever built—with a length of 340 ft., a displacement of 2,500 tons, and a surface speed of 26½ knots.

There was an early thrill as we were gently but firmly pushed on to the mud by a steamer, and much time had to be wasted pulling us off undamaged.

Then came the great moment for which our fifty-five officers and men and a number of representatives of Messrs. Vickers and the builders who were on board were waiting.

"Dive!" came the order; and *K13* tilted and nosed her way down for the first time.

Fifty feet, said the dials. Sixty. . . . Eighty. . . . Ninety. . . . And at that depth we remained for two whole hours, testing the hull to the full and not shipping a cupful of water.

All except a skeleton crew went on the tenders for lunch after that.

"Rapid dive!" was to be the first order on the resumption of the trial. A klaxon horn was to be the signal, sending us scurrying to open all tanks at once and close all the hatches, to see how quickly we could get beneath the water.

My own station was to be at the telephones and voice-pipes in the control room, immediately beneath the conning tower. . . .

Here you must stand with me through all the dramatic events that are to follow.

In the first half-minute, almost the very second our conning tower broke water, a frantic shouted message came through from Engine-Lieutenant Lane: "Make surface at once. Water pouring into the engine room."

Those words meant one thing—disaster.

Just as I reported this, boiling water rushed through the pipe from which I had received the engine-room message, scalding my face and even burning me through the thick clothing I wore.

That steady spurt of boiling water told me the most dreadful message that has ever reached me, and which will be a nightmare to me as long as I live.

The engine-room had become a veritable geyser, gulping in cold water and pouring it out through every crevice—the speaking tube in front of me as well—in seething, boiling fountains.

The order "Close watertight doors!" came through the voice-tube like a shot from a cannon.

The midship watertight door was slammed It was necessary to avoid immediate disaster to the ship and every man on board. And behind that stout sheet of steel were thirty-six officers and men, drowned like rats in a trap.

We fancied we knew what had happened; but not a man who survived had a second to think about it.

The engine-room had flooded almost instantly—probably through some valve or other not being closed. One human link had snapped in the chain on which every life depends in a submarine!

Now not one but several voice-tubes were spouting a boiling flood. We began to break up furniture and use the pieces to ram sacking into every hole from which the water came.

Plunging down—

Although it was human nature that we should want to rush about pell-mell, doing the first job of self-preservation that came into our minds, we did just what we were told.

The water that ran over my switchboard bridged the terminals of the small signal batteries, fusing them in turn. It seems nothing—but see what it meant.

Each time a battery fused a flash of light that stunned our senses used up air, the air that was going to be so necessary to us. Blinding clouds of white smoke arose to choke us. Cables started to smoulder to add the danger of fire—fire, mind

NES REVELATION

FIRST MEN TO SAVE THEMSELVES

you, and we still plunging down in a death-dive to bottom.

And as the water worked its way into the signal batteries green vapour rose, the green vapour that is chlorine gas and that chokes you to death in an agony that nothing can surpass.

All this with our small signal batteries! Can you wonder that we worked like demons, seeing, as we did, on the other side of the control room, huge batteries that would multiply our difficulties and our torture a thousand times if water reached them?

Gradually we fought the surging water to a trickle, and then to nothing. At last we could turn to our instruments to see what was happening.

Death-mist

They told us we were still going down in a dive to death!

Our diving gauges were at fifty feet when I looked. I saw them veer to sixty feet, and then, at sixty-five, when we had apparently hit the bed without a bump, come to a standstill.

Now, with time to devote ourselves to the controls, we used up nearly all our compressed air in one huge, prodigal effort to "blow" the tanks and get *K13* to rise.

We looked at one another grimly as the air hissed from the compressed air tubes. On what happened in the next ten seconds, we thought, depended whether we were to live or to die.

And nothing happened.

Three hours went by. . . .

We could hardly see one another, although just conscious of the green death-mist of chlorine. We were drooping for want of air, but able to pull ourselves together with tremendous efforts. We were breathing faster and faster as the minutes sped away. Some of the men began to write letters to their relatives, although hardly able to see the words.

I was given the biggest spanner that could be found and told to tap, tap, and keep on tapping in the faint hope that we might be heard.

Twelve hours went by. . . . And every man felt he was near the end.

Eighteen hours. . . .

Twenty-four hours. . . . My shipmates were rolling in agony, unable to stand. I had become too weak to handle my heavy spanner, except in brief spells, and then so weakly that no one could have heard us.

But, thank heaven—as we learned later—my taps had been heard when we had been down only a few hours.

A desperate step

Submarine *E50*, which was only a short distance away, had heard us. Bearings taken on our signals led her to where we lay. Then divers, working themselves to exhaustion throughout the next twelve hours, reached us.

And so, twenty-five hours after we went down, we heard a thud on our hull. Then the plank, plank, plank, of divers walking on top of *K13*.

And yet—what hope was there in all this, seeing that every effort to salve a submarine from the surface had apparently failed?

Now Commander Herbert and Commander Goodheart decided on a desperate step, a step of immense importance in view of the fact that it has led to an invention likely to save many crews from doomed submarines in future.

Over us was the conning tower, a tube with a lid at the top and bottom.

Why shouldn't one of us crawl through the lower lid, close it, then raise the upper lid and so rise to the surface?

Easy, save for one difficulty. That top lid was held down by a pressure of water that would make it impossible for any twenty men to lift it.

But stay!—hadn't we just the force necessary to move it in the little bit of compressed air that was left?

Didn't the tube from the control-room to the syren go through the conning tower, and wouldn't it be possible, if that tube were cut in the conning tower, to force compressed air into the space between the upper and lower lid and so raise the hatch?

A million to one chance, certainly; but in our two commanders we had men brave enough to take it.

So there and then it was arranged that the two commanders should go into the hermetically sealed conning tower with a petrol tin containing our last messages, that Commander Herbert should cling inside and see Commander Goodheart blown to the surface, that he should then tap us the signal to cut off the compressed air and enable him to close the hatch again, and that we should then open the lower hatch and pull him in.

In the dense, choking darkness our last letters were collected. The two commanders stripped themselves into swimming trim and went through the first hatch. It closed beneath them.

We waited and waited for the signal to cut off the compressed air, and it never came. We waited for the tap that was to tell us to let Commander Herbert in again, and that never came.

We were to hear later what had happened.

The rush of compressed air blew up the hatch, tore Commander Goodheart away in a whirlwind and dashed him to death against deck fittings, which held him as in a vice.

It seized Commander Herbert, snatched his hands away from the rail he tried to hold, and flung him up, up, up with such terrible force that the crews of vessels working frantically above, actually saw a man who had been twenty-five hours in a doomed submarine emerge from the water like a cork, shoot 6 ft. into the air, and yet live to tell them what they could do to help us.

"Tap, tap, tap . ."

For hours we mourned the two commanders, feeling sure both were dead. Then tap, tap, tap. This was was not the walking of divers on our hull any longer. A diver with a knowledge of signalling was actually trying to speak to us, tapping out his story with his heavy boot.

Could we hear him? I wanted to hammer the hull in fury with my spanner in reply.

I controlled myself, and beat out a simple G—the Navy's "carry on."

My shipmates tried to strike a match so that I could see, but no flame came. There wasn't enough air to support a light—just enough, in fact, to support life.

And so I had to remember the letters as they came—slowly, painfully slowly.

"O-P-E-4 N-S P-I-P-E," it began. . . .

Four times, five times, I got it stamped out on the hull before I understood it.

"Open up 4-in. valve in forward compartment," it said. "We have fitted a 4-in. pipe to this valve, and the pipe extends to the salvage operators overhead. H.M.S. *Thrush* will then give you air to keep you going, and food if it is possible."

We were literally fighting for breath now. Our ears and eyes were failing—and as for *my* ears, they have never heard since. Our hands, groping for water, found little pools of it, tasting of battery acid and smoke and twenty different kinds of filth.

Now strange things began to happen. The poisonous vapour around us began to thin. They were pumping out the bad air.

Now fresh air poured in, its freshness ten times stronger than the strongest eau-de-Cologne.

And so more pumping in and out until air that seemed like the quintessence of oxygen surrounded us.

At last a human voice, trickling in through the 4-in. valve. "Commander Herbert is safe," it said, to throw a thrill of joy through the compartment, and then, to our despair: "No sign of Commander Goodheart."

Now a trickle of liquid food came down the tube to us.

Then the voice again: "We have got chains and hawsers under you. Try to stick it for another twelve hours.

Nine and a-half hours sped by monotonously. Now and then we would feel a tilt which made us think the chains were beginning to pull. Then there would be a bump, and we fancied the chains had snapped and all was finished.

The light!

We watched the valve to which the external pipe had been affixed, from which came a smudge of light that was the only relief in our blackness. We watched it because we felt it would be from there that we should hear either the news that we were safe—or our sentence of death.

To our dismay we saw the light vanish, and felt that all chance had gone. They had detached the pipe, perhaps afraid to tell us the worst!

But what was this—another light, a brighter one, and moving towards us. Slowly it seemed to describe a circle, hissing as it moved.

What had come over our senses, that we couldn't realise they were cutting a hole in our hull with oxy-acetylene?

We watched that hissing flame fascinated. It was chalking a circle on black velvet.

The black circle fell out, and light boomed in our faces, hit us with the force of a giant club, dazed us, blinded us.

It was the sky. And we in the control-room—too ill, then, to think of our dead comrades locked away behind steel doors, of the divers beaten, battered, bruised and exhausted after their two and a-half days' fight to save us—knew we were back again in the world of the living. . . .

Human projectiles

By using the conning-tower of *K13* as a cannon to shoot one human being safely to the surface we had done far more than we knew.

We had in that life-and-death emergency made an experiment that set the experts thinking, and ultimately enabled them to evolve a tube that would shoot not one man, but one after another, out of a sunken submarine.

And to-day the device has been so perfected that our Admiralty has now adopted it as the recognised method of escape for those entombed by disaster in the most delicate and hazardous of all our ships of war.

Could you stand this?

This is a big demand upon nervous energy as well as on the muscles.

Quaker Oats supplies the abundant and lasting energy so necessary to manual workers . . . and because it is so easily digested, it is also the ideal breakfast for office workers and children as well.

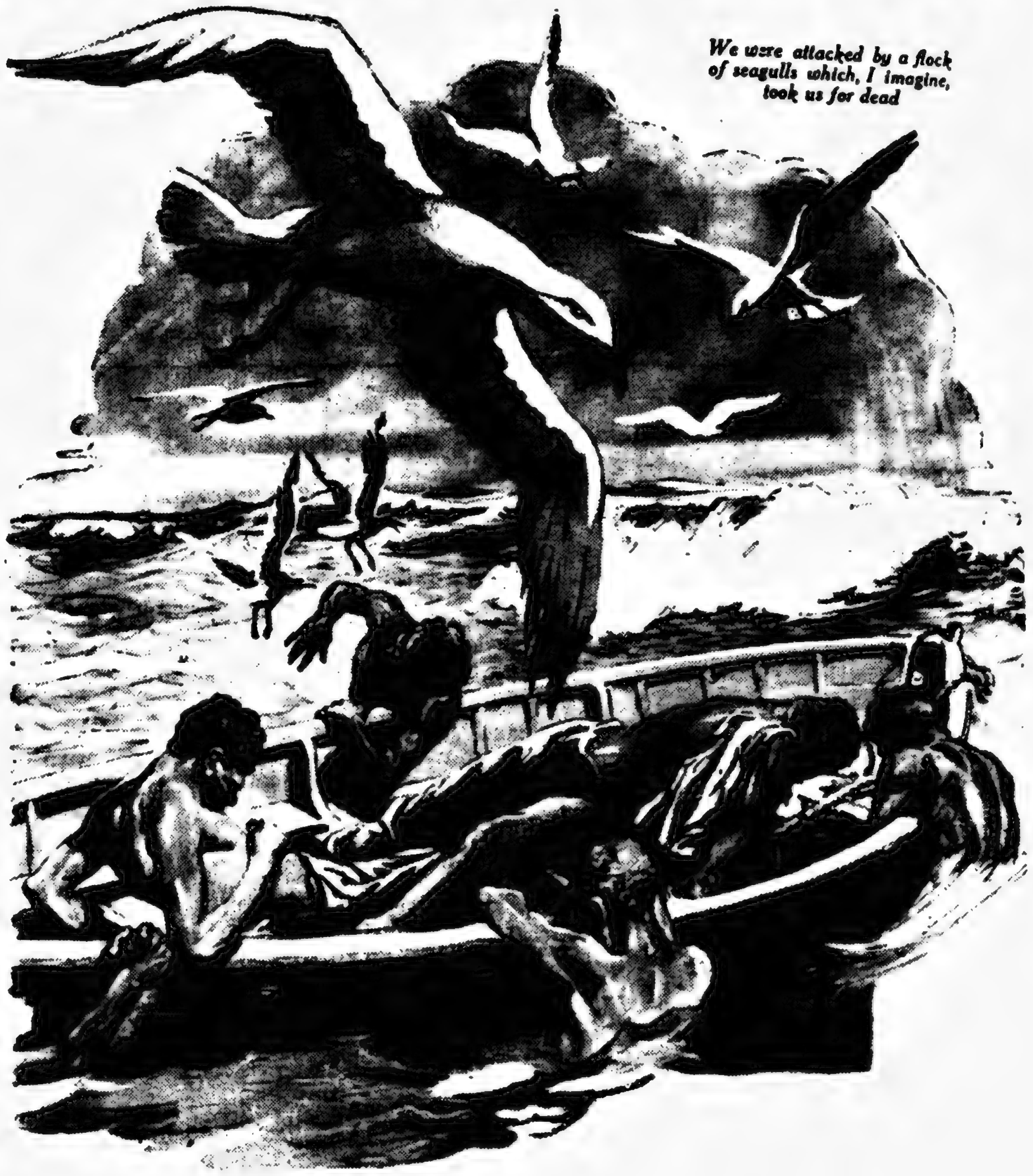
Milled from the world's finest oats grown and ripened under sunny skies, Quaker Oats has a delicious flavour no other breakfast food has been able to imitate — most economical, too.

Quick Quaker is ready in 3 or 4 minutes, less time than it takes to make the morning cup of tea,

Quick Quaker

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker*
MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London.

TYPHOON TERROR!



We were attacked by a flock of seagulls which, I imagine, took us for dead

"JOHN BULL" READERS' STORIES—77

TORNADOES and typhoons have been doing a good deal of damage in America, the West Indies and the China Seas of late.

What a picture of smashing seas and malicious winds the very words carry to stay-at-homes!

But I have been a wanderer all my life, and to me a typhoon is a living thing. Its name conjures up a smell and a sound and a horror of feeling, an excruciating agony.

This is the story, at any rate, of how a typhoon smashed me and stripped me, robbing me of every possession I had in the world except a torn pair of under-pants.

The scene is between the Luconia and Natuna Islands, just west of British North Borneo. In the normal way, an enchanting paradise — until Nature decides to show her teeth. And then she stirs up the Garden of Eden with a vengeance!

It was my seventh pearling cruise, and since I was born on the seventh day of the seventh month, a seventh child, I expected great things of it.

Sure enough, when my little pearling lugger reached our headquarters, a little coral atoll of the Luconia group flanked by the conventional coral reef forming the usual natural harbour, we found balmy weather and pulled up a very good amount of shell.

PERSISTENTLY, from sunrise till close on sunset, we were prospecting, Jarano, my diver, continually ascending and descending. As fast as one patch was cleaned up I had a fresh one ready, and I soon found myself doing very well.

For instance, in one hour Jarano brought up about thirty pairs of heavy shell, rich in pearls and worth probably over £100. No small profit for sixty minutes' work!

But good always runs with evil in this world. You have probably noticed that if one good thing happens, a streak of good luck will follow all day long. And if something bad occurs, there will be two or three more misadventures before you are finished.

My good luck, the luck that was to save my life, began with that pearling. My misfortunes, similarly, were started in their motion when I left my barometer at the home port to be corrected.

After three weeks on the grounds I was very nearly ready to return home. One more day, I told myself, and off we would go. But, as luck would have it, conditions on that last day made work impossible and postponement of our home voyage seemingly inevitable.

Sultry heat settled like a fog. The closeness of the atmosphere made us all half-asleep and all the Philippino crew lay about on the deck grumbling and scowling.

There were other boats in our miniature harbour, scores of fishing *bancos*, and they also, I could see, had given up work for the day. Among the palms ashore not a leaf stirred. It was the calm before the storm. What a calm! And what a storm!

Then suddenly a puff of warm wind came across the island, setting the long fronds fluttering and the water dancing, and that alone warned me of what was coming. I leapt up.

"Slacken out all the anchor chain!" I bellowed. "Hey—you——."

The rest of my words were almost torn out of my mouth. A thin high-pitched screaming sounded in the distance, rushed nearer, was a great booming roar, and in a split second trees were literally flying through the air, the fishermen were running about in their boats like mad things, swirling tumbling seas smashed against our sides, and the lugger was pitching, tossing, straining to tear from its anchorage like a frightened animal.

I could hear the Philippinos shouting, but not a word could I understand. I simply clutched what I could, with the spray blinding my eyes and the agonising wind tearing breath from my body, flattening, squashing.

THOUGH I did not know it at the time, worse was to come. We were in the very centre of the path of a fifteen-mile-wide typhoon, and we were to have no more rest; no cease from violence for forty-eight hours.

Smothering green seas choked and drenched us. I saw smaller boats lifted and tossed like leaves. And then the water lifted from the sea and streaming down from the sky forced me to my knees.

We went under, once, twice, and I gasped for breath, hardly realising what had happened—while every instant the violence of the tempest increased.

Screaming about us, buffeting, tearing like a wild beast, *we somehow or other became accustomed to it* and were able to run life-lines along the deck, to which we could cling. I was able to arrange half-hour watches.

Needless to say, no man could have withstood that wind for more than thirty minutes at a time.

Then Jarano reported that our seams were open, and I knew the boat was little better than a leaking tub. We were going down! Within a few minutes, indeed, we were settling and every tyrant wave that swooped over us set us wallowing deeper.

IN the face of the appalling violence of the wind and water, it seemed absurd to cast loose the lashings of our dory and trust ourselves to its puny possibilities, but nothing else remained to be done.

The men were marshalled on deck. I say "marshalled," but they were bent this way and that, forced to stagger and cling as best they could in all that upset and uproar, and we prepared to leave.

We left with a suddenness that was entirely unexpected. It would take too long to recount what happened to the others.

For my part, a sudden lurch of the lugger caused me to clutch hold of a rope; the roughness of the typhoon simply tore it from my grasp and lifted me up like a child, flinging me far out

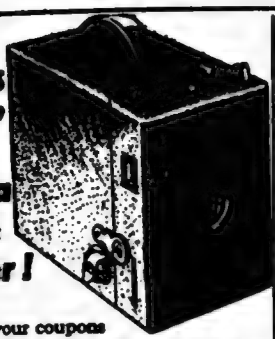
(*Continued on page 28*)

FREE GIFTS for everybody

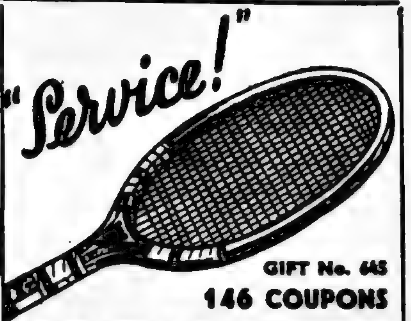
FOR BOURNVILLE COCOA COUPONS

91 COUPONS
GIFT No. 579

A Camera for the Summer!



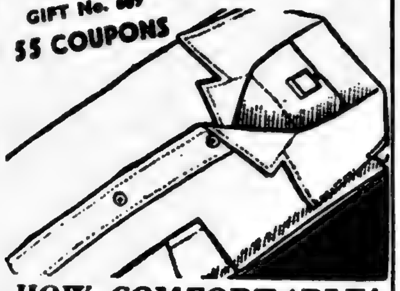
Start saving your coupons now and get a good camera for next summer. This "Hawk-Eye" Camera is yours for 91 coupons. It has a time and instantaneous shutter, two view finders and a portrait attachment. It takes brilliant pictures on Kodak film, size 3¼ x 2¼. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Ladies' and Gent's Pyjamas, Art. Silk Stockings, Gloves, etc., etc.



GIFT No. 645
146 COUPONS

Save up your Bournville Cocoa coupons and get a good tennis racket for the summer. This racket is yours for 146 coupons. Its one-piece frame is made of well-seasoned selected English ash, and strung with the new all-weather English silk gut. You'll find this racket good for year-round play on hard or grass courts. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Flannel Trousers, Ladies' Gloves, Frocks, etc., etc.

GIFT No. 609
55 COUPONS

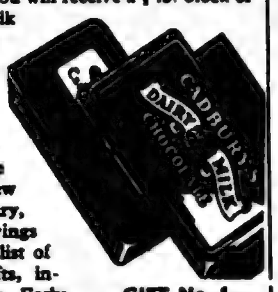


HOW COMFORTABLE!

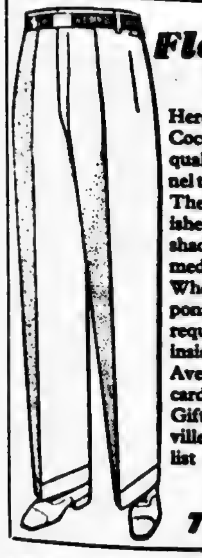
There's nothing more comfortable than an open sports shirt—admirable for summer week-ends, hiking or tennis. Here's one, a cream cashmere twill shirt, with pocket, for 55 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Available in men's and youth's sizes, 13½ to 17. State size when sending coupons. A similar type of shirt for boys, sizes 10½ to 13, can be obtained for 53 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 superb Gifts.

HOW DELICIOUSLY CREAMY!

Of course you can taste the cream in Cadburys Milk Chocolate! There's a glass-and-a-half of rich, full-cream dairy milk in every ½ lb. block. Send 11 Bournville Cocoa coupons and you will receive a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate and a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys Nut Milk Chocolate. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Table Forks, Aluminium Saucepans, Art. Silk Stockings, etc.



GIFT No. 1
11 COUPONS



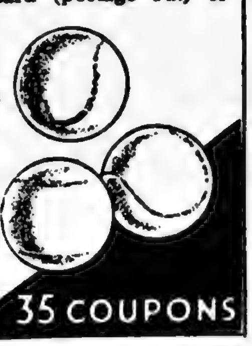
Flannel Trousers

Here's a fine Bournville Cocoa gift! A pair of good quality hard-wearing flannel trousers for 75 coupons. They are well-cut and finished, and there are two shades to choose from—medium and dark grey. When sending your coupons please state shade required, and waist and inside leg measurements, Average sizes only. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 Gifts.

GIFT No. 608
75 COUPONS

TENNIS BALLS

Don't you find tennis balls an expensive item? Then save your Bournville Cocoa coupons! 35 coupons bring three good quality seamless balls of regulation size and weight, made by a leading manufacturer. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Men's Shoes, Ties, Cameras, Wireless Valves, etc.



GIFT No. 646
35 COUPONS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW 5½d. PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

"—no wonder I snapped at him—

I was so tired I could hardly stand—"

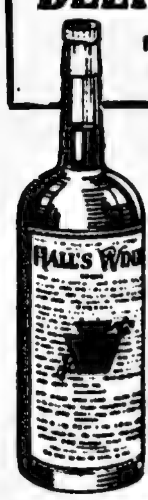
"NOW—I NEVER GET RUN DOWN, I'VE FOUND THE WAY OUT"

"My sister-in-law was ill last year, and her little girl came to stay with us. That made three children in the house. It did make my work heavier. So tired out by supper time every night, I could hardly stand. It gave me 'nerves.' Still it never entered my head I was run down.

HER HUSBAND WAS SENSIBLE

"Then one evening when I was getting supper David got in my way and I was so tired I couldn't help snapping at him. He's a sensitive child and the hurt look on his face made me sorry. I told my husband and the next day he came home with a bottle of Hall's Wine. From the very first day my 'nerves' felt quite different. My husband made me take it regularly, a 5/6 bottle every week, until all my tiredness had gone. Now I never get tired out like that, I found the way out — it's lovely Hall's Wine for me." (*Mrs.*) *C. A. Austin, 248 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.*

DELICIOUS TONIC



Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

Overwork — or after illness — tires you out. Tired nerves make unhappy marriages, too. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Ltd. It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic will give you. Letters like that above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

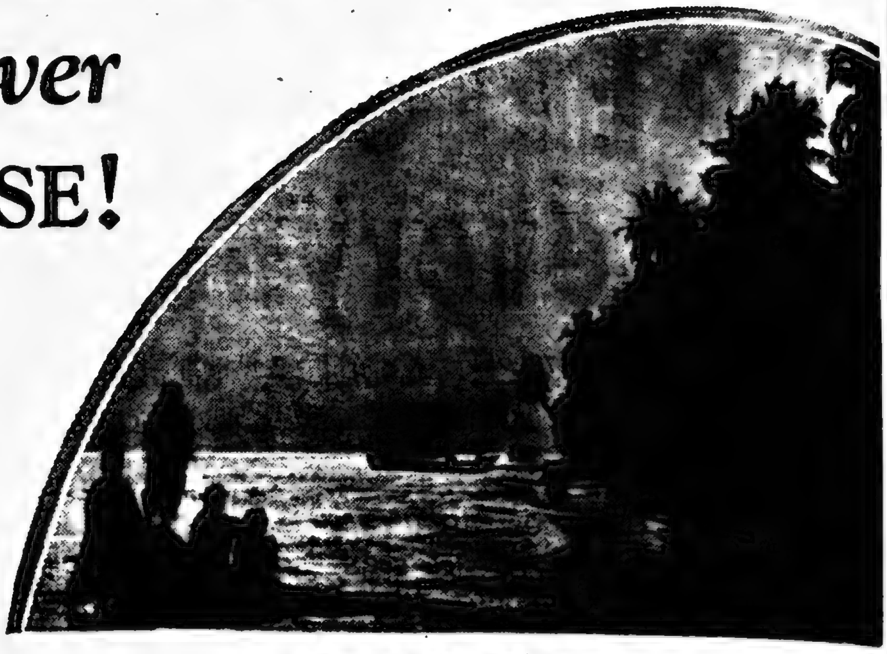
HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

TYPHOON TERROR

—continued from page 26

Storm over PARADISE!



Sundown by the island of Naluna

into the sea. I sank. I came up. The water nearly drowned me as I swam, choking into my lungs, setting me coughing and gasping.

Even now I do not know whether the typhoon had brought darkness or whether I was blinded by the swirling spindrift, but I could see nothing. I swam mechanically for a time, carried along in the rushing water, struggling to keep my head more or less above water.

I had the hallucination of voices calling my name. It could have been nothing but hallucination, unless lost souls were flying with me in that raging wind

Then my hands caught against something, something that kicked out as I hauled myself upwards. A man's leg! He was clinging desperately to the dory with several others, and how I managed to catch a fingerhold, too, has always been one of the major mysteries of my life. The boat was rushing through the water at racing speed, carried along in the fury of the storm.

YET I caught hold and clung desperately for dear life. Clung till my hands were lacerated and bleeding, clung hour after hour till at last, with the return of light, the wind lessened a little and the turmoil of the waters about us calmed.

It was clear that the typhoon had carried us through the narrow mouth of the harbour and into the open sea. There were seven of us clinging to that frail boat, and we had no idea where we were or how far away land might be.

We did not look long at each other or exchange any sort of greeting We were as good as seven dead men, nearly naked, for the rush of water had stripped the clothes from us, parched, and suffering terribly from cramp

As we clung on the thought of sharks was in our minds. Not for long! One of the men slowly loosed his hold and slid away, without a cry, without one of us stirring a finger to help him.

The boat was merely drifting now and presently we began of one accord to turn it over, these five Philippinos and I.

We all tried to clamber into it, but it would hold no more than three with safety, and I managed to give an order in a cracked voice, "Take turns." So four of us clung while two lay down for a time, and even the two fortunate ones were compelled to do a lot of baling.

We stared at each other with glassy eyes and, if all our minds followed the same road as mine, we thought one thing: "How long can we hang on?"

The typhoon had passed away, but the sun, rising in the sky, served only to increase our suffering. With no sign of a sail in the ocean about us, our thirst increased and the brine blistered our skins till every movement brought smarting pain.

Then, on in the afternoon, so far as I can judge time, we were attacked by a flock of sea-gulls, who swooped down and pecked viciously at us with their beaks. I can only imagine that they took us for dead, for certainly I have never heard or experienced gulls attacking men before or since.

Not till we had all managed to raise our voices in a weird screeching were they frightened away.

WHAT a nightmare voyage! No sooner had we recovered from the terror of this than one of the natives began to wail and point pathetically. Our eyes followed his.

A grey fin cutting the water like steel! A shark! We fought then for dear life, fought tooth and nail against each other in a feverish attempt to scramble into the overladen dory. I tried to muster order. In vain. It was a case of "every man for himself."

There's no need for me to pile on the detail. But one of the men set up a screaming and a sobbing that lasted for many hours, and the water about him was tinged with red. We were not so inhuman that we could not combine together to pull him aboard. A leg was torn off just below the thigh.

Perhaps the shark was surfeited and content with this result. At any rate, mercifully, the monster did not appear again.

For our part, we sprawled in the boat, baling out the water with our hands. Because of this, when night came, we could not sleep. Because of this, too, I suppose we managed to keep warm and were saved from death by exposure.

Presumably, we drifted round and round in a circle. In point of fact, I did not know everything. There were times when my mind was hazed.

Coming out of one of these spells, I discovered we were another man short. What his fate was can only be conjectured. The Philippinos could be made to say nothing. Perhaps they murdered him to lighten their load. Perhaps he went mad and leapt overboard.

We had drifted for two days, as I calculated, when land was sighted. The very knowledge cleared away the clouds of delirium and brought the boys once more under my control, and I set them paddling regularly with their hands, much as a coach might command his crew.

Twice the tide defeated us, and sent us drifting out when we had approached close inshore. But the keel of the dory ground on sand at long last and we tumbled and fell overboard, floundering.

TWO of the natives crawled away and found help, and another was drowned in the disembarking. The semi-legless blighter remained with me, and I must have lapsed into unconsciousness, there on the land.

Anyway, my next memory brings me to a cot in a fisherman's hut, where I had been taken. The blankets adhered to my sores, and I was racked with pain.

We had landed on another island in the Luconia group, and in due course I learned how sixty people had lost their lives during the passing of the dread typhoon.

Some weeks later, in a newspaper, I read of how it had finished up at San Francisco, blowing down a hotel and taking toll of another five human lives.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

In Low Water

THE Fund is in the condition our country has been suffering from recently: it is in "low water." The rain came to end the drought and fill the wells and ditches, and if our readers will rain donations upon the Fund to lift it from low water into full tide, the harder the pelt the better pleased we shall be, as there are many families on our waiting list who are parched for the want of a little timely shower in the way of help.

Take Pearl's ex-Service dad. For over twelve years his wife has been a confirmed invalid, and has not walked for ten years. Pearl, who will shortly be eleven, has never had a mother's care. All her young life she has known want. She has seen everything pawnable in her home taken by dad to the pawnshop from which they could never be redeemed.

She has seen her father worried to death because of arrears of rent and insurance, and for money to meet bills for groceries and coal. "My pension," he says, "ceased nine years ago. The constant worry of keeping things going is overtaxing my brain, as I am getting very absent-minded lately."

The visiting nurse who is looking after Pearl's mother, suffering from cerebral tumour, referring to the child, says: "There is one small girl who must week by week go short, owing to the needs of the mother. There is no home life for her, the mother being quite unable to take an interest in the home or the child. The father is doing his best, but he needs help to carry on."

"There is no home life for her . ."

Pearl's father is careful and hard-working when work can be obtained. He is now trying to keep the home together on his 25s. 3d. a week unemployment insurance pay.

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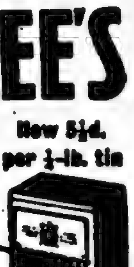

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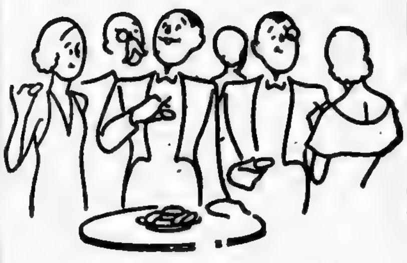

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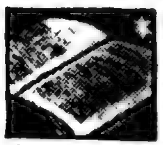

You will find a really good recipe for flaky pastry on page 13 of the Stork Cookery Book.

Put sausages into boiling water for two minutes and take off skins. Flour and shape into oblong pieces.

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Put sausage on each piece of pastry. Wet the edges, fold in two, press edges together.

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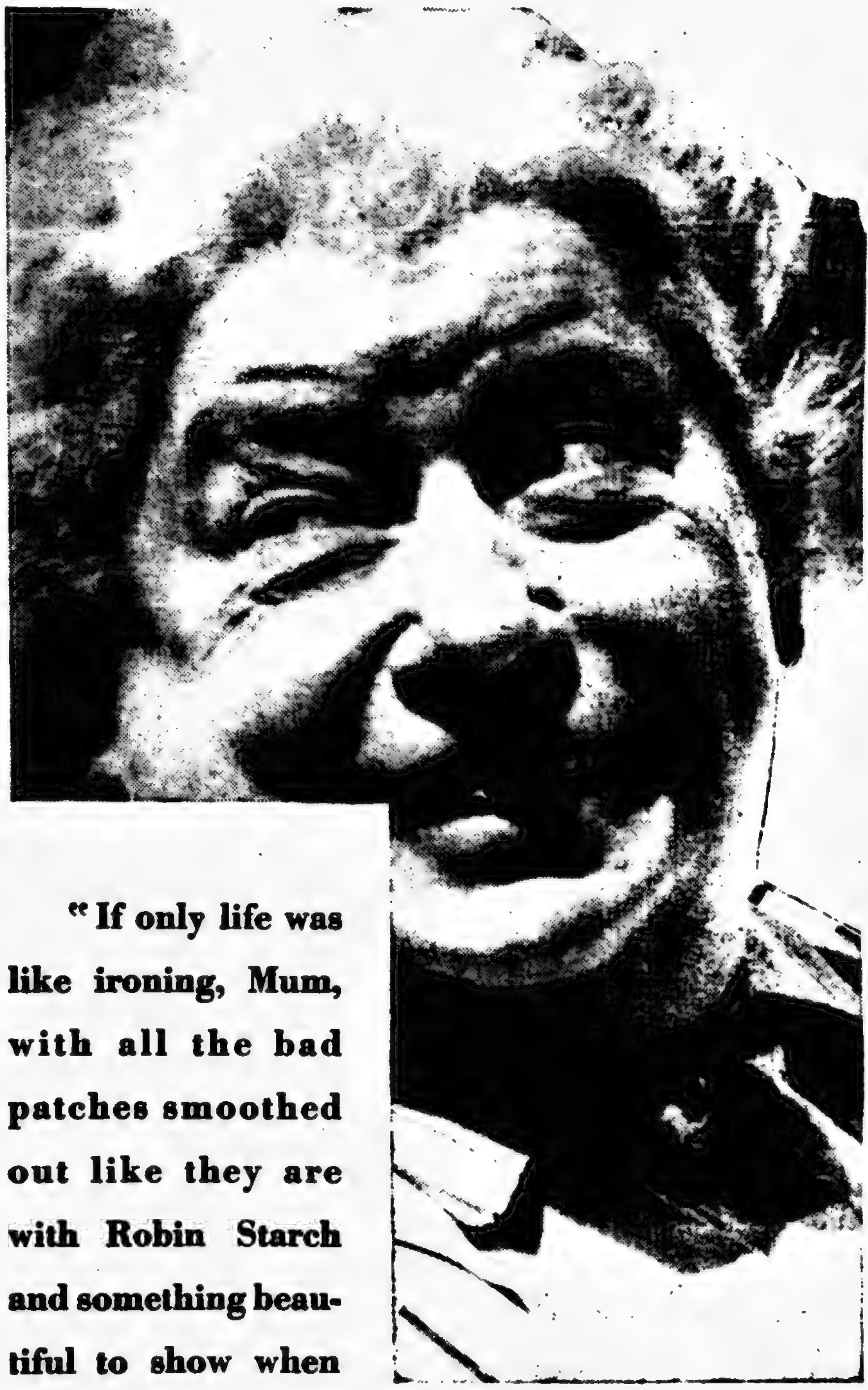

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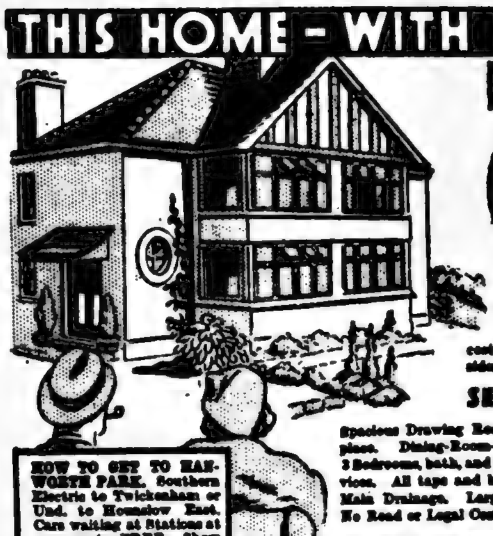

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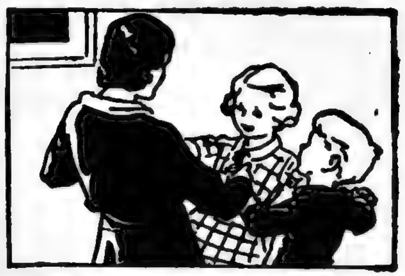

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PEOPLE leave some strange requests in their wills. One man, I saw in the papers the other day, asked that these words should be put on his tombstone—"He never missed an appointment."

A very laudable reputation. But, in my judgment, there are some things far more praiseworthy even than that. Sincerity is one of them; reliability another; loyalty a third; and there are a great many other virtues that could be mentioned.

I think, therefore, if I were selecting an epitaph, I would prefer "He bore a good name." A reputation of that kind is more important than punctuality, more enduring than popularity, and certainly wears better than success.

Bearing these things in mind, let us turn to some of the problems that have reached me recently Here is one that comes from the North of England:

"Five years ago I suffered disgrace for a theft committed, as I now know, by my best friend Now she has written to me enclosing a confession which I am authorised to use, telling me the story.

"She stole the money because, poor lass, she was to become the mother of an illegitimate child and was unwilling to sue the man responsible. The child has since been adopted by some good people, and the mother has found happiness married to the right man However, she was straight enough to confess to her husband and he has insisted that she should write to me, offering me a chance to clear my name.

"Here is my problem—do you think it would be unfair to myself to let the matter drop? I am now living happily in another town; I have learnt the value of true friends—those who stood by me, and I have added that 'little something' needed to my character.

"My friend still lives in the town I left and her husband is well known there. Why should I reopen old wounds and cause grief to a good man, too, who has had no hand in harming me? I know I would be unhappy if I did."

THE last sentence is a very important one in deciding this problem. If my correspondent were the only one concerned I would advise her to let sleeping dogs lie. She is happy now; has found good friends: and it is five years since the disgrace occurred But, above all, she confesses that it would make her miserable to have the whole matter raked up again.

Then why should she? Forgiveness, as I have frequently pointed out, is the greatest of all virtues, and this girl, to her credit, possesses it in full measure.

But there may be others involved and she may owe re-establishment of her good name to them as well as to herself. Has she parents or relatives living in that town where the trouble occurred? If so, although my correspondent has escaped from that environment, these people of hers may be still smarting under the disgrace.

If, however, she has no one for whom she cares living there and is scarcely likely to visit the place again, I think she might follow her inclinations and allow the past to remain as it is.

But with this proviso If that course is adopted, I would urge her to preserve most carefully that written confession. At the same time a letter should be sent to the culprit (keeping, of course, a copy of it) on these lines: "I do not intend to take any action at present, but should anything occur in the future affecting my character, I shall then feel myself at liberty to make use of your admission of guilt."

Then, whatever happens, my correspondent has safeguarded herself, and she can assert her good name if it should ever again be called into question.

My second correspondent is a man who tells me:

"I work in a departmental store, and during the past few weeks I have discovered that one of the elder assistants has been continually 'lifting' goods. Now another assistant has discovered it, too. We work here on the leakage system, and in about six weeks' time the leakage account will be drawn up. When this pilfering is found out you can imagine what the result will be—suspicion and probably dismissal for some of us.

"Some little time ago I was in another department in this store where our leakage was so abnormal that I was carpeted and questioned about it. If, therefore, my present department shows up unfavourably I am afraid that suspicion will fall on me.

"Yet, if I tell the manager, the guilty man will be dismissed, and I do not want to put anyone out of work. On the other hand, it is difficult for me to speak to the culprit himself about the matter, as he is several years my senior—though if I were the elder I would not hesitate to speak to him about it.

"How, then, can I stop this pilfering? I do not want him to lose his job, but, what is very important to me, I don't want to lose my good name."

The accusing finger still points at her—should she produce the proof she holds of her innocence?

There are people who would say that this correspondent should no nothing. They would argue that he is not paid to supervise the actions of his senior. And they would contend that loyalty to a fellow-employee would not allow him to "split" to the manager about something which is really not his business.

I think it is *his* business. His good name is at stake, for, as he points out, suspicion will fall upon all those engaged in that department. He therefore owes it to himself as well as to his employers to see that matters are put straight.

BUT what can he do? He should first of all talk the matter over with that other assistant who is also in the secret. Together they can reach a common agreement as to the best course to take.

It may be done in this way—these two should see that senior colleague and let him know quite plainly that they are fully aware of his pilfering. They should not only insist that it stops immediately, but that restitution should be made for the things he has taken. If that is done, when the leakage account is made up, there will be no heavy deficiency.

Supposing that man has disposed of the goods—what then? He must make the theft up in cash. This is the only way in which he should be allowed t keep his position, and by which my correspondent and the others in his department can be protected against suspicion and possible dismissal.

That senior assistant has no alternative but to accept these terms. Unless he does so, these two would be justified in telling the whole story to the manager.

"AFTER nine years spent at sea," writes another correspondent, "I obtained a position with a large chain-store. As I had written to dozens of places before obtaining the position you will realise how very glad I was to secure the job, and I spared no pains to be a success.

"It soon became obvious, however, that the assistant manager had a personal dislike for me. After three and a half months, during which he carried to the manager every possible tale of my 'so-called' misdeeds, he succeeded in getting me dismissed.

"Immediately I received my notice I set about getting into another firm. Though my application has been courteously received, their reply leads me to believe that the reference they received from my late employers is unfavourable.

"My previous manager, has, of course, nothing against me except the unfavourable reports of his assistant, and although I was sacked without being given an opportunity of putting my side of the case, the manager definitely promised to give me a reference."

These cases of petty spite by a supervisor or foreman are, I'm afraid, more numerous than many people realise. They are often difficult to fight because, naturally, the overseer has the "ear" of the manager.

But because this may be so is no reason why my correspondent should accept it as inevitable and final. His character is a very precious thing to him, and he must fight hard to prevent its loss. He should take steps at once to make absolutely certain that the loss of this second post is due to the reference given by his old employers.

If he approaches the firm himself, it is unlikely they will furnish him with a written reference, nor can he compel them to do so. But if he has a friend who is engaged in some business he might ask him to write for this information. Then, if the reference is harmful, and particularly if it is untruthful, he would have definite grounds for fighting it

A Woman of 60 writes-

'This recipe made me look 20 Years Younger'

"—in two months all my wrinkles vanished."

"At my age it seemed natural that my face should be wrinkled and I have frequently consoled myself with this thought. One day, however, I read of some remarkable tests on women of 72 years of age with a new skinfood which gave astonishing results. It was claimed that the wrinkles completely disappeared in 6 weeks. I determined to try this for myself and found out that the new discovery was contained in Crème Tokalon Skinfood. After two weeks I could see an improvement and my joy can be imagined when after two months treatment all my wrinkles vanished and friends said "How young you are looking." My skin is now clear and beautifully smooth and I advise all women of my own age to try Crème Tokalon Skinfood. It is a wonderful mental tonic to see one's face growing younger-looking every day."

The writer of the above prefers not to have her name published, but her original letter may be seen. Crème Tokalon Skinfood is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing food ingredients great specialists say your skin must have to keep it clear, fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour at night, White Colour in the morning. You will be amazed at the improvement even overnight. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

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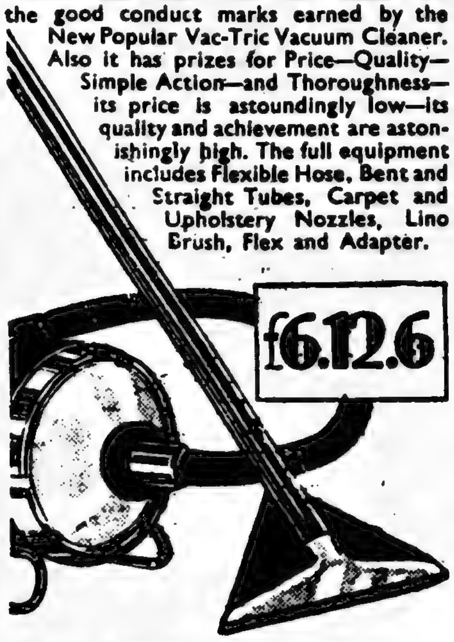

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by Our Special Investigator

TOWN *with a* Scandalous SECRET

WHAT lies behind the series of strange happenings that have occurred recently in the municipal administration of Macclesfield?

Much concern is felt in this important Cheshire manufacturing town over allegations that irregularities have been discovered in the handling of public funds, and that the authorities seem determined to hide the real facts.

Several meetings of the Macclesfield Rural District Council have been held in secret, and though I know the question of improperly-used moneys has been discussed, nothing has been allowed to leak out from the Council Chamber.

The Press has been excluded from these meetings, and the only "news" given out for publication has been vague in the extreme.

In other words, the Macclesfield Council has done its best to hush up a scandal affecting its own efficiency.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that questions have been constantly fired at the Clerk to the Rural District Council, Mr. Frank Harrison, by anxious enquirers at the Town Hall.

A few weeks ago, when the mystery of the Council's silence had become a topic of burning public interest, Mr. Harrison made two remarkable statements.

He said he would go so far as to say that the allegations "concerned an official of the Macclesfield Rural District Council," and that it was impossible for him to disclose "whether the issue is a large one or not."

Suffering for Silence

This second statement admirably illustrates the attitude far too many municipal officials adopt towards scandals in their administration.

They regard irregularities chiefly from the financial point of view, whether the sum involved is small or large.

They seem to forget that *any* irregularity in their public life, big or small, is an abuse of public trust, and that when public money is at stake it is their duty to make known the full facts.

It is not my intention to cast any reflection upon Mr. Harrison, for it would be ridiculous for anyone to suppose that he has been guilty of any irregularity.

For thirty years he has been in the service of the Council and has held simultaneously such posts as Clerk to the Macclesfield Public Assistance Committee; Clerk to the Mid-Cheshire Regional Town-Planning Committee, and Clerk to the Roads Area Committee. In addition, he has for years been Clerk to the Council and has rendered yeoman service.

About a month ago, when speculation was rife as to the real cause for the secret Council meetings, the dramatic official announcement was made that Mr. Harrison was to be relieved of his post of Clerk to the Council. A resolution, passed in secret committee, was handed to him calling upon him immediately to tender his resignation.

The reason given was that the many offices he occupied made it difficult for him to give the necessary time and supervision to the affairs of the Council.

With great reluctance Mr. Harrison tendered his resignation.

When this unexpected announcement was made by the authorities, no tangible details were given as to the real facts which led to this enforced resignation. Thus mystery was added to mystery.

A COUNCIL *that* BOLTS *the* DOOR

It can now be said that a committee of investigation had previously made an enquiry and reported its findings (which nobody outside the Council Chamber has seen!).

And at one of its secret meetings the Council decided to ask the Ministry of Health to hold an "extraordinary audit." The points set forth in the application for this audit did not, I can reveal, relate only to recent affairs, but went back over a long period.

The Ministry found immediate reasons for ordering a special audit, and appointed Mr. R. K. Cowperthwaite, the Chester District Auditor, to carry it out. His task lasted for two weeks, and in the course of it he examined various members of the Council and several members of the staff.

Then, while this investigation was in progress, the news leaked out that one official of the Council had paid "a sum of money" into the bank to "cover a certain deficiency."

For two hours Mr. Cowperthwaite's report was discussed in private by the Council, and only the vaguest statement was issued to the Press for publication. All the authorities condescended to say was that it had been decided to dispense immediately with the services of one local official, the Council rent collector (who had previously been suspended), because "certain financial irregularities" had come to light.

Beyond this, and the fact that the auditor's special report was "very unsatisfactory" and "revealed many discrepancies in the rent collector's account," nothing further was made public.

The ratepayers of Macclesfield have good cause to feel indignant that this scandal is being dealt with so secretly, particularly as there have previously been blots on the finances of this town, when vital information was withheld. In one case, a councillor, after trying in vain to obtain satisfaction in the Council Chamber, was finally forced to make his demands through other channels.

Leave of absence

Apart from the public issues involved in the present case, there is the position of Mr. Harrison to be considered.

When the vague information about the auditor's report was given out, the following statement was issued by the Council concerning the resignation of the Clerk to the Council.

"At a later stage in the proceedings the Council considered that the many offices held by the Clerk made it difficult for him to give that time and supervision to the affairs of the Council which the Council work demanded.

"We have to bear in mind also that the Clerk was given two months' leave of absence last October, which he was unable to take in consequence of the pressing work of the Council, and the Council were of the opinion that it would be in the best interests of the Council and the Clerk that he should retire o superannuation, and a resolution to tha effect was passed by the Council."

Looking into things is Sir Arthur Robertson, the Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Health. He keeps the records of scores of "extraordinary audits" of the kind dealt with here

It was added that compensatio should be paid to him for loss of office but the Minister of Health late ruled that he could see no ground on which either superannuation o compensation could be paid in the circumstances.

Mr. Harrison has since been appointed to act in an advisory capacity to the Council as and when his services may be required.

And Mr. Harrison very rightly protested that the Council, before ordering him to resign, did not give him the opportunity of attending the meeting a which the report of the auditor wa discussed.

Typist's part

"If they had done so," he declared "I should have satisfied them that was no negligence of mine, but through my own ill-health and lack of assistance, that *the irregularities recorded in the report* were not disclosed and deal with sooner."

In 1931, when an auditor delivered another special report, he recommended that the Council should at once appoint a financial officer, who should give undivided attention to the financial side of the Council's business.

The recommendation was acted upon, it is true, but a typist was appointed instead of a man skilled in the intricacies of the Council's finances!

Now, three years later, Mr. Cowperthwaite has specially recommended the appointment of a financial expert again.

The ratepayers of Macclesfield may well ask what is wrong with their Council!

I think that the reports of all special—or, as they are officially termed, "extraordinary"—audits granted by the Ministry of Health should be available for public inspection automatically upon application by ratepayers who can advance genuine reasons for seeing them.

Many municipal mysteries, which often cause unjustified suspicion to be levelled against perfectly honest people, could be cleared up very rapidly if local bodies did not choose to hush up the contents of such reports.

To other Mothers

"My 10 months' old baby has been brought up from the age of 2 months entirely on Nestlé's Milk and Nestlé's Milk Food.

When she was two months, several people told me I shouldn't rear her as she was so thin and her legs and arms were like sticks. She was losing several ounces in weight every week, until a friend advised me to try Nestlé's Milk. I am very glad that I did as baby gains 6 to 10 ounces every week. She is now twenty-two lbs. 11½ ozs. up to Monday last. She also has 6 teeth which I think is due to her food."

L. T., BRIGHTON.

Nestlé's have never, by word or deed, sought or solicited a testimonial, yet letters like this reach them by almost every post.

NESTLÉ'S
CONDENSED MILK

NESTLÉ'S MILK

—it never disagrees

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and

easily

end-ure

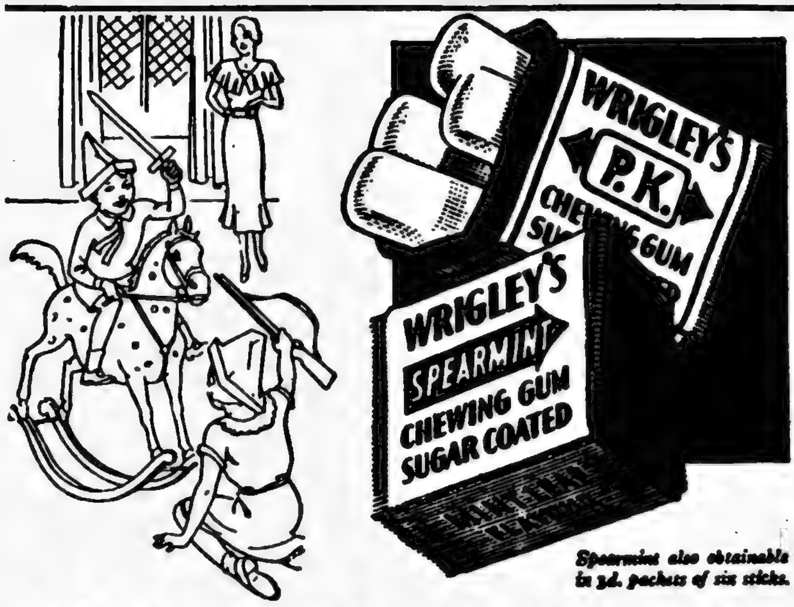
cold

INSIST ON

"CAMP"

COFFEE

Made by expert coffee-makers from high-grade coffee.



1d PER PKT

Spearmint also obtainable in 3d. packets of six sticks.

Mother – the kiddies love

WRIGLEY'S

-it tastes good... does good ... helps to preserve the teeth.

Kiddies love the delightful lasting flavour of Wrigley's and this pure wholesome sweetmeat does them good. It cleans and helps to preserve their teeth ... gives their jaws the healthy exercise they need.

BRITISH MADE

DOG'S COAT DULL AND SHABBY

—a common trouble quickly cured by Bob Martin's Condition Powders

IF people knew how easy it is to keep their dogs' coats smart and stylish, there would be fewer shabby and dull-coated dogs. Every dog can have a coat which gleams with the " bloom " of health, for the quality and appearance of every dog's coat depends on the purity of his blood. It is when a dogs blood becomes loaded with food impurities, and his coat is starved of nourishment, that the "bloom" fades and the coat turns dull and shabby.

You don't know what a beautiful coat your dog can grow until you give him a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which remove every impurity from the blood. And when you see his coat take on its healthy " bloom ," then preserve his fitness and his lovely coat by conditioning him weekly in the correct way—(a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week).

Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent (and quickly cure) all blood disorders, such as dull or loose coat, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.

1/- boxes of 21 powders ; 6d. packets of 9—everywhere.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

L.W.2 Keep dogs fit ALWAYS

By Appointment to H.M. the King
They
LOOK GOOD
TASTE GOOD
DO GOOD
and by Golly they are good
GOLDEN SHRED
SILVER SHRED
World's Best Marmalades
ROBERTSON — ONLY MAKER

CHASED by the TCHEKA CHIEF

A Greatest Hour

by SIR PAUL DUKES

formerly Chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia

Soldiers of the Tcheka in the streets of Petrograd in 1919

LOOKING back on a life packed with thrills and hairbreadth escapes, it is almost impossible for me to pick out a single hour which stands out above the others as being the most momentous.

But, judged by its effect on my life, my greatest hour was probably the one in which I was taken to the top of a building near Trafalgar Square and led through a maze of passages, corridors, flights of steps and iron bridges until at last I reached a low, dark room and stood before "the Chief"—that mysterious figure who directed the British Secret Service.

There he sat behind a row of extending telephones. At his side was a table littered with maps and drawings. Models of aeroplanes, submarines and mechanical devices, a series of different coloured bottles, a distilling outfit and a rack of test tubes completed the atmosphere of mystery.

Our conversation was brief and precise—but I must not repeat it.

I might describe many a "greatest hour" which followed this momentous interview.

The hour, for instance, in which I was rowed across the river Sestro by Finnish boatmen under the nose of a Red patrol, who, alarmed by the splashing of the oars, opened fire. This was my first entry into Russia as a Secret Service agent.

Or the hour in which I succeeded in getting back to Finland with the two daughters of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, the Tsar's uncle, and with Mrs. Marsh, the wife of an English business man, a lady who had just been smuggled out of No. 2 Gorohavaya, the headquarters prison of the Tcheka.

Beard saved me

A still more exciting hour was the one in which I set out by night at breakneck speed across the frozen Finnish Gulf, which was swept by the searchlights of Cronstadt Fortress. Mounted riders spotted us and chased us, firing with their carbines until our horse fell. Making off on foot, I threw away an incriminating packet containing maps and documents in cipher and lay down flat in the middle of a broad patch of windswept ice. And, luckily, after an anxious few minutes, the riders gave up searching for me.

But perhaps the culminating point in my work with the Secret Service in Russia was the hour in 1919 when the Chief Investigator of the Tcheka, who had been specially put on my trail, discovered me in the early hours of the morning, looked straight in my face at close quarters—and was bluffed by my beard!

Disguised as a middle-class commercial traveller, I had met in Finland a Russian naval officer named Melnikoff who had worked with Captain Crombie, the late British Naval Attaché at Petrograd, recently murdered by the Bolshevists.

Melnikoff proved extremely helpful to me. He gave me many useful introductions, among others one to a certain doctor in Petrograd, who, I afterwards found, was his uncle.

My first interview with this doctor had been very difficult. When I announced myself as a friend of Melnikoff he evidently did not believe me and took me for a Bolshevist agent. He was polite but formal, and would admit nothing. He could not believe that I was an Englishman.

At last in exasperation I burst out in English: "Why the devil can't you see I am an Englishman and not an agent-provocateur?" and I related some circumstantial incidents about his nephew.

Immediately his manner changed and he burst into a laugh. We became firm friends from that moment.

On my heels . . .

The doctor was one of the most extraordinary and heroic men I have ever met, and later on he took enormous risks to help me.

On one of my periodical crossings of the Finnish border I had made the journey up in the far North on skis, and both my feet had been frost-bitten. The doctor treated me, and his flat became one of my haunts at night.

The Tcheka by that time were hot on my track. Although I had many different disguises, different names, and a passport to match each of them, they had a full description of each, and they even knew about the front tooth which was sometimes sewn into the lapel of my coat and sometimes screwed into its socket.

They had also discovered most of my haunts and habits, so that at this critical juncture it became necessary to start afresh with an entirely new appearance and identity.

Some time beforehand I had foreseen such an emergency, and had collected a supply of clothing to meet it. Part of this was lying in my flat.

Clean-shaven, with my hair cut short and my tooth replaced in its socket, I went to my flat to collect it. My housekeeper did not recognise me, and was deeply suspicious when I introduced myself as a friend of mine! I had to go round the corner and write a letter to myself before she would admit me.

As the hue and cry after me became more intense, it became necessary to hoodwink the hall porter at the doctor's flat so that he should admit nothing incriminating if he was cross-questioned by the Tcheka.

He knew me as a patient who suffered from frost-bitten feet. We felt it safer to change my complaint when I changed my disguise, and after some discussion we decided upon epilepsy.

The doctor coached me in the symptoms, and after a few lessons I could throw quite a passable fit. We had one or two dress rehearsals, and after the hall porter and his wife had carried me up the stairs a time or two they became quite sympathetic.

Time passed, and I heard that the Tcheka were redoubling their efforts to catch me. They had heard that the mysterious Englishman was back in Russia again, and they sent special investigators to Finland to find out how I had got across the frontier.

They also tried hard to discover where I lived, and at length, after about three months, they found out that Doctor So-and-so had treated me.

Then suddenly down they swooped on the doctor's flat at dead of night.

The hall porter told them there was a man sleeping in the study who suffered from epileptic fits. Presently I was awoken by the sound of clumping boots in the corridor, and before I could think of what to do, in they came.

Somebody came up to my couch, pulled down the bedclothes from my face, and stared hard at me.

It was the Chief Investigator of the Tcheka himself!

At that critical moment, in rushed the doctor. He asked sharply what they were doing and warned them that I must on no account be disturbed.

Torture threats

The bluff worked, and they withdrew with him into another room. In the few moments available I crept out of bed and burned two out of the three passports which I had in my pocket.

No sooner was this done than they returned.

"I have warned you," said the doctor in significant tones, "that this man is subject to fits. He may have one at any moment."

I took the hint and had one, and all the time the searchers were ransacking the room I writhed and groaned on my couch.

They could find nothing but some money, and presently they went away. But, although I escaped, they arrested the doctor.

He was their only clue to my whereabouts, and for a long time they threatened him in prison with torture and execution unless he betrayed me. More than once I was within an ace of giving myself up to save him.

But that amazing man refused to say a word, and he scared them by declaring that he was a personal friend of Lenin's.

He persisted so steadily that at last they sent him under escort to Moscow. He was conducted into Lenin's presence in the Kremlin Palace, and instantly the Bolshevist leader recognised the doctor as the man who in days gone by had smuggled food to him in prison.

Lenin expressed his profound gratitude and ordered the case against him to be dropped immediately.

COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

When you are healthy you are happy!

How you feel—how well you look—is largely determined by the kinds of food you eat.

Every year medical science discovers new facts proving that constipation is one of the greatest sources of ill-health. If neglected it saps your vitality.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN relieves constipation. It provides "bulk," which absorbs moisture from within the body and forms a soft mass gently inducing proper elimination. It also supplies Vitamin B which rouses sluggish intestines, and iron which builds red blood.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is a delicious cereal. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily with cold milk or cream. Look for the name Kellogg's on every packet. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

Made in Canada

9d. per packet
(Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION

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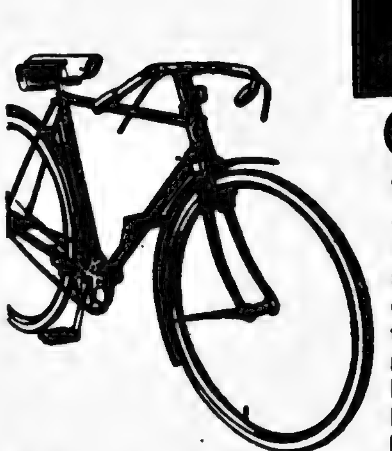
KEEN CLUBMEN WILL TELL YOU TO RIDE A BSA

CLUB BICYCLE



Thousands of Club Riders have chosen B.S.A. Club Bicycles because they are light, sturdy, speedy machines—comfortable on the longest run—with all the Reliability for which the name of B.S.A. is famed. Ride B.S.A. Club and "Silver Wings" Bicycles and follow the lead of keen Clubmen.

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SUN-STARVED!

"Now I know the secret—how to keep her always well"

"My Pauline is the youngest of six. I haven't had much trouble with the others but the dull winter weather always used to bowl Pauline over—just one endless stream of colds and coughs. It made her slow at school too. So different from the summer when she ran about the garden in the sun and never got ill," writes *Mrs. Walsh, 16, Westmorland St., S.W.1.*

WHAT THE NEWSPAPER SAID

"When she was 4 she had an awful winter with whooping cough. We didn't know what to do till quite by chance I read in the paper about Scott's Emulsion keeping children well in winter. So I started Pauline on Scott's and in a fortnight she was altogether different. Now it's like a miracle the way she keeps well all the winter and has such a colour."

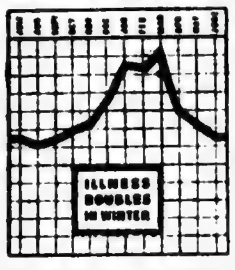
DOCTORS EXPLAIN SCOTT'S SECRET

Doctors tell you how Scott's actually *prevents* illness by saving children from being sun-starved. Each tablespoonful has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone, flesh and blood. Start Scott's now!

"EATING US OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME NOW."—*says Mrs. I. ROONEY, 68, Beckway Road, Norbury, S.W.16.*

"Pat will be five on May 8th. I used to be so worried because he wouldn't eat and was losing strength. After 1 bottle of Scott's the difference in him was amazing. Now his father says he's eating us out of house and home! He's sturdy as a horse too."

TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER



Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

Now is the most dangerous time of all for your child after 5 long months of sun-starvation. Keep your child SAFE from illness. Start with Scott's now.

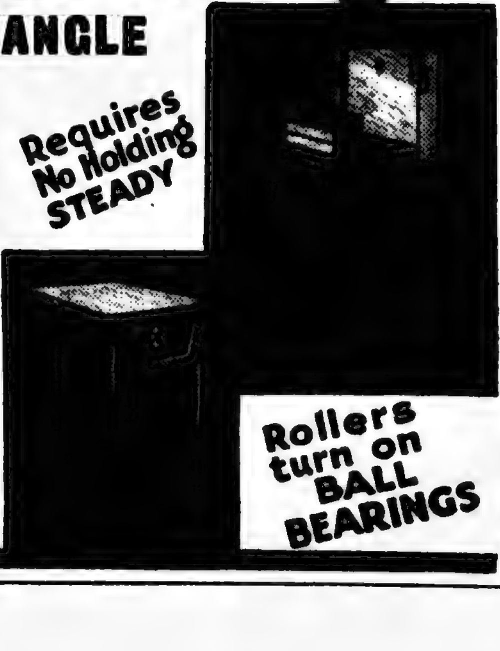
You can buy a Ewbank FOR 65/6

WRINGER-MANGLE

Here is a wringer that needs no holding steady—a wringer that will handle heavy articles without rocking about the kitchen floor. See how easily the rubber rollers turn on their ball bearings (another refinement of Ewbank design). Finished in an attractive shade of mottled green Cellulose with white wood Table Top. Rubber rollers 16" x 2". Table 28" x 18". Height to top of table 32".

The same machine finished in genuine Porcelain Enamel — the perfect Mangle finish — easily kept clean — does not chip, 75/-.

Write to the Manufacturers:
Entwisle & Kenyon Ltd., Dept. W.30, Accrington, for illustrated leaflets.



Lovely MERLE OBERON points the way to FASCINATING BEAUTY

Merle Oberon, who plays Anne Boleyn in the London Film production, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," says:— "In my part of Anne Boleyn it was necessary to give very careful attention to my complexion to help me impersonate the lovely and fascinating Queen. I took the advice of other Film Stars who unanimously recommended Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream, and I can only say that I am more than delighted with the result."

Every jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. Price 1/- per jar. In all popular powder shades — everywhere.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

INSTANT SUCCESS OF NEW DISCOVERY

ROBBIALAC SYNTHETIC FINISH CREATES A SENSATION

Since the recent discovery of Robbialac Synthetic Finish—the new material for retouching and repainting the paintwork of cycles, motor-cycles and motor-cars—was made known to the general public, cyclists, motor-cyclists and motorists throughout the country have proclaimed it to be the finest material yet offered for renovating vehicles. Week by week its novel appeal gains the interest of new thousands who are anxious to smarten up their cycles, motor-cycles and cars for the bright days ahead.

Robbialac Synthetic Finish is not a paint, is not an enamel and not a cellulose finish, but a new medium for repainting and retouching the paintwork of cycles, motor-cycles and motor-cars. It is easy to use and can be applied over metal, wood, old paintwork or even a cellulose finish without leaving signs of laps or ugly brushmarks. The film sets "dust-free" in 4 hours and dries overnight with a surface as smooth as plate glass, as hard and flexible as Chinese lacquer and with the same vivid beauty. It shows a stubborn resistance to weather and is immune from the effects of petrol, grease, oil and mud.

If you would like to learn more about this remarkable product for painting cycles, motor-cycles and motor-cars, send for leaflet and colour card, or if you would prefer to try it straight away, buy a tin from any cycle or car accessory dealer. They all sell it in 1/9, 3/- and 5/9 tins.

ROBBIALAC
SYNTHETIC FINISH

(Dept. H.4), Robbialac Works, Stratford, London, E.15.

WONDER RACEHORSE Fed by Cows

Golden Miller has never in any race wasted energy by jumping too high. A margin of inches is good enough for him and rarely does he make a mistake as to those inches

NOT more than half a dozen steeplechasers in this country would fetch £3,000 if they were offered for sale.

But there is one horse who could not be bought. Not a few people would readily start bidding for him at £10,000 if he were put in the sale ring, but the possibility of an opportunity being given to them to do so is as remote as the likelihood of that price being accepted for him.

The animal is Golden Miller, the public fancy for the Grand National.

He is the most valuable 'chaser in the world, more valuable, to his owner, than the great Silvo who, when he realised £10,000 some years ago, was believed to have made a price record which would never be surpassed.

Even if Golden Miller does not win the Grand National on this occasion, his value will not be a guinea less. Yet, by the arithmetic of commerce, it would seem that he might never bring a shilling of profit to his owner.

Suppose you were allowed to buy him for £10,000. You would expect, barring accidents, another five years of racing service from him, and during that period would have to expend, perhaps, a further £4,000 upon his training costs and the like. Loss of interest upon your capital would be about another £4,000, and, all in, your purchase at the end of five years would have cost you in the region of £20,000.

Golden Miller being, like most chasers, a gelding, has no stud value. In five years you would expect to win with him a few races worth £1,000 each. Your betting profits would be meagre because, in races apart from the Grand National, the bookmakers automatically make him an odds on chance.

You would, therefore, lose approximately one half of your investment. . . . Unless Golden Miller won the Grand National. And he would have to do so twice to yield a clear profit.

IF Golden Miller does triumph this time there is no reason why he should not smash all the records of the great Aintree race and win it again and again.

It is not only the pride of possessing the fastest and cleverest steeplechaser in the world that makes him so valuable to his owner, Miss Dorothy Paget. In this beautifully made, highly intelligent chestnut—a veritable Greek god of the equine world—she possesses the mascot that changed her luck.

Miss Paget, wealthy daughter of Lord Queenborough and part-inheritor of the American Whitney millions, had expended a fortune in a vain effort to win motor-car speed laurels for this country. She spent as much as £20,000 a year on racing cars and was dogged with execrable luck.

Undaunted, this fine sportswoman gave up motor racing to pour her wealth into bloodstock. She sought reward not in finance but in achievement. Still success was denied to her—until Golden Miller came along like a lucky wishbone three years ago.

From that moment the hoodoo on Miss Paget's aspirations was removed. Golden Miller charmed away her ill-luck—but there is nothing of luck in his performances.

A horse with a lot in him! That was what Miss Paget was told when she bought him. Now, at seven years of age, young as steeplechasers go, he can make other high-class fast fencers, who are in their prime, look like common hacks.

Horses are not machines, they say on the racecourse. But the remark would not be heard when "the Miller" is in the field. He is a machine. See him in proper action, as the multitude at Aintree will do to-morrow, if he is not bowled over by a falling or riderless horse in the early stages of the Grand National.

Golden Miller has not to be put at his fences. He goes over all except the very highest obstacles at his normal racing speed, the effortless leap itself appearing to be taken in one of his ordinary strides.

Moreover, Golden Miller has never in any race wasted his energy by taking a minor jump as if it were Becher's. Daylight is not to be seen between his body and the top of the fence as he glides over it. A margin of inches is good enough for him. Rarely does he make a mistake as to those inches. His judgment is too fine.

Yet Golden Miller has the largest feet of any thoroughbred in training. That fact is not known to one person in a thousand who has seen him in the paddock or on the course. The horse, as if he were shy or sensitive about them, hides the size of his great clumsy feet by an exaggerated dainty action. His tread is so light and ladylike that people never suspect the truth.

THEY are immense those feet, perhaps one-third as big again as those of any other racehorse. A farrier needs a piece of metal 4 ft. 6 in. long to cut his four racing plates.

Big-footed, heavy-topped Golden Miller is also a horse with an iron digestion. If anyone wanted to disturb him while racing and to take his mind off his job, it might be done by shouting the word "Sugar!" at him. To Golden Miller it is the most magical word in the language of humans.

Gold cups and rich stakes are worthless baubles in his sight compared with the real reward of a handful of sugar lumps at the end of a race. His appetite for sugar and *bon-bons* is such that a visitor to his stable at Newmarket would imagine that the horse must have perpetual stomach-ache.

Not a bit of it. Golden Miller has never had a day's illness in his life.

Watch him when he is led in after a race. He head moves like a pendulum. He is searching for Miss Paget. When she approaches him he snuggles his muzzle into her shoulder. Affection? Perhaps. But his eye is riveted on her handbag. He knows that it is bulging with crunchy sugar—for him.

Some racehorses relish a pint of stout before a race. Golden Miller would disdain such a beverage. But show him a bottle of milk and he will whinny a promise to jump over the moon if called upon to do so.

The horse is milk-crazy. Any other thoroughbred is only given a small ration of milk when he is debilitated, because milk in the ordinary way is held to be ruinous to the equine digestion.

AS in many other things, Golden Miller is the exception to the rule. Moreover, he is a connoisseur of milks. Once he was given what was to him a new kind of milk. Since then he has refused all others. It was Jersey milk. That is why Mr. Basil Briscoe, his trainer, who has managed Golden Miller to perfection, now has Jersey cows at his establishment.

Two weeks ago Golden Miller performed the unprecedented feat of winning the Cheltenham Gold Cup from a field of crack 'chasers for the third year in succession.

He then gave such a storming display of speed, jumping and stamina that, if he reproduces even a semblance of that form at Aintree, the Grand National is as good as over.

Why, then, should there be any opposition to the idea that he will succeed? It is because he has never raced the distance, four and a half miles, of the Aintree course.

Last year, when the youngest animal in the field, carrying the immense weight of 12 st. 2 lb., and the favourite, he fell at a jump when splendidly placed about a thousand yards from the finish. He fell not because of any mistake, but because he was tired.

Has Golden Miller in twelve months acquired sufficient reserve to last out that final thousand yards, even if he survives the ordinary perils of the race? If it were known that he had done so, he would be a two to one favourite for the great race.

The experts do not believe he has. The bookmakers agree with them, and have been freely betting ten to one against any other opinion.

If the bookmakers have made a mistake, they will pay very dearly for it.

FOR BODILY HEALTH

Men at heavy work need beer. For to them (as to all outdoor men) beer is more than the proper British drink. Beer is an energizing, muscle-building food. Its malt and hops combine to give you the vital elements of barley in a form in which they are not only easy of digestion themselves, but the cause of easier digestion for the rest of your food. Be glad, then, of beer, as your forefathers were.

BEER is best

MALT·HOPS·SUGAR·YEAST

IS THE SPARKLE IN YOUR TEETH HIDDEN BEHIND FILM?
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
MADE IN ENGLAND
PEPSODENT

"It is natural for teeth to sparkle," say dentists. Dull, lustreless teeth are the result of Film which constantly forms and absorbs stains. Film harbours germs of decay. It must be removed.

Film clings so tightly that ordinary ways of brushing fail to remove it successfully. Pepsodent Toothpaste, with its new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—twice as soft as materials in common use—removes Film thoroughly . . . safely. At the same time it polishes teeth to sparkling brilliance.

Get a tube of Pepsodent today. Watch teeth regain their whiteness as Film goes.

Great Campaign Against

ASTHMA

Bronchitis and other Lung Troubles

The amount of suffering, enormous number of deaths annually and time lost from work owing to these troubles is appalling and amounts to a national danger, so great, that an Asthma Research Council has been appointed and is investigating the whole subject. Many sufferers get depressed, lose heart, despair, fail to adopt the very treatment that would give them immediate relief, their power of resistance is weakened and their trouble becomes chronic. There's no need to despair. Potter's Asthma Cure gives immediate relief even in the worst cases.

Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture & Cigarettes ensure restful sleep

A. F. of Lower Edmonton writes :—" It is with the greatest comfort that I am writing to you after many years of suffering from that horrible complaint Asthma which compelled me to stop work. After years of suffering and trying all manner of different remedies without any relief whatever I tried Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture and got wonderful relief, and now I continue to smoke them I am able to get a comfortable night's sleep which I have not had for a long time, and am now a different man."

Potter's Asthma Cure should always be kept handy by those who dread a fresh attack. It is absolutely invaluable to all sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Croup, Whooping Cough and all chest and lung troubles.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

TO OUTDOOR WORKERS

If you are subject to Asthma, Bronchitis, Lung or Chest Troubles, and your occupation compels you to be out of doors, you are strongly recommended to smoke Potter's Asthma Smoking Mixture or Cigarettes which will give you instant relief.

Try a
REAL remedy
for that cough!

Don't fool about any longer with wishy-washy mixtures or liniments. Try the real treatment, deep healing

MUSTEROLE
BRAND
MUSTARD OINTMENT

You may not like its smell, but what matter when it's *stopping that cough!*

● There's nothing else in the world with the deep-penetrating healing, soothing power of this clean, stainless ointment.

Prove it FREE
USE THE COUPON BELOW

COUPON

To Thos. Christy & Co., Dept. J.,
4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

Please send me free sample of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. I enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Name__________

Address__________

THE MAN
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USES
AG
PAPERS

ASTHMA

Bad as your Asthma may be, RAZ-MAH Capsules will bring relief. Ends agonizing choking. Breaks up strangling mucus gatherings. Lets you sleep. No smokes, sprays, snuff. No dangerous, habit-forming drugs. Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites, and all chemists and stores—3/- and 5/ boxes. Relief guaranteed or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box. Splendid for chronic bronchitis.

FREE TRIAL sent on request to Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. H.21), 80, Clerken well Road, London, E.C.1

The BANKER *who* BEAT Gradgrind

ON April 2, Easter Monday, millions of men, women and children will enjoy a day's holiday. Thereafter, not too long ahead, they can look forward to Whitsun, to August Bank Holiday and, finally, to Boxing Day.

Yes, you may say, that's no news. As well tell us Christmas will come on December 25!

Maybe! But it once was news, and very glad news, too, to all the folk who toiled and moiled, week in and week out, suffering the shocking labour conditions of the mid-Victorian age.

Until May, 1871, apart from Sundays, Christmas Day and Good Friday, no public holidays had the force of Parliamentary recognition. Here and there enlightened employers might not begrudge their workers a day's leisure, or might put up the shutters rather earlier on a Saturday. But, speaking generally, there were no holidays, no control of hours of labour, and no early closing.

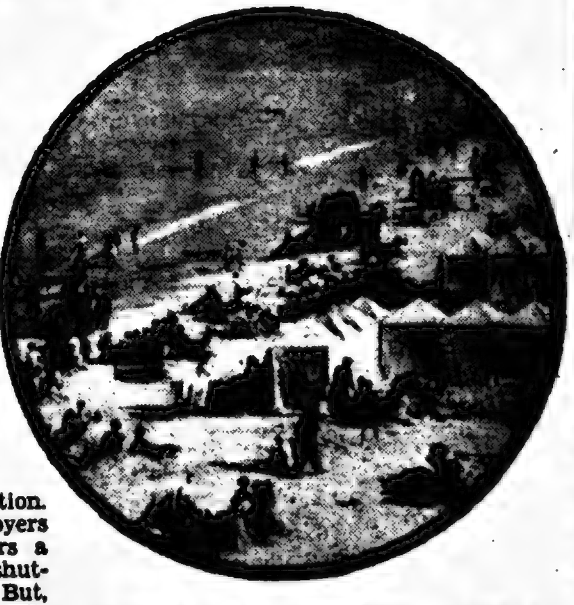
The man we may well pay tribute to to-day is he who fought for these reforms, and, throughout many years of striving, did the lion's share in bringing them upon the Statute Book.

His simple creed

John Lubbock, the first Lord Avebury—his is a name that deserves to be written in letters of gold. It will be a century this April 30 since he was born.

Thoroughly human in that he frankly enjoyed tributes to the value of his work and expressions of affection for himself, he would like, one feels, that this day of centenary should be remembered, and, perhaps, that the children of those to whom he brought the precious gift of much-needed leisure would sprinkle upon his Kentish grave the Spring flowers he knew and loved so well.

Indeed, it is difficult to find anything or anyone John Lubbock did not seek to love and know. In one of his many delightful books he recorded: "Love is the light and sunshine of life. We cannot fully enjoy ourselves, or anything else, unless someone we love enjoys it with us."



This was his simple creed, and, practising the precept during a long life of close on eighty years, John Lubbock shed light and sunshine everywhere.

A carping critic might cavil at his great services to humanity and say: "Ah! but he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

That much is true. The Lubbocks had a richly sober ancestry—Norfolk parsons inter-marrying with Quaker Frys and Gurneys, who, though always mindful of their duties to their fellow men and women, possessed considerable aptitude in commercial affairs.

The family banking business was solid and long-standing. John's father had himself inherited a baronetcy, and the headship of Robarts, Lubbock and Co., of Lombard Street, in the City of London.

Before he was fifteen years old, John senior took his eldest son—Lord Avebury to be—away from Eton and put him to work in the bank.

At first he was very lonely, for a great many other things interested him besides totting up columns of figures. But his capacity for work was terrific, and daily he mapped out a programme to last from 6.30 a.m. till midnight.

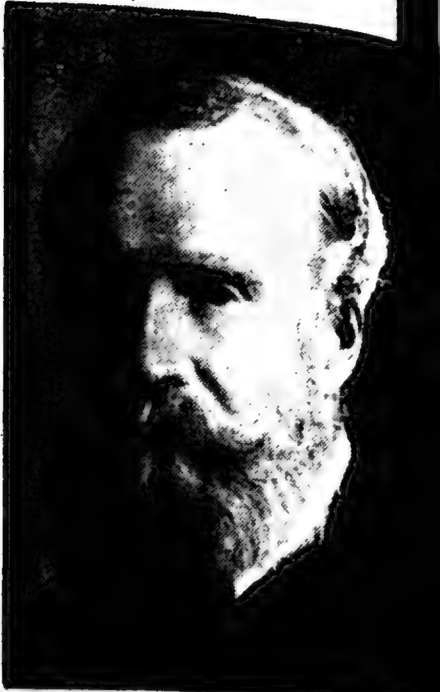
Everything to do with Nature fascinated young John Lubbock. At sixteen he read his first paper—on the wireworm—to the villagers of Downe, and by his mid-twenties an extensive knowledge of botany, of anthropology, and of zoology gained him the exceptional honour, for one so young, of election as a Fellow of the Royal Society.

The bait swallowed

By 1865, when his father died and he succeeded to the title, Sir John Lubbock was as renowned in the field of Science as among the big men of the banking world. He then decided to stand for Parliament under the Liberal standard, and set down for one of the three main objects that he hoped, while an M.P., to further this notable cause: "To secure some additional holidays and to shorten the hours of labour in shops."

Badly beaten in his first candidature, Sir John tried again. In 1870 Maidstone sent him to Parliament, and early in the year following he introduced what looked, on the face of it, a very simple Bill, mainly of interest to bankers and men of commerce.

Certainly it deceived Gradgrind, for as the mover wrote afterwards to a



John Lubbock, the first Lord Avebury. For the workers' leisure he bluffed the Gradgrinds

friend: "Had we called it the 'Gener Holidays Bill,' or the 'National Holiday Bill,' no doubt it would have bee strenuously opposed."

The bait held out to, and voracious swallowed by, the business men wh made up the vast majority of the M.P was that these "Bank Holidays" h sought to accomplish would provid extra "Days of Grace" for the paymen of commercial debts. As the banks woul not be open on these days, settlemen could not be made till the day following

Nothing wrong with that! Oppositio shrank to a minimum, and it was onl in the House of Lords that a pompou bishop expressed anxiety "at the cons quences among the masses of confound ing State holidays with days of religio observance."

Still, the final stage in the Common was not without its dramatic moment The hour was late, or, rather, ver early—just past two in the mornin Disraeli, the leader of the Tory Party had sat silent in his place, neithe blessing nor cursing. The few Member left yawned and sprawled, but Lubboc was popular with the Liberal Govern ment Whips, and they succeeded i keeping just a sufficient quorum presen for the Bill to obtain a third readin before Mr. Speaker adjourned th sitting.

"St. Lubbock"

The Royal Assent duly followed i May, and Whit-Monday, 1871, went dow to history as the first Bank Holiday Very likely the Queen, like the men o business, made no special comment a Mr. Gladstone ran rapidly through th list of Bills awaiting the Royal "L *reine le veult.*" Yet the wording plainl showed the portent. Here it is:

> "No person shall be compellable to d anything on a Bank Holiday (defined a Easter Monday, Whit-Monday, the fir Monday in August, and the first week day after Christmas) which he could no be compelled to do on Christmas Day o Good Friday."

It may require some effort of imagin ation to the present day to realise why the peals of joy at the passing of th Bank Holidays Act were so universal and why Sir John Lubbock became a one bound the most popular figure in England—"St. Lubbock," half-humor ously, half-gratefully, they called him.

But things were very different then, and when, in 1873, Sir John introduced another measure to limit the hours o young people in shops to ten a day, The Gradgrind was too strong for him. The Bill failed to pass

Later still, he carried a reform limiting hours of shop and warehouse workers to seventy-four, but not until 1904, from the red benches of the Lords, did he witness the enactment of the Early Closing Act of general application.

Over thirty years before this Lubbock had taken up the banner of Shaftesbury, and of still earlier reformers, and borne it nobly above him to the end

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed Actual cuttings must be sent 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

KENTISH INDEPENDENT:—"Two cars collided and mounted the FOOTBATH."

LOUTH STANDARD:—"—— brought the milk from the farm and placed it into an empty CHURCH."

THE FARMERS' JOURNAL:—"The chicks have usually to be taken some distance and we have seen them carried in WICKED baskets."

NORTH MAIL AND NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE:—"Unless consumers exercised strict economy, the water supply would have to be CURTAINED at night."

NORTH MAIL, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE:—"Charles Laughton has been chosen for his performance in 'The Private LIVES of Henry VIII.'"

IPSWICH EVENING STAR:—"The ever-popular National Hunt fixture opens to-morrow. There is every prospect of high-class PORT."

HENLEY AND SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE STANDARD:—"This DANCE was the first of a chain of WHIST DRIVES."

DAILY MAIL:—". . . they were called to a HEALTH fire on the outskirts of the town."

BARNSLEY CHRONICLE AND SOUTH YORKSHIRE NEWS:—"He never complained of being short of BREADTH."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"She asked the court to pronounce in favour of a MILL of December, 1916."

METABOLISM

"I did myself a good turn when I found out what that word meant!"

I'VE discovered that the word Metabolism is as important as words like "sleep" and "exercise"! It means the way the food we eat turns into flesh and blood. If your Metabolism's wrong, you're living at low water mark. Your food doesn't do you good and you become a prey to indigestion, nerves, and other attendant ills. That's how I was not many weeks ago. Then I was told that there's one safe and simple way to correct faulty Metabolism, and banish all the troubles that spring from this condition, and that is by taking *live yeast . . . Phillips* Yeast . . . This is the new kind of yeast that, because it is live, supplies the system with all the *much needed vitamins B in their most active form,* and so helps our food to nourish our bodies . . . the essential factor in the proper functioning of the Metabolic process.

Get the habit of taking a little Phillips Yeast with every meal and you'll soon be on the road to new health, freed from all the bodily disorders that arise from faulty Metabolism.

With your meals take

Phillips
Pure Live **YEAST**

IT CORRECTS FAULTY METABOLISM AND IS A WONDERFUL TONIC

From all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- in *Granules* or *Tablets* . . . Write for free Booklet *or send 3d. in stamps for Trial Bottle* to Phillips Yeast Products Ltd. (Dept. E3), 150 Regent St., London, W.1

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

MELROSE Exceptionally Stylish Coat in a lovely Woollen Material of fine rib weave. It has the newest style collar with the bold lapels inset with contrasting colour effect, and the sleeves & pockets are designed to match. The garment is lined throughout in plain Art. Silk, and finished with log buttons. Supplied in Green, Beige, Grey, Saxe, Nigger, and Wine. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 44 to 50in. Terms: 5/- Monthly. Price **35/11**

5/- Monthly

WRITE FOR PATTERNS
Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

ACUTE GASTRIC ULCER

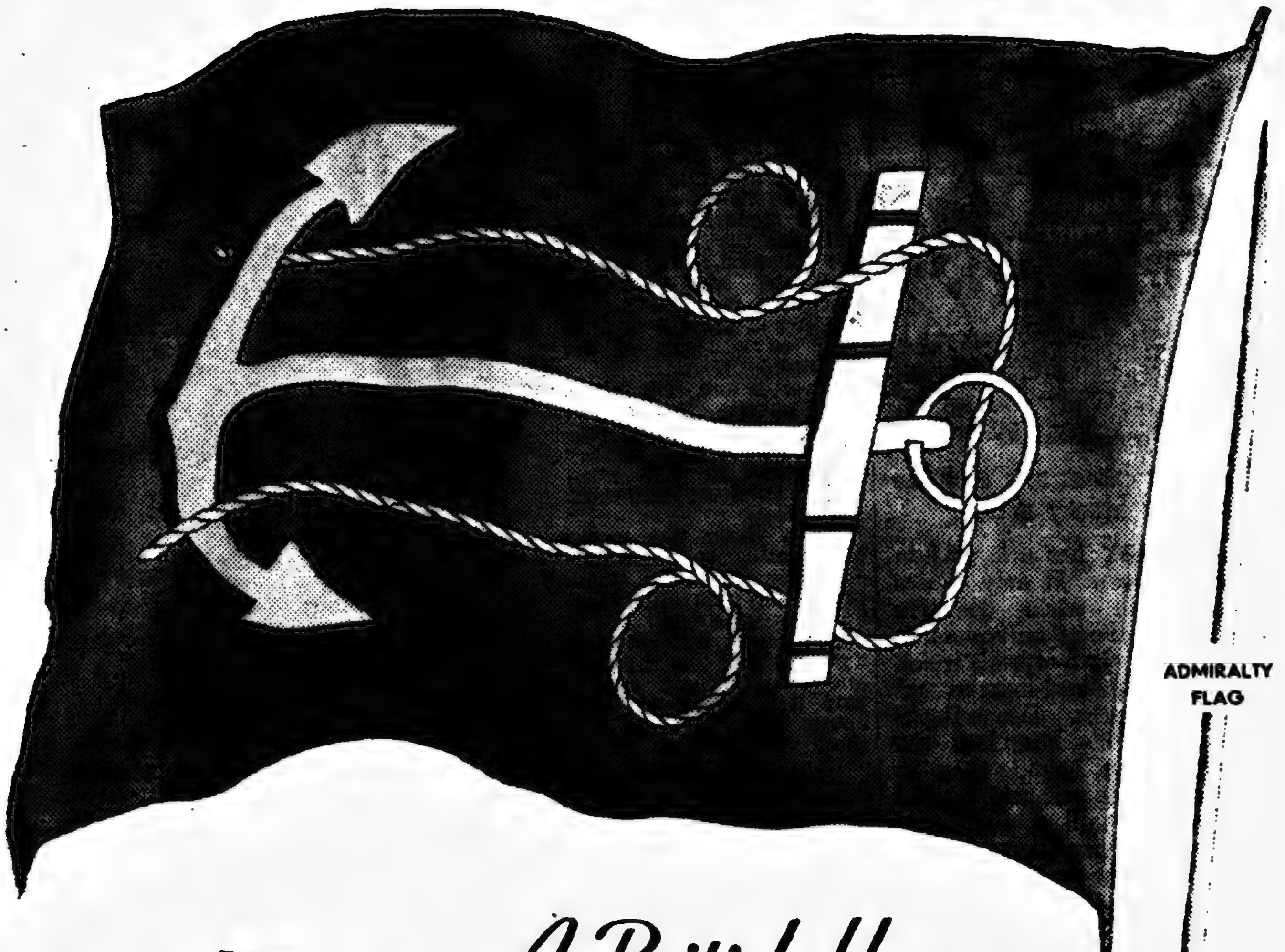
Mr. Simpson, 151, Harbottle St., South Byker, Newcastle, writes: "I feel I must tell you the great benefit I have got from Vitadatio. I had Acute Gastric Ulcer. I was in agony and tried all kinds of medicines without avail. My food did not digest. I felt dizzy and my knees felt as if they were giving way. I say thanks to Vitadatio, because I am a new man in every way."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier. Invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles, for export only, post free, from—
VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON BRITAIN'S BANNERS



A British flag in every packet of Kensitas

Kensitas Cigarettes
Kensitas

To satisfy Kensitas' high standard of tobacco quality, careful choosing of Virginia's finest sun-ripened tobaccos is not enough. Even from top-grade tobaccos we must have only the ripe, tender, *centre* leaves—and from these choice leaves again the Kensitas Private Process must remove certain impurities present in all tobaccos. Ample reason why Kensitas are mild, *satisfying* . . . why Kensitas TASTE better!

Kensitas

They're Mild . . . They Satisfy

They Taste Better

__NOT__ the top leaves — *they're underdeveloped — they are harsh!*

The Cream of the Crop
"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"

__NOT__ the bottom leaves—*they're inferior in quality — coarse and __always__ sandy!*

For your throat's ache

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist stocks them
In tins, 2 oz. 8d.
4 oz. 1/3

---

get rid of your COLD in a day

Kill the cold germs in your blood, clear them from your system, relieve your fever, catarrh, headache and body pains, 'QUINCASCA' Cold Cure Tablets can do this surely, safely and in the short space of ONE DAY.

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/- All Chemists, *or post free from* Laboratories (Dept. S.D.), 12 Chenies St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets

FREE
Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

1/- weekly

You can obtain this high-class Footwear *and everything else you need for the home* at factory prices on the Easiest Payment Terms ever offered. Write for details NOW and save pounds. SEND NO MONEY till you have seen the wonderful array of astounding bargains offered in our sumptuously illustrated 460 page Catalogue. Write for FREE Copy *TO-DAY.*

The Great Universal Stores Ltd. (Department 136F), Ardwick, Manchester, 12.

Why become Rheumatic ?

"Every Picture tells a Story."

The cause is excess uric acid due to weak kidney action.

EVERYBODY has uric acid in the system. It only causes rheumatic pain when defective kidney action allows an excess to remain and form into crystals which lodge in the joints and muscles and in the nerve sheaths. Doans Backache Kidney Pills stimulate the weakened kidneys, helping them to remove this excess uric acid, and so overcome rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, backache and urinary disorders.

Stiff, swollen joints

On 15th March, 1913, Mrs. F. Saunders, 37, Alexandra Road, Wellingborough, said :—" For a fortnight I hobbled about and I was in bed for three weeks. Every part of my body was painful, and there were bad swellings around all my joints. The kidney excretions caused pain when seeking relief.

" I feared I should never walk properly, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills proved this mistaken. They corrected the bladder weakness and rid me of pain. I enjoy beautiful health now."

On 29th August, 1933, Mrs. Saunders said :—" My health has been real good since Doans Pills rid me of kidney complaint and rheumatism."

(Signed) F. Saunders.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon

Doans
BRAND
Backache Kidney Pills

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all good chemists.

'Nemolin'
Pile Ointment

The Pile Cure that SAVES THE KNIFE

CHARITY'S £100,000,000 Romance

—and it al began in a Coffee-house

STIRRED to compassion by the suffering they saw daily about them, two young Stock Exchange clerks went into Lloyd's Coffee House one day and raised a fund for the relief of distress.

The moneys they raised were for the assistance of the crippled, the widows and the orphans, then scattered throughout the length and breadth of England, as a result of the Napoleonic Wars.

Never before, nor since, were poverty, famine and unrelieved sickness so prevalent in the land as they were back in 1803 when Lloyd's Patriotic Fund came into being.

When those two young clerks set out to secure subscriptions to their fund, charity was unorganised and hospitals were few.

Their days on the high seas over, these "old salts" find haven through the Trinity House Fund

The heroes who returned from the Battle of the Nile, and from Corunna, were for the most part left dependent upon the workhouse; and the wives and children of those who fell were left destitute.

The appeal made among the stockbrokers and bankers of the time met with such instantaneous success that a surplus was invested for use as occasion arose.

The day upon which a sum of no more than £5,000 was invested was a red-letter day in the cause of charitable dispensation.

It was not long before others interested in welfare work and philanthrophy started to invest the moneys they collected.

Whilst the Battle of Waterloo was being staged, a fund of £250,000 was got together for the use of those who suffered as a result.

The moneys invested in Lloyd's Patriotic Fund stand to-day at well over £80,000, and the fruits are distributed among those who otherwise would suffer hardship as a result of battle and disaster of a generation ago.

ANOTHER fund of which we hear very little is the Royal Patriotic Fund, founded in 1854 for the benefit of widows and orphans of men who fell in the Crimean Wars. Among others who receive welcome assistance from it are the widows and children of men who lost their lives in H.M.S. *Captain*, the ill-fated square-rigged man-o'-war which foundered with all but eighteen hands in the Bay of Biscay in 1870.

The dependants of men who lost their lives with the Royal Air Force are numbered among those who nowadays share the income of £53,000 a year received from investments.

One of the oldest charities, of course, is the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, founded by Charles II. in 1682, and which now affords accommodation to some 560 veterans who fought at Alexandria, in the Zulu Wars, and at Modder River, besides in other wars.

Its senior by twenty years is the Royal Scottish Corporation, founded in the 1660's to assist the children of Scots who die penniless in London, and which now boasts investments amounting to £160,000.

But among the oldest of all charities is the Trinity House Fund, from which ancient master mariners have received assistance since the year 1514 and which to-day affords accommodation for nearly 400 "old salts" whose days on the high seas are done.

Eighty years have passed since the official Charity Commissioner first organised the investment of the moneys set aside for dispensation among the crippled, the aged, and the fatherless.

THE first Charity Commissioner took over the administration of sums amounting to £406,000, divided into no fewer than 700 separate accounts.

Among the funds over which he was placed in charge was the one subscribed for the benefit of journeymen tailors in 1837.

Another was the Manchester charity called the Milne Fund, from which young curates who wish to marry are granted annuities up to £30 a year; and yet another was the Somerset charity, which provides apprenticeships for forty-two lads each January.

In a matter of ten years the amount of money invested for the benefit of various persons increased to nearly £3,500,000, and by 1908 amounted to £17,000,000.

AT the present time there are no fewer than 55,938 recognised and registered charities, and these provide for the misfortunes inherent among all classes of men and women.

The British Legion is to-day one of the best known, and another, equally deserving, is the United Services Fund, which maintains the Heatherwood Hospital at Ascot, with accommodation for 235 sick children of ex-Service men.

Doing deeds of kindness up and down the country are hundreds of voluntary helpers who do administrative work for the British Legion, the United Services Fund, and on behalf of the trustees of charitable bequests made long ago.

The charity of Joanna Rashdale, for instance, lives to-day in the shape of pensions for blind women awarded through the medium of Gardner's Trust, which enjoys the interest on £300,000 received fifty years ago.

And gathered together in an old-world house in Kennington Road, London, is a band of women who, enjoying the hospitality bequeathed by Lady Margaret Hall, go about performing deeds of goodness in her name.

In close touch with human problems these voluntary workers make it their business to study the vast organisation responsible for the dispensation of more than £5,000,000 a year.

The amount of money invested by the Charity Commissioners now stands at well over £99,000,000. Thus a great many of the aged, the sick and the infirm are to-day secure against want and hardship.

The security that they enjoy, and that others have enjoyed before them, began that day back in 1803, when two young clerks in Lloyd's Coffee House started to invest moneys on behalf of those in distress.

Race with "Silver Ring"

The Flat Again!

BACK to the flat! It is a treat to write those four words, and I take the opportunity of wishing my followers a prosperous season.

I have been a racing enthusiast for close on thirty years, but I have never considered the Turf a way to wealth. On the other hand, I have not so far purchased a Rolls-Royce for a bookmaker!

Do not overlook the fact that I am at your service and will answer any queries you care to send me. I do not intend to tip freely in the paper for minor races, as I am able to use the Code for late information. Nobody can guarantee winners, but I do not think you will regret following the JOHN BULL selections.

On Easter Monday there are seventeen race meetings.

Kempton, Birmingham and Newcastle are catering for the flat-racing public. Under N.H. rules there are meetings at Manchester, Carlisle, Cardiff, Wetherby, Torquay, Market Rasen, West Norfolk, Herefordshire, Grafton, Huntingdon, Wincanton, Eridge and a couple in Ireland. Kempton Park with the Queen's Prize up for decision is the tit-bit of the batch. I understand that Eurythmique has had a special preparation, but I can give more definite news next week.

My tips for the National are Delaneige win, Thomond II. a place.

Spade may win the Liverpool Cup, and I take Advancer for the Liverpool Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 22, to Wednesday, March 28.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O

K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GSW95WK would read FORBRA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

"Suffered constant weakness" because her Blood was IRON-STARVED

When your blood is IRON-STARVED, you are weak, depressed, have headaches, fits of 'nerves,' indigestion, poor appetite.

Iron-starved blood is poor blood. Has no 'life' in it. Does not supply your body with the proper amount of energising elements. That is why you have no energy, tire so quickly, so easily get run-down.

To increase your physical and mental vigour, you must strengthen your blood by giving it MORE IRON.

Since taking Iron Jelloids she can 'walk long distances'

Medical tests have proved that the quickest, surest and safest way to do this is to take IRON 'JELLOIDS'.

One 'Jelloid' three times a day will make a wonderful improvement in your health. Soon you will sleep soundly, enjoy your food, and feel really vigorously healthy and strong.

Iron 'Jelloids' *do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion.* Everyone can afford them. The 3/- size lasts 36 days, the 1/3 size 10 days. Get a box to-day!

Her letter says:

My mother has taken a course of Iron 'Jelloids' with very good results. Previous to taking them she suffered constantly with weakness, with the result she was unable to carry out her duties to her satisfaction. SHE IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER NOW AND IS ABLE TO WALK LONG DISTANCES WITHOUT EXERTION OR AFTER-EFFECTS.

Miss B.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

X FOR FALSE TEETH

False teeth held firmly with confidence if sprinkled daily with

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address for sample to Kolynos (Dept. F 22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

I'VE BEEN WAITING 30 YEARS

for this NEWS—So have thousands of pipe, cigarette and cigar smokers. Now they can smoke without misgivings, thanks to the discovery of this Nicotine neutraliser. One smoker writes: "Endless cigarettes left me dull and 'saggy' but thanks to Nic-o-cin I never feel that way now—and I smoke as much as I please." Clergymen, Doctors, and other professional men use Nic-o-cin. Athletes too. It lets them smoke, but keeps them fit.

GUARANTEE Buy a 2/6 tin of Nic-o-cin. Eat one pastille a night for 3 weeks. If not satisfied, take half-empty tin to the shop where you made the purchase. Your 2/6 will be immediately refunded.

6D & 2/6
from all chemists and stores.

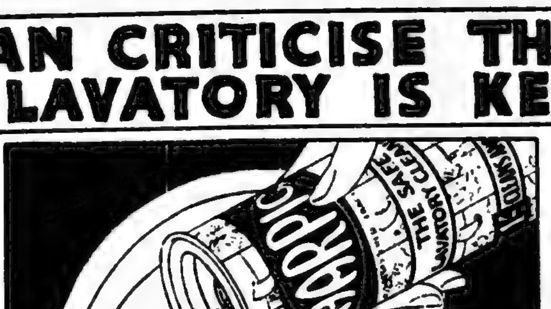
Nic-o-cin

neutralizes nicotine

—AND LETS YOU GO ON SMOKING

"NO ONE CAN CRITICISE THE WAY MY LAVATORY IS KEPT NOW"

"**NO MORE OF THIS!**—the brush *can't even reach the bend in the pipe*—can't possibly clean it—but Harpic does. Harpic cleans the lavatory-pan *thoroughly* for me without any of the old disagreeable and unhealthy scrubbing."



"**NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE** of Harpic does all that is necessary for the care of the lavatory-pan, by itself in a single operation—easily, safely and without dangerous acids or unpleasant, ineffective drudgery."

"**IT FREES THE PAN FROM GERMS** by its strong disinfectant action, *removes the cause* of odours and leaves the lavatory pan spotlessly clean. There's no unpleasant work with Harpic—and it does its task better."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS. 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON—**HARPIC**

Smoke FRESH TOBACCO FROM THE VACUUM TIN
LLOYDS' "CAPTIVE" FLAKE
ALL THE RICH NATURAL FLAVOUR IS SEALED IN THE TIN
9d PER OZ.

The "perfect pack"
Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

BETTER THAN EVER
FREE TO CLIENTS THE BIG TWO FREE TO CLIENTS
SPORTSMAN'S DIARY
FROM MARCH, 1934, to MARCH, 1935.
A MINE OF INFORMATION FOR ALL SPORTSMEN
SOME OF THE CONTENTS
Diary of Sporting Events—Turf Records—Racing Fixtures—The 'Big Two' Ready Reckoner, showing amount won at odds against and odds on, win or place, in singles and doubles—Football Records—Cricket Averages and Records—Billiards, Boxing, Athletics, Rowing, Swimming, Cycling and Olympic Records—reproductions of outstanding copyright sporting photographs.
BOUND IN FULL CLOTH — GILT EDGES
SOME PRESS COMMENTS
People—"It is a neat and useful book for all punters."
Sunday Sportsman—"Better than ever. A mine of information dealing with all sports records."
Everybody's Weekly—"The most handy sporting information book I have ever handled."
Sporting Life—"An interesting Diary for the racing man."
Reynolds's News—"Most interesting. Will prove most useful to all backers."
LETTER COMMISSIONS
accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. No Limit, Win or Place.
WINNINGS BY RETURN POST
Every New Client will receive the 'BIG TWO' SPORTSMAN'S DIARY Free.
DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
267 BATH STREET GLASGOW, C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

A CUSTOM I'D ABOLISH

THE ridiculous manner whereby a motorist is hailed a criminal because, quite unnoticed, his tail-lamp suddenly ceases to function.

To be stopped and informed he will be summoned, his licence and insurance certificate examined, and finally to receive a personal visit from a uniformed officer to deliver the informal notice to attend court, is a stupid waste of time and money and makes one wonder who framed these modern laws.

Far better that the motorist should be permitted to pay on the spot, and, if desired, to be allowed to appeal to a magistrate at a police court.—*G. M., Streatham.*

Wigs

Nothing disgusts me more than seeing legal advocates turning their usually rather intelligent countenances into fool's faces by wearing wigs.

This comical-looking headgear does nothing to impress anyone with the idea that only those so adorned represent the dignity, the honour and fairness of British justice. Rather it lends to the whole proceedings an air of grim farce.

I would burn those foolish wigs, and along with them the "Black Cap"; for surely we live in an age when men and women need no longer be slaves to such old-fashioned and ridiculous customs.—*"Face-to-Face," Edinburgh.*

Indiscriminate Election

The indiscriminate and unjust custom of electing to juries persons whose absence from work entails a serious loss, not only to themselves, but to their dependents.

The recompense for their grave and responsible work is totally inadequate and quite ridiculous. Furthermore, that such persons should be expected to listen to the evidence submitted with that concentration so necessary for the forming of a just verdict, when all the time their thoughts are elsewhere, surpasses all foolishness.

This custom annoys those so elected, and outrages our sense of justice. It should most certainly be abolished.—*A. P. L., Drayton.*

Referee "Baiting"

It is a cowardly custom—for such it has become—and sullies the sweet name of English sport. It is difficult to-day to witness a football match, be it a big professional game or a mere junior match, in which the referee is not subjected to ribald remarks, coarse cat-calls, and insulting suggestions from certain sections of the spectators.

In no other sphere of sport is the arbitrator of the game so attacked. Football referees are, on the whole, a fair and impartial body of men, striving to do a thankless task under anything but easy conditions.

Referee "baiting" I would resolutely abolish.—*R. W. L., Exmouth.*

Real Gift

"In accordance with custom, Easter Day offerings will be presented to the vicar. Please give generously!"

As a Church councillor I strongly oppose this ancient practice, for the recipient is compelled to include the amount in his income tax return as "earned income."

I suggest that if congregations wish to make an annual offering to their clergyman, they should ask him to name something suitable, such as a piece of furniture or books. This would be a gift in the real sense!—*N. B., Liverpool.*

Family Suffers

I'd abolish the time-honoured custom of awarding damages to the husband whose wife prefers another man.

Money cannot compensate the man who loved his wife and should in no case be given. When the co-respondent is a married man, and damages are awarded against him, it is his family who suffers, and, to be logical, it is they who should be compensated.

Of course, there are exceptions, but special consideration could be given to these.—*Mrs. H. W., Hounslow.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on *Tuesday*, March 27.

Our Most Precious Liberty

"What's Yours?"

"What's yours?" The custom of treating in licensed houses has brought fat profits to the publican, but has wrecked the whole life of many a young man. I like a glass of beer myself, and drinking's all right—it's the "treating" custom that's wrong.—*J. T., Birmingham.*

Tipping Tyranny

The custom of tipping is most pernicious and should be abolished.

In France it is now customary to add 10 per cent. for "service" to the bill in restaurants and hotels, and this relieves the customer of making the difficult decision of how much to give.

The furtive pushing of coins underneath a plate is most un-English, and a fixed percentage is much more satisfactory for both parties.—*R. J., East Croydon.*

Death Kisses

Women go into raptures over a young baby; they must kiss the darling—an extremely unhygienic and dangerous practice.

My little sister, when only a year old, was often kissed by women of a family who were our neighbours.

After a puzzling and wasting illness, followed by her death, we learned that they were hopelessly afflicted with tuberculosis.

They did not realise the danger, perhaps, but because of that innocent child's death, I am a bitter opponent of the ages-old custom of kissing babies.—*"Typist," Malden.*

No "Mournings"

Living as we are in the twentieth century, the time has surely come when we can dispense with the wearing of mourning attire.

As a Christian people we are reputed to believe that our present life is merely a preparation for an eternal one; why, then, should we advertise the fact that a relative has passed to his just reward?

In too many cases the expenditure involved would have made easier the lot of those left behind, while in many other instances it is the only sign of respect shown to those who deserved respect while they were with us.—*J. N. R., Paisley.*

Luck of the Draw

A miner, I'd abolish the "cavilling" custom whereby a dip in a basin governs the wages we may earn. If we are lucky in the draw, we may earn a pound daily with less exertion than a man who's drawn a lot to work in a hard coal-face for the "subsistence wage" of 6s. 6d.

This barbarous custom, dating from the indenture days of a century ago, ought to give way to equal pay for equal hours worked, as in other occupations.

Luck oughtn't to determine whether our children shall have a good breakfast, or—bread and margarine.—*"Miner," Seaham.*

Bullying

I would abolish the custom of initiation by intimidation perpetuated by each generation of schoolboys.

The punishment I received at the hands of my fellows was far in excess of any inflicted upon me by my masters. Entirely unprovoked, this bullying custom is not confined to one age or sex. It is expressed in offices, factories and parliaments. Devotees think it necessary and funny, but its effect is to destroy self-confidence and good will.

The spirit of universal brotherhood can never be established while such a savage custom survives.—*"Schoolboy," Kettering.*

* * *

Overtime at the factory where I work so that my unemployed mate waiting outside the gate could roll up his shirtsleeves once more.—*A. J., Birmingham.*

The custom of fixing broken bottles on the top of walls is one I'd abolish. It is a reminder of the bad old days of serfdom; it gives a cruel character to many a lovely landscape.—*O. M. W., Cheshire.*

The constant ringing of church bells. If a man cannot attend church—and be in time—without being reminded by this method, he is not worthy of the name of Christian.—*W. H. G., S. Wales.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on March 24

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Villa.
(2) Newcastle v. Hotspur.
(3) W.B. ALBION v. Sunderland.
(4) ARSENAL v. Wolverhampton.
(5) Birmingham v. Portsmouth.
*(6) BLACKBURN v. Leicester.
(7) DERBY v. Chelsea.
(8) EVERTON v. Sheffield U.
(9) LEEDS v. Liverpool.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Stoke.
(11) WEDNESDAY v. Huddersfield.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Millwall v. Bradford.
(2) SOUTHAMPTON v. Manchester U.
(3) SWANSEA v. Preston.
(4) Blackpool v. Bolton.
(5) NOTTS COUNTY v. Oldham.
(6) Bradford C. v. Brentford.
**(7) BURY v. Forest.
(8) FULHAM v. Plymouth.
(9) HULL v. West Ham.
(10) Lincoln v. Grimsby.
**(11) PORT VALE v. Burnley.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) NORTHAMPTON v. Coventry.
**(2) SWINDON v. Gillingham.
(3) TORQUAY v. Reading.
(4) ALDERSHOT v. Bristol R.
(5) BRIGHTON v. C. Palace.
(6) BRISTOL C. v. Cardiff.
(7) ORIENT v. Exeter.
(8) LUTON v. Southend.
**(9) NORWICH v. Boscombe.
*(10) Q.P. RANGERS v. Watford.
(11) Newport v. CHARLTON.

NORTHERN SECTION.

*(1) DONCASTER v. Barnsley.
(2) Rotherham v. Accrington.
(3) STOCKPORT v. Wrexham.
*(4) BARROW v. Mansfield.
(5) CARLISLE v. Hartlepools.
(6) Chester v. Tranmere.
**(7) CREWE v. Darlington.
(8) HALIFAX v. Southport.
(9) N. Brighton v. Gateshead.
(10) Walsall v. Chesterfield.
*(11) YORK v. Darlington.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) ABERDEEN v. Clyde.
*(2) KILMARNOCK v. Queen's Park.
(3) RANGERS v. St. Johnstone.
(4) Airdrie v. MOTHERWELL.
(5) Third Lanark v. Cowdenbeath.
(6) CELTIC v. Ayr United.
(7) DUNDEE v. St. Mirren.
(8) HAMILTON v. Falkirk.
(9) Hibernian v. Partick.
(10) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Hearts.

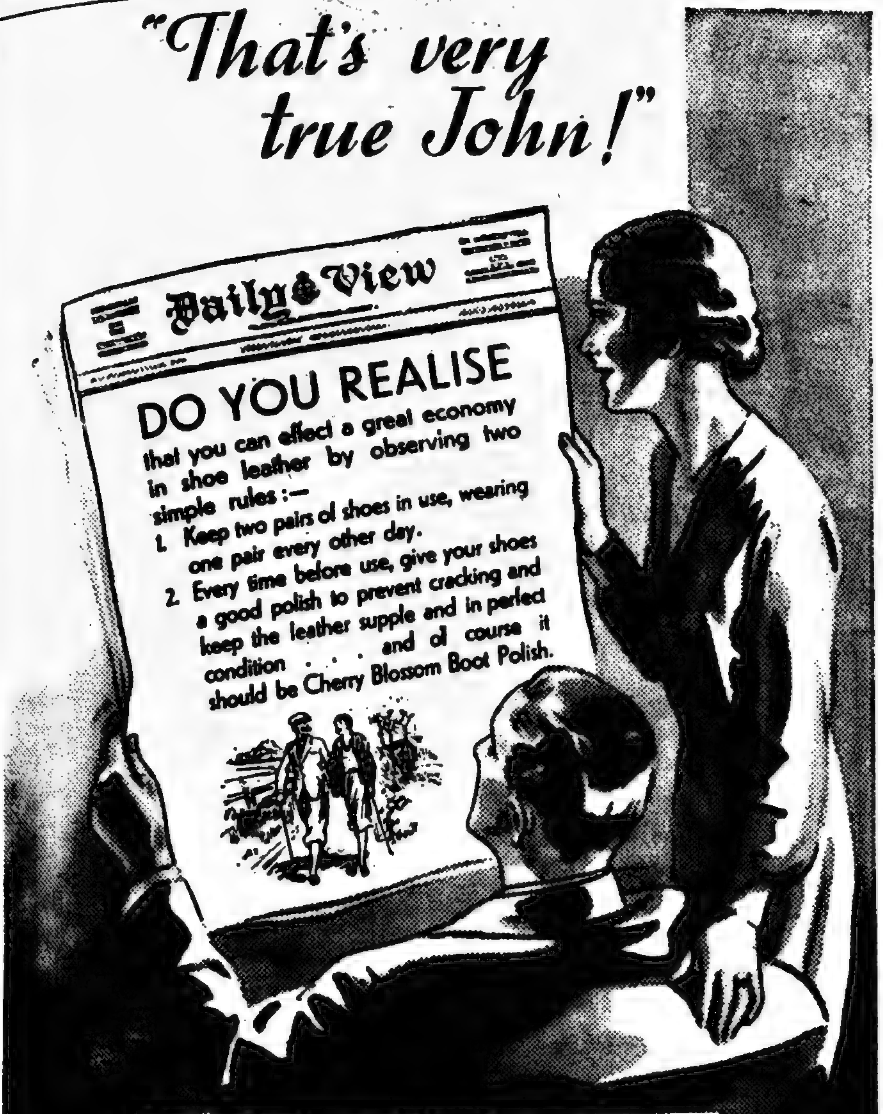
Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Example Code.—Div. I.—6 (*H*); Div. II.—7 (*H*); Southern Section—9 (*H*); Northern Section—7 (*H*); Scottish League—4 (*A*) would indicate Blackburn, Bury, Norwich, Crewe and Motherwell

"That's very true John!"



DO YOU REALISE

that you can effect a great economy in shoe leather by observing two simple rules:—

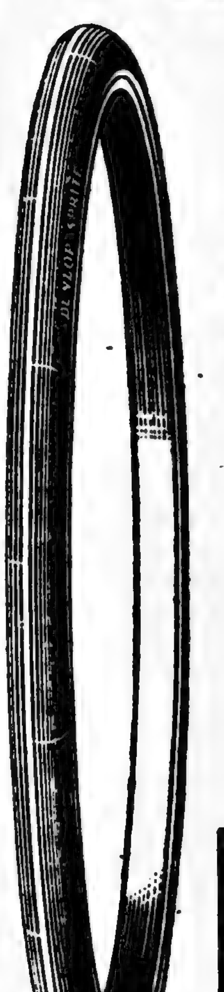
1. Keep two pairs of shoes in use, wearing one pair every other day.
2. Every time before use, give your shoes a good polish to prevent cracking and keep the leather supple and in perfect condition . . . . and of course it should be Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

Before you put your shoes on, put 'Cherry Blossom' on your shoes

Black, Brown, Dark Tan, Tonette & White. Tins 2½d, 4½d & 6d

CB 21/3

THE CYCLE PRESS PRAISE



The DUNLOP SPRITE

"Nimrod" of "Cycling" said :—

> "Dunlop Sprite covers are certainly the most lively wired-on covers sold by the Dunlop concern for many years."

"Wayfarer" wrote in "Sport and Play" :—

> "They are light and fast, and I have found them very steady on wet roads. I have used nothing better in the way of tyres."

"Bicycling News" said :—

> "It has gained the plaudits of the user as the lightest, fastest and liveliest detachable tyre ever put on the market."

Made in two sizes, 26" x 1¼" and 26" x 1⅜".

COVER 7/6 TUBE 2/6

There is now a Sprite TANDEM tyre

The lightest, fastest and liveliest tandem tyre made. Ribbed black tread with translucent sides.

SEE IT AT YOUR DEALERS

In two sizes.

26" x 1¼" (Tandem) and 26" x 1⅜" (Tandem)

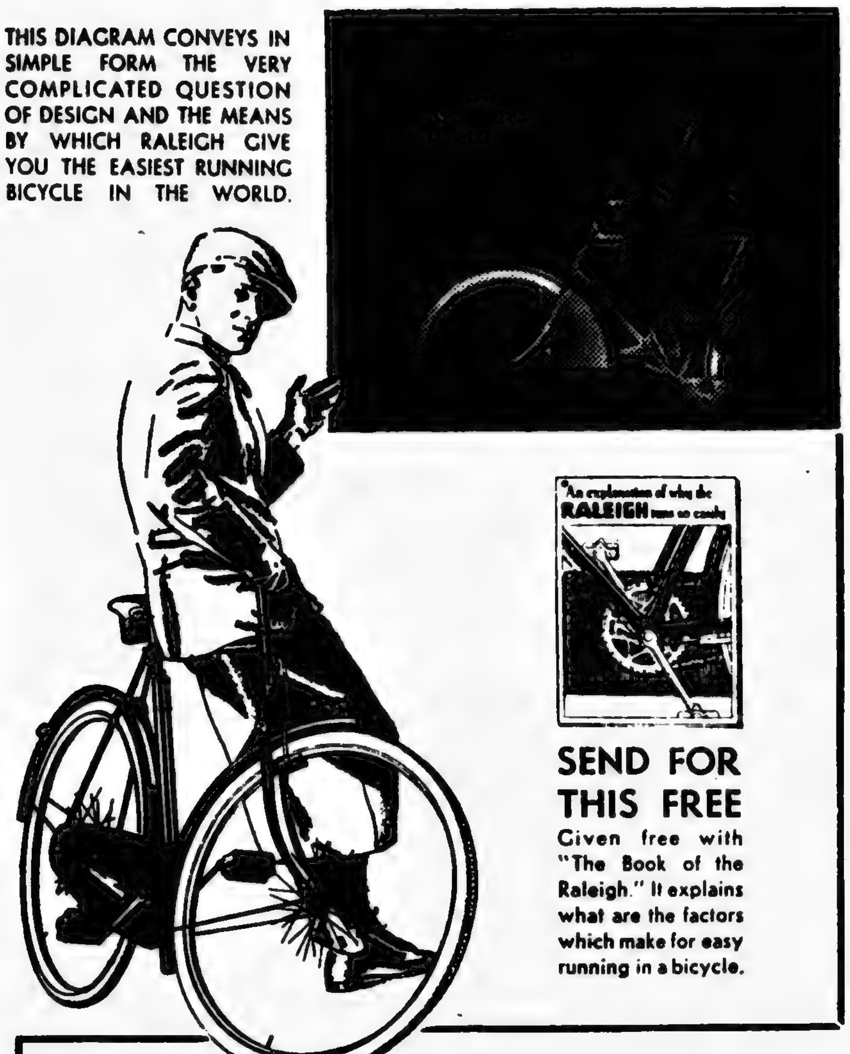
Cover 8/6 Tube 2/6

Dunlop Rubber Company Limited, Fort Dunlop, Birmingham. *Branches throughout the World.*

4H/302 C.F.H.

"Having changed to a Raleigh . . . I say *design is everything*"

THIS DIAGRAM CONVEYS IN SIMPLE FORM THE VERY COMPLICATED QUESTION OF DESIGN AND THE MEANS BY WHICH RALEIGH GIVE YOU THE EASIEST RUNNING BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.


An explanation of why the RALEIGH runs so easily

SEND FOR THIS FREE

Given free with "The Book of the Raleigh." It explains what are the factors which make for easy running in a bicycle.

The man who has been used to an ordinary bicycle – that's the man most of all who appreciates a Raleigh.

Its exclusive design ensures simplicity and accuracy of steering, sweetness and ease of running and, above all, a delightful and untiring riding position. The experienced rider calls this easy running "freedom from drag" – it is one of the benefits of the unique Raleigh design.

Invest in a Raleigh for better material, better design, better finish.

RALEIGH
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

FROM £4.19.6 CASH or **10/-** monthly (no deposit), fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, **20/-** extra. Send post card for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" and name and address of nearest dealer.

The Raleigh Cycle Co. Ltd., Nottingham. Depots and Agents Everywhere.

Fit the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear—the gear that makes cycling [illegible]

LIFE PENSION & FORTUNE ...FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" AMUSING X-WORD

£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE and £600 CASH

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS UP..

£100 EXTRA BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6d ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE..

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £1,000

253.

WE are now waiting to add another Crossword Pensioner to the list of those who are enjoying a regular weekly income from "John Bull."

Success this week will mean greater benefits for you than most of the previous Pensioners secured. First, you will receive a lump sum as big as £600. And to that splendid cash prize "John Bull" will add a further £2 Pension Cheque every week as long as you live.

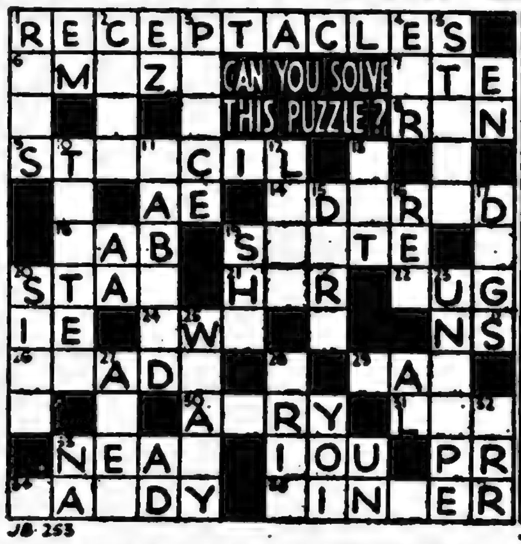
Take this last big opportunity before Easter to win a prize which will put a holiday feeling into the rest of your life. And make sure that your entry is posted to reach us by noon on Easter eve, Thursday, March 29.

WINNERS' WIRES

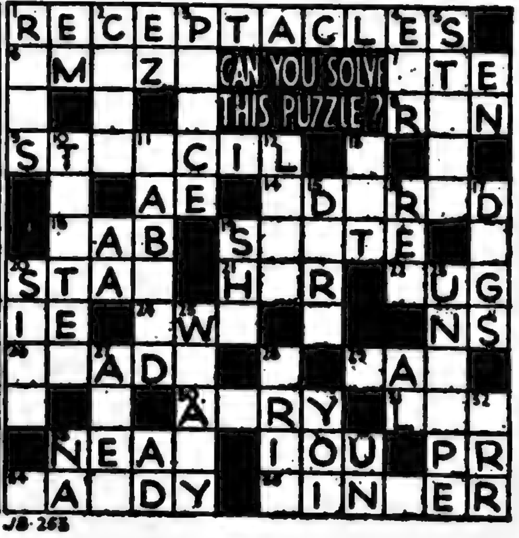
Winner or sharers of First Prize will receive telegram seven days after closing date.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £1,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 5, 1934, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 12.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 253—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 29, 1934



JB 253



JB 253

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........ No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

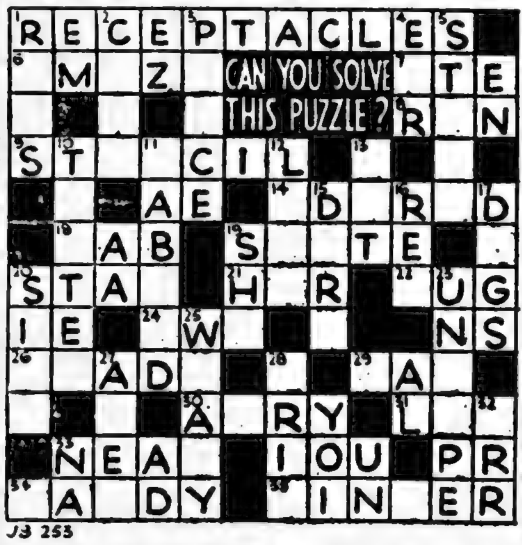
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 253—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 29, 1934



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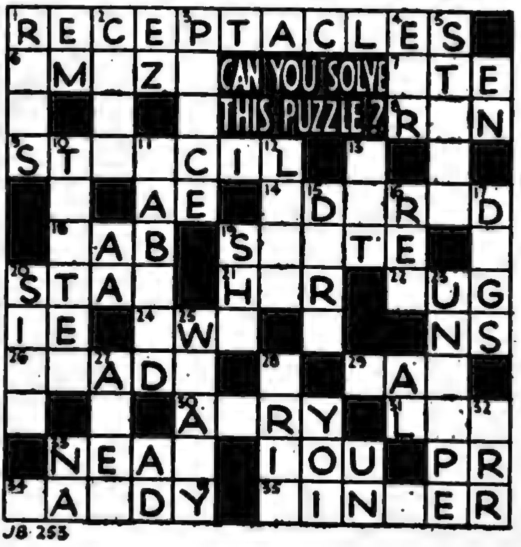


JB 253

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value........ No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS ....

....

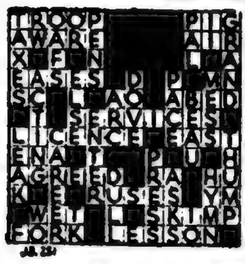
If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/- See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 253, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 251.



JB 251

Winners in X-Word No. 250 appear on Page 2. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 251 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Containers
6. Fill with wonder
7. Consumed
8. What dishonest bookie did
9. Perforated pattern
14. Loved devotedly
18. A label
19. Demands taxes from us
20. This causes a wound
21. Feminine pronoun
22. Delved
24. Female sheep
26. British goods reach a high one
29. Modern methods spread it swiftly
30. Describes rabid reformer's ideas
31. Not the truth
33. Not far off
34. Father's often this at home
35. He's got a responsible job

DOWN

1. Are invaluable in medical research
2. A good-sized perch is sometimes seen in one
3. Not easily kept if you have big family
4. You hear with this
5. Depends on the players
10. Ceaseless quarrelling may make world do this
11. Criminal is, by policeman
12. What you'll be if your clock's slow
13. Thermometer shows if it is cold or this
15. Makes hole less easily seen
16. Common name for Communist
17. What detective often does to secure evidence
19. Opposite of "He"
20. Lover's hopeful when she gives this
23. Such fruit is not fit to eat
25. Tired
27. It's often terrifying to be this
28. What visitors find battleship
32. Make a mistake

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, March 29.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 12. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 24, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should First Prize be shared £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

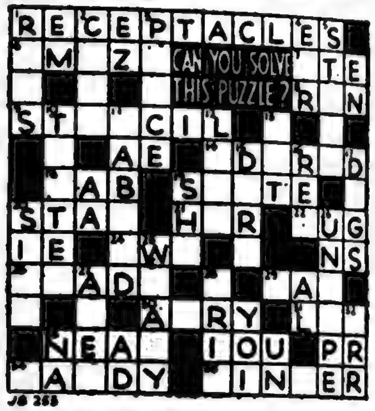
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

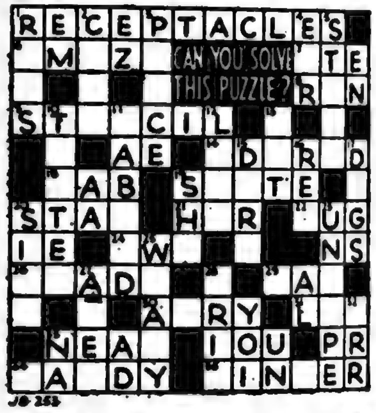
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



JB 253



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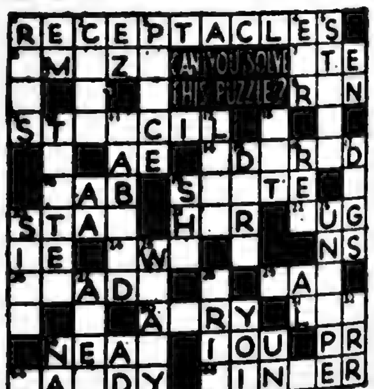
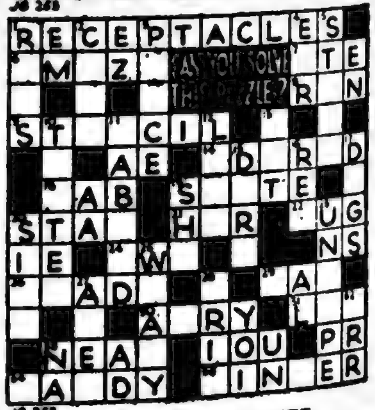


JB 253



JB 253

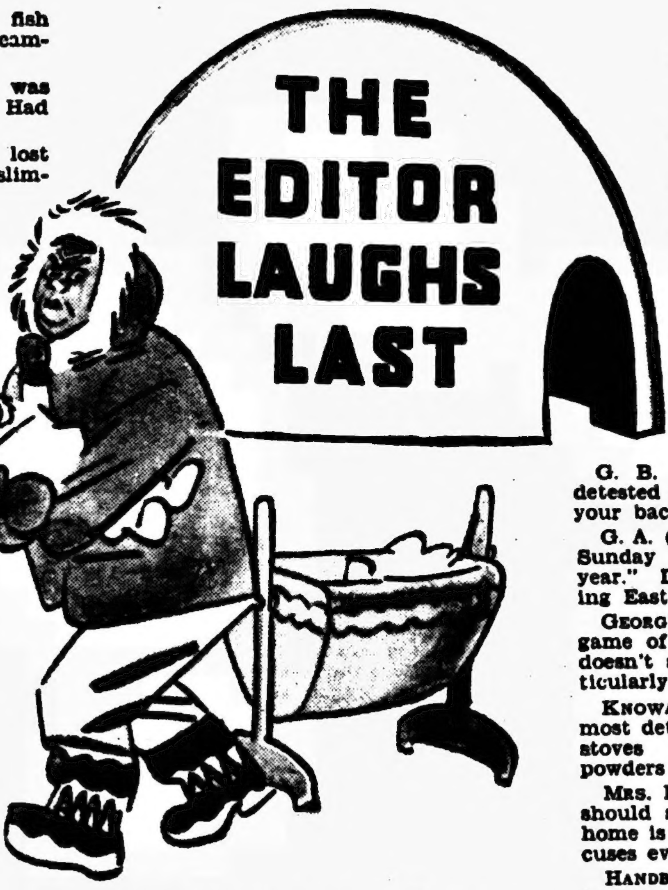
NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



ANGLER (Oxford).—"I always fish from a parked car." A "streamline" model, of course?

ORATOR (Camberwell).—"I was on the platform for three hours." Had you missed the train?

M. M. E. (St. John's Wood).—"I lost three pounds in a week." Bridge or slimming?

L. D. (Leeds).—"Modern girls just love the water." Unless it is in the wash-tub.

B. D. (Swindon).—"I used to be a waiter, but now I help to lay rail tracks." Then you are still a plate-layer.

S. L. (Knebworth).—"Some fish travel enormous distances." Goldfish, for example, go right round the globe.

OWNER (Putney).—"Can you tell me the easiest way to put a cowl on my chimney?" Certainly, get a builder to do it.

SOFT-HEARTED (Burgess Hill).—"What is the cause of most of the tears during childhood?" Dad's slipper and mother's cake.

F. C. (Ealing).—"The cheers as the winning Boat Race crew passed the post are still ringing in my ears." What a row!

B. G. (Tottenham).—"What do you think of my wife's idea of all polish and no carpet on the floor?" Fine—you can't beat it.

MISS R. (Kirkcaldy).—"Take a masseuse, for instance. What forms the bulk of her practice?" The bulk of her patients.

J. G. (Harrow).—"What is the first thing to do when going up to London to see a lawyer?" Buy a return ticket, just in case.

SPORTSMAN (King's Heath).—"Why is the headquarters of golf in Scotland?" Because the first rule in golf is "Keep your eye on the ball."

ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—"The smell of burning wood is delightfully soothing." Unless you're waiting for the firemen to come and stop it.

MERE MALE (Keswick).—"Is there anyone who does Spring-cleaning without upsetting the entire house?" Yes, a watchmaker.

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"Deal firmly with cardsharpers." For our part, we'd much rather have no dealings with them at all.

G. J. C. (Richmond).—"The modern girl's life is one long race to get married." And during the race she covers dozens of laps!

D. T. R. (Tottenham).—"I often long to see a good football match on Saturday afternoons, but I can't get away." You should take the wife with you.

FOND FATHER (Fulham).—"I have five daughters who can play instruments and yet I myself have no love of music." That's probably why.

WHITE HOPE (Cardiff).—"I have youth, strength, weight, reach, height, courage, a deadly punch in each hand, and the will to win. What more do I need to become a world's champion?" A backer.

PHILOSOPHER (Leeds).—"Every cloud has a silver lining. . . ." But that will all be altered when picnics get really going.

FUTURIST (Chelsea).—"I recently gave away a collection of my paintings for nothing." Of course, you usually dispose of them for several times that amount?

H. J. B. (Glasgow).—"The 'bus is bearing down upon the little child, you leap into the road, grasp the infant—and there you are!" Or aren't, as the case may be.

G. L. (Balham).—"Boys in certain schools are being taught how to doctor trees." We understand, however, that they draw the line at lending first-aid to the birch.

A. F. (Bristol).—"In the old days a man could get a pound-a-week job in a shop and at the end of ten years own the shop." But he couldn't do that nowadays; they have cash registers.

ZOOLOGIST (Regent's Park).—"In one respect men are inferior to beasts. There are no pickpockets in the animal world." For this blessing kangaroos must be truly thankful.

Explorer (Mayfair).—"The nights grow longer and longer as you approach the North Pole." Our sympathy goes out to those Eskimo fathers whose babies are teething.

FRED W. (Bangor).—"I was once a football referee, but am now running an orchestra." Do you write all the musical scores?

T. B. (Taunton).—"My racquet was as good as new when I took it out for my first game this year." Another proof of the power of the press?

T. T. (Morpeth).—"My wife is very irritable; the least thing sets her off." You're lucky; most wives are self-starters.

UNCLE (Glasgow).—"My nephew always rattles his money-box when I visit him. What can I do about it?" Tell him you're a near relation.

E. A. S. (Watford).—"What are causes of earstrain and eyestrain?" Eyestrain is caused by the other woman and earache by the wife.

PEGGY (Woking).—"You may not believe it, but during the past month I have said 'No!' to no less than eleven men." What were they selling?

R. S. (Wivenhoe).—"There is to be no snobbery in the little tennis club we are forming in this village." Won't the balls have much bounce, either?

MRS. N. (Walsall).—"There was such fun when my grocer's wife presented him with a daughter." Had he a "Boy Wanted" sign in his window?

H. K. (Manningtree).—"I juggle for a living, but the art comes in useful in other respects." You're lucky. We always drop the coal on the way from the cellar to the drawing-room.

G. M. (Ramsgate).—"The pedestrian of to-day has grit." He bites the dust.

W. A. (Hoylake).—"Chicago is the last place in the world I should go to." Very likely.

MOLLY (Birkenhead).—"My fiancé's name is Lancelot, and he's my inspiration." He's your Lance and spur.

HOUSEWIFE (Ipswich).—"Labour saving devices have certainly come to stay." Their one big advantage over domestic servants.

R. B. (Leeds).—"The yolk of an egg is a wonderful tonic for the hair." We've noticed that a lot of men wear it on their moustaches.

G. B. V. (Colindale).—"As a child, I detested all games." Leap-frog *would* put your back up.

G. A. (Colne).—"It is a pity that Easter Sunday falls on the 1st of April this year." Don't you like the idea of receiving Easter eggs as birthday presents?

GEORGE (Bromley).—"Football is a game of skill and wits, but my mother doesn't agree." Usually after a particularly muddy afternoon?

KNOWALL (Essex).—"The jobs women most detest are cleaning knives, cleaning stoves and cleaning shoes." Yet powders have a fascination.

MRS. D. (Swindon).—"That a husband should spend every evening away from home is unthinkable." At least, good excuses every time would be.

HANDBAG-MAKER (Leeds).—"We shall have to take steps to increase the supply of lizard skins." We imagine the lizards will have to do that.

P. N. (Poole).—"I claim to be able to tell people's fortunes with great accuracy." Have you offered your services to the income-tax authorities?

G. J. (Newton).—"Our village barber is a clever fellow. He has an answer to almost every question." He suffers from brain-waves?

H. N. (Hammersmith).—"A friend of mine has lent me an enormous book which he wants me to read. What shall I do?" Shelve it.

E. P. (Edinburgh).—"Here's one question you can't answer—who's going to win the Cup Final?" No—but you can come up to Wembley at JOHN BULL's expense and see for yourself. Win that £750 on page 47, and enjoy a Millionaire's Cup-final Week-end!

R. C. (Bury).—"Don't you think it would be a good idea if all Radio performers were graded A, B, C, etc., according to their ability?" Yes, if the alphabet could be lengthened.

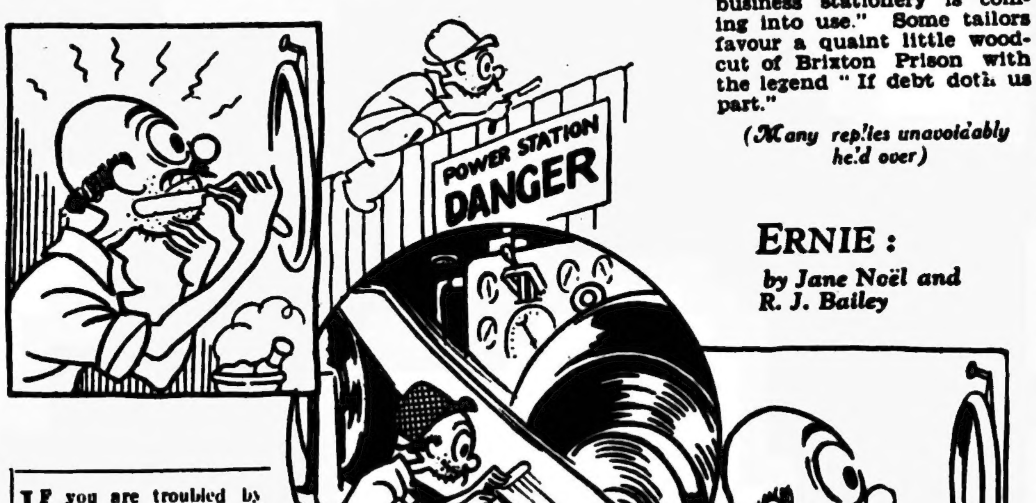
PAUL J. (Hollywood).—"Everybody here knows I'm the cleverest publicity-man in the film-game." Was it you who thought of the idea of a film-actress being seen in the company of her husband?

H. K. (Windsor).—"Wireless crooners are said to be good fathers." And wireless crooners' babies are good babies because they know that if they don't go to sleep father will do a little home crooning.

W. S. (Herne Hill).—"A Scots friend, who recently had his photograph taken profile, quarrelled with the photographer over the charge." Perhaps he expected a reduction because only half of his face had been taken!

F. M. (Esher).—"Brighter business stationery is coming into use." Some tailors favour a quaint little woodcut of Brixton Prison with the legend "If debt doth us part."

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

SMARTNESS & SATISFACTION IS WOVEN INTO THESE COLLARS

Van Heusen Semi-Stiff Collars are accepted as "correct" wherever smart men gather, because of their smartness and perfect fit.

They are the only collars in the world with the natural curve of the neck *woven* into the material. ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE. SETS THE STANDARD OF SMART ECONOMY.

Van Heusen Collars are made in White, Plain Colours, and striped designs in various styles and are obtainable from Outfitters everywhere.

'VAN HEUSEN' 1/3 EACH

Semi-Stiff Collars

Sole Manufacturers: Harding Tilton & Hartley, Kinnaird House, Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1.

Just what the Doctor ordered; he's getting YOUNGER every day!

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S Scotch Ale

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, tubular handles, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, white ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake and mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 50/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Cars, Free.

5/- NOW

Body 30in long

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

after SMOKING

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

CHEAP IN PRICE ONLY.

No matter what aids to beauty a woman may bring to her toilet table, she cannot deny the uses of the time-old enemy of dirt—soap and water.

It is obvious that a spot or any other unsightly flaw has far less chance on a really clean face than it would have on a clogged-up one. But the soap must be pure and good if it is to do the vital foundation work of thorough cleansing. The news, therefore, that a really reliable toilet soap which will meet these requirements at the cost of twopence, has been launched on the market by Messrs. Watson's of Leeds, will be welcome indeed.

In double wrappers attractively designed to keep it fresh and pure, the new "Eve" toilet soap may be called a cheap soap with an expensive appearance.

Stop ASTHMA TORTURE

New Harley Street discovery!

GUARANTEES INSTANT RELIEF

● Stop that awful heart-bursting asthmatical cough. Rid yourself of the lung-choking, breath-taking torture that makes work impossible and nights sleepless and terrifying. For asthma can be relieved instantly. On the authority of Harley Street—famous home of London doctors—instant relief can be guaranteed

***through* ZONOL**

● ZONOL is sold on an unconditional money-back guarantee to relieve Asthma instantly—even the worst cases. When your work is threatened by Asthma, ZONOL will send you back fit and free. When nights are faced with sleeplessness, ZONOL will clear your lungs, give you rest.

ZONOL

● is supplied in tablet form. You can carry a bottle with you, and take it at any time. Two tablets of ZONOL restore normal breathing immediately and REMOVE THE STRAIN FROM THE HEART. Send to-day for a bottle of ZONOL. Post a 3/- Postal Order to the address below. ZONOL will be despatched to you by return, and the next night will be a peaceful one of sound, trouble-free slumber. A 5/- bottle contains double the quantity.

Arks

ZONOL PRODUCTS CO. (Dept. J.B.1), **52, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.**

Don't Wear a Truss!

After thirty years' experience an appliance has been invented for men, women, and children that cures rupture.

Sent on Trial.

If you have tried almost everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day to either the London or Manchester address, whichever is more convenient.

Free Information Coupon

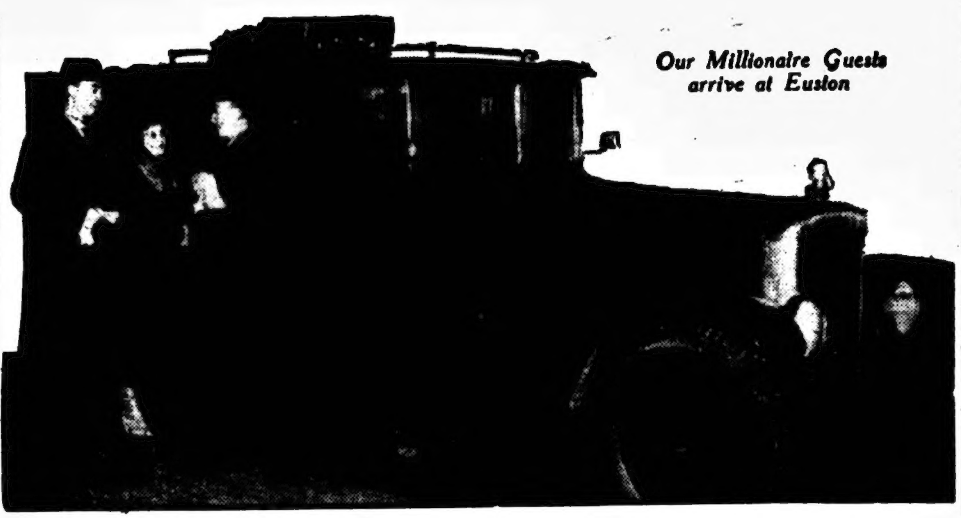
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.,
(482P), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(482P), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street,
Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the Cure of Rupture.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

(Please write plainly) ....



Our Millionaire Guests arrive at Euston

HOW "JOHN BULL" ENTERTAINS

FOR over 21 years *Bullets* prizes have been famous. So when JOHN BULL invites a First Prize-winner and his companion to a week-end celebration in London, you may be sure that there are no half-measures about his hospitality.

To show you how JOHN BULL treats his guests, we recall below the actual words of the young Lancashire man whose victory in our 861st Contest enabled him to bring his fiancée to London for a Millionaire's Week-end—he is Mr. A. J. Mace, 91, Adelaide Road, Stockport.

* * *

"When we arrived at Euston one Friday night," he wrote, "after a journey from Stockport in first-class luxury, we were met by the Competition Editor. A limousine and chauffeur had been placed at our disposal during our stay, and we were driven to our hotel. Being too late to go to a theatre that evening, we were taken for a drive round London, and had the various places of interest pointed out to us. On returning about 11.30 p.m., we were taken to see a famous Cabaret Show which we thoroughly enjoyed.

We set off to see the sights in earnest on the Saturday morning at 10.15 a.m., accompanied by a Cook's guide, who proved most interesting and enthusiastic.

Our luxurious car was of great assistance in getting speedily from place to place, and by the time we broke off for lunch at a charming little restaurant in Soho, we had seen more than most visitors do in a whole day.

Continuing our sight-seeing tour, we returned to our hotel for tea—and managed to squeeze in a taste of non-stop variety at the Windmill Theatre for half-an-hour before our evening meal.

After dinner we enjoyed Mr. C. B. Cochran's latest show, and a midnight tour of Odhams Press, where we saw *The People* being printed.

On Sunday morning we set off in our car for a run in the country, through Harrow and Eton to Windsor, where we had lunch at a charming hotel built by Christopher Wren. Later we were driven to Euston in good time for our train back to Stockport, and so concluded a Millionaire's Week-end on which no expense was spared by JOHN BULL to make us happy and comfortable."

* * *

An equally luxurious and still more thrilling celebration awaits the First Prize-winner in this week's contest, for besides the pleasures described by Mr. Mace there will be that breathless afternoon at the Cup Final on Saturday, April 28.

Then, when the Millionaire's Week-end is over, the winner will return to his home with the pleasant prospect of life made smoother and worries banished by that fine sum of £750 cash in the bank.

Is it not worth your while to spend a quiet half-hour with the *Bullets* page this evening, so that the First Prize telegram on Friday, April 13, may be addressed to you?

Get in some valuable practice by entering for *Bullets* this week; then you will be all ready for the sensational Double Record offer which next week will add a golden page to competition history.

£6,500!

Two records will be broken by next week's offer of prizes value over £6,500, including 50 Radio Gramophones, in Competition No. 933. First Prize—£12 a Week for Life or £5,000 cash!

£760 10s. CASH AND 30 RADIOGRAMS AWARDED!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500, COMPETITION NO. 928

Mr. J. L. JONES, 121, Woodgrove Road, Burnley, Lancs.
Example:— OPTIMISTS SAY
Bullet:—"GOOD EGG!" PESSIMISTS "SNIFF."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. C. HOPKINS, Holbeach Clough, Holbeach, Lincs.
Example: In The Back Row
Bullet: Musn't Put Peace "Lovers."

THIRD PRIZE OF £30:

Mr. W. H. TURNER, 107, High Street, Wollaston, Stourbridge, Worcs.
Example: Usually Behind
Bullet: Smashing Success, Heart-breaking Failures.

3 PRIZES OF £6

J. H. GILES, 184, Peperharow Road, Godalming.
Slackness—Serpent—"Step On It"!

A. E. PAYNE, 15, Wakefield Road, Brighton.
Coming In Time—Slipper Saves Slippery Slope.

A. W. TUCK, Bathford, nr. Bath.
Bad Lot—"Taxes" Parents—Forgets "Duty."

3 PRIZES OF £5 10s.:

B. OLIVER, 10, Bear Estate, Woodstock.
Pride Of The Village—Field-piece, Mocking Field's Peace.

A. S. PARFITT, 8, Rock Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Welcome—Chalk Cliffs Gave, "Indelible."

R. WIGHT, 129, Lochend Road, Leith, N.B.
To Ring The Bell—Beware Hastening Doctor's Knock!

3 PRIZES OF £5:

B. COE, 80, Claremont Road, Moss Side, Manchester.
Still Talking—Villager Prince Chatted With.

F. R. WARD, 125, Highfield Road South, Dartford.
She Hopes—Vainly—She's Hopelessly Vain.

W. WILSON, 10, Fordyce Street, Glasgow.
Beauty—"Cooked"—Rival Cooked Beautifully.

3 PRIZES OF £4 10s.:

J. BROWN, 22, Fairfield Road, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.
Her Lamb—Crows Happily—Crowns Happiness.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Miss E. M. WALL, 50, Manchester Road, Burnley.
In Life—"Windy" Never Win Day.

H. WAREHAM, 56, Port Vale, Hertford, Herts.
Dangerous Man—Employer Who "Drives" Driver.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

3 PRIZES OF £4:

H. HOCKIN, 45, North Street, Fowey, Cornwall.
Pride Of The Village—Harvests—Till Village "Grew."

S. LIDSTER, Arundel, New Road, Brixham.
Awkward For Father—Sonny's Bank-book Replacing Money-box.

M. E. LIGHTBOWN, 133, Stoneclough Road, Stoneclough, nr. Manchester.
Light As A Feather—Fate's "Cannon-balls"—Her Dumplings.

3 PRIZES OF £3 10s.

F. COPPER, 7, Thornfield Street, Weaste, Lancs.
Light As A Feather—Wife's Bun—To Elephant!

A. FROST, Room 10, Oxford House, 35, Oxford Street, Southampton.
Banging The 'Drum—Salvationist—Cotton-wool Our "Salvation."

E. W. WALLIS, 25, Bootham Crescent, York.
Ambushed—Barmaid Also Selling Flags!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Each of the above winners will also receive an £18 18s. Radio Gramophone, as will 3 winners of £3, 3 of £2 10s and 3 of £2. A list of these, together with 20 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners, can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 4.

NEW STRENGTH FOR AGED PEOPLE.

Age is a cumulative process. The older a man or woman gets, the weaker do the digestive organs become. The things one can eat without trouble get fewer and fewer, and as the diet gets monotonous, the appetite goes. That's one reason why old people seem to age so quickly.

And it's one reason, too, why so many doctors urge elderly people to take Wincarnis. Wincarnis is particularly useful to the old because, apart from the fact that it is a wonderful tonic and strength-builder, it is delicious to take and it stimulates the digestive glands. This enables elderly people to eat many dishes they could not otherwise manage, and with increasing appetite comes increasing benefit.

Besides, Wincarnis itself is almost a food. The wine in each bottle contains the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the strengthening properties and the vitamins of malt and meat extracts. Try Wincarnis to-day. We have over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

CURES GASTRIC ULCERS WITHOUT OPERATION

Mr. Albert Cooper, of 8, Salcombe Avenue, Copnor, Portsmouth, suffered constantly from the worst kind of indigestion for four years. "I tried"—these are his own words—"all kinds of so-called cures but without success. Eventually I collapsed and was taken from a local cinema and arrived in hospital where a 'gastric ulcer' was diagnosed. I fully expected to be operated upon. Imagine my surprise when they started giving me Maclean's Powder.

"Only six weeks afterwards, I was discharged cured, and have since enjoyed perfect health in every way and can eat what I like, whereas before I used to hate the very sight of food, which always made me ill. No words of mine can speak too highly of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

Whatever kind of indigestion you suffer from, you ought to try this wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at once. Any chemist can supply it, but be sure to ask for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

A real remedy for that Cough —TEST IT FREE!

Readers are invited to test without charge or obligation, the deep penetrating, healing and soothing powers of "Musterole." Simply fill in your name and address in the coupon in the advt. on p. 38 and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Fill in the Coupon on Page 38.

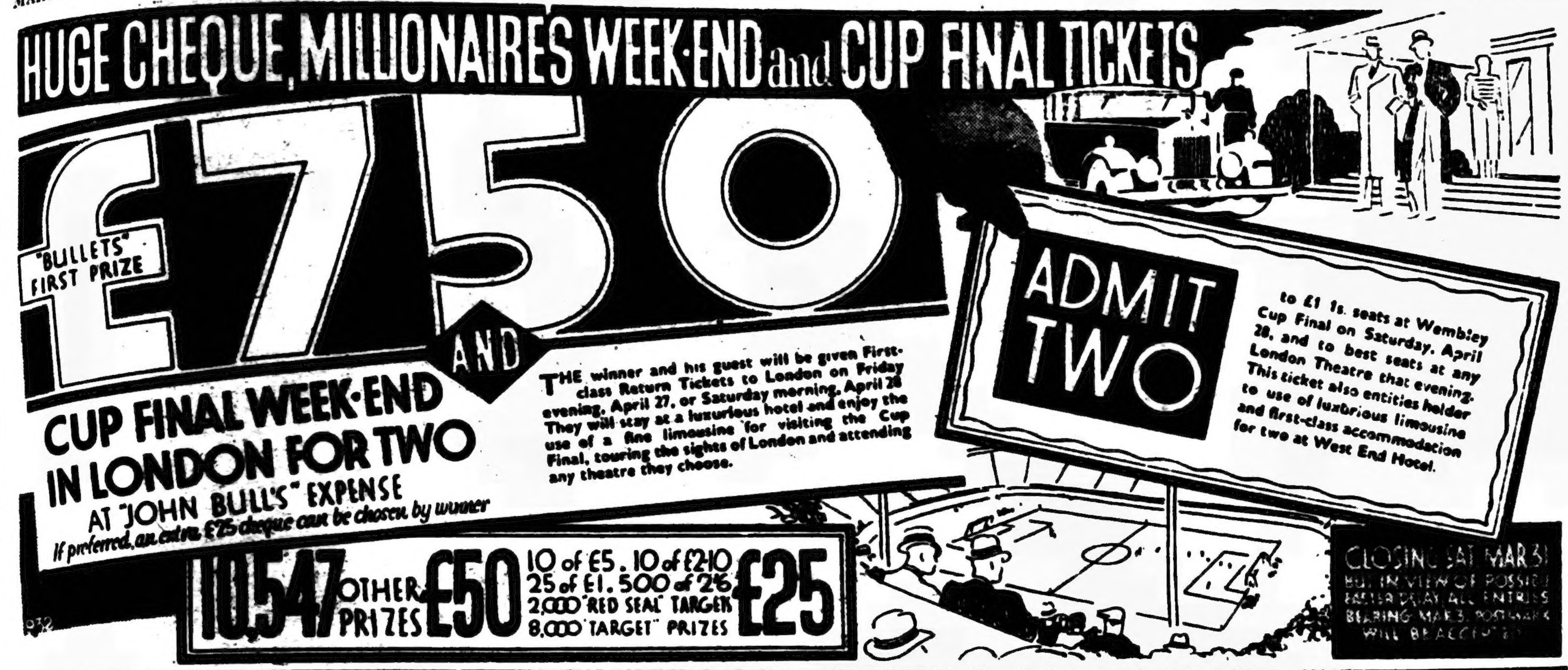
PILES (Hæmorrhoids)

Have done with Piles. A new treatment has been compounded for Piles which is remarkably successful. This treatment is the result of years of practical experience and the grand results achieved are most gratifying. If you suffer you must write at once and prove its sterling worth. Under this new Treatment all irritation, pain and inflammation rapidly subside. The treatment gives instant relief and a lasting recovery. Under this special Treatment the swollen piles are relieved, they contract to normal conditions, the circulation is improved, all bleeding quickly stops and health is fully restored to the parts affected. By this treatment blind, bleeding, or protruding piles quickly fade away and inflammation and itching become things of the past. If you suffer from Piles write to the address below for full particulars and start your cure straight away. All letters are strictly private and confidential. Address your letter to:—

THE NATIONAL COLLEGE
(Ward 6.4.),
Great Clowes Street, Salford, 7,
MANCHESTER.

A Leisure Hour COMPETITION.

Are you interested in golf, cricket, gardening, billiards, fishing, hiking, etc.? If so, fill in the coupon on the Front Cover for full particulars and entry forms of a novel competition, in which monthly prizes are being awarded.


HUGE CHEQUE, MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END and CUP FINAL TICKETS
"BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE
£750
AND
CUP FINAL WEEK-END IN LONDON FOR TWO
AT "JOHN BULL'S" EXPENSE
If preferred, an extra £25 cheque can be chosen by winner
10,547 OTHER PRIZES
£50
10 of £5. 10 of £2-10
25 of £1. 500 of 2/6
2,000 "RED SEAL" TARGETS
8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES
£25
ADMIT TWO
CLOSING SAT. MAR. 31 BUT IN VIEW OF POSSIBLE EASTER DELAY ALL ENTRIES BEARING MAR. 31 POSTMARK WILL BE ACCEPTED
932

THE winner and his guest will be given First-class Return Tickets to London on Friday evening, April 27, or Saturday morning, April 28. They will stay at a luxurious hotel and enjoy the use of a fine limousine for visiting the Cup Final, touring the sights of London and attending any theatre they choose.

to £1 1s. seats at Wembley Cup Final on Saturday, April 28, and to best seats at any London Theatre that evening. This ticket also entitles holder to use of luxurious limousine and first-class accommodation for two at West End Hotel.

Come up for The Cup with £750 to Spend!

WHAT a series of thrills awaits the winner of this week's huge First Prize for a *Bullet!* First will come the thrill of the £750 First Prize telegram on Friday, April 13, and all the pleasure which sudden wealth can bring. Then on Friday, April 27, he will travel First Class to London with his chosen guest for a Millionaire's Cup Final Week-end at JOHN BULL's expense.

The two will be conducted to a new luxury hotel, where the best possible accommodation has been reserved—and a table at a midnight Cabaret will be available. Next morning their private limousine will enable our visitors to tour the sights of London and later to reach Wembley in comfort to enjoy from £1 1s. seats the Greatest Cup Final in the history of football. Afterwards—dinner, and a theatre to wind up the day.

There are as many as 10,547 other prizes in this contest, but this great opportunity is yours for a few days only.

"HOW TO MAKE BULLETS"

TO make a *Bullet*, first read through the *Examples*, marking those which appeal to you most. Take each of these chosen *Examples* in turn and jot down all the rough ideas which occur to you.

A *Bullet*, remember, consists of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the *Example*. Your next step, therefore, is to polish these rough notes of yours into finished *Bullets*.

Suppose, for instance, against the *Example*, BRITANNIA'S STOCKING, you had written the rough note, *Has Too Many Holes*. A few minutes' juggling with words and you could easily arrive at the completed *Bullet*, BRITANNIA'S STOCKING—IMPROVED BY MORE "LADDERS."

Now just one thing remains. Before you begin on your efforts, it will pay you to study closely the good points of the big winners in Competition No. 928, the result of which appears on the opposite page.

You are then ready to start work on the *Examples* given. Make your *Bullets* with care, remembering that Saturday, March 31, is the closing date of this novel big one-week contest.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA'S STOCKING
MAKES TAXPAYER GROAN
THE ROAD IS ROUGH, BUT
WORTH THE TROUBLE
THOSE WHO KNOW
IN THE RIGHT
AWAY FROM HOME
WITH A LONG FACE
SWINDLED
MY BUSINESS
MADE THE FARMER SMILE
NEW MAN
CALLING FOR HER
SHOWER OF CONFETTI
WEIGHS HIM DOWN
FRIEND IN NEED
WHEN EVERYTHING'S GONE
ONE IN A MILLION
TO REFORM FATHER
"BE CAREFUL!"
I WANT WORK, SO
SEEN EVERYWHERE
AT THE PRICE
LUCKY ESCAPE
IN OUR GARDEN
PEEPING THROUGH
BY HERSELF
BITTER BLOW
RASH
SET ALIGHT
COMING TO THE POINT
PLEASED THE CROWD
PUSHING THE BOAT OUT
WITH A BUMP
SMACK IN THE EYE
SHOCK FOR THE BURGLAR

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £25-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD.,
30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 932 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize winner in Competition No. 927 will be displayed at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons, Station Road, Tidworth, Hants.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(932) Closing SAT. Mar. 31
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(932) Closing SAT. Mar. 31
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(932) Closing SAT., Mar. 31
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(932) Closing SAT., Mar. 31
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(932) Closing SAT. Mar. 31
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Entry:** "Bullets" No. 932 "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BE READY FOR NEXT WEEK'S £6,500 DOUBLE RECORD OFFER

The Wise Way to GET SLIM!

Without Starving, Dangerous Drugging or Violent Exercises

Reduce Your WEIGHT

"SILF"

Brand Obesity Tablets

Rebuild Your HEALTH

Enlist the Aid of "SILF" To-day.

The Natural and Safe Way to a
FASHIONABLE FIGURE

THE desire of every over-fat woman and man to get and to keep a slim, youthful figure is commendable and wise. It arises from a desire to look and to feel healthy and youthful and from an inner knowledge that excessive fat is inimical to all that makes for Energy and Charm.

Every unneeded ounce of fat . . . every extra inch of unnecessary bulk is a threat against physical well being and a spoliation of all those attributes of attractiveness and popularity which are the birthright of every woman, yes and every man, too.

But there is a wise and an unwise way, too, of attempting to reduce your weight.

The unwise way is by means of Starving, Drugging, or Violent Exercises. Such methods, carried to their logical end, can only mean disaster and may result in an unenviable state of weakness and ruined health far worse even than the affliction of fatness itself. Such methods cannot be too strongly condemned.

THE WISE WAY IS BY MEANS OF "SILF" BRAND OBESITY TABLETS. Silf is a scientific method of weight reduction which enables every fat-burdened person to once more enjoy the pleasures and joys of youthful and healthful slimness. It achieves its results without Starvation Diets, Dangerous Drugs, or Body-Straining Exercises. It is a **remedy** for obese conditions which, while reducing excessive fat in a natural and safe way, also restores and rebuilds the ruined health.

How different this is from the STARVING method which only further weakens the already fat-weakened system and deprives you of nourishment which is Essential to life!

How different from the Purging method which "washes away" the nutriment from your food!

How different from the VIOLENT EXERCISE method which may strain vital organs already encumbered and weakened by fat!

The **SILF** way to slimness is the way of wisdom . . . and it is the certain way, as the many amazing successes so amply prove.

LOST 6st. 2lbs.
"Never Felt Better"

Chatham.

Dear Sirs,—Your splendid fat-reducer "Silf" has done so much for me that I am writing to say how grateful I am.

Until six months ago I weighed no less than 16st. 12lbs.—much too heavy for a woman of my height—but to-day I only weigh 10st. 10lbs. **What a wonderful change—a reduction of 6st. 2lbs.**

And let me say I have never felt better in health—for I had got very run-down—had to be always resting—could scarcely walk about and felt a worn-out woman with nerves shaken and no energy left.

Let me also say that I never altered my habits of eating and diet. I still enjoy all my food, and this fact should be of good cheer to all stout people.

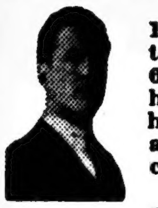
Yours faithfully, M.C.

This photo shows the charming sylph-like figure admired by all.

Got rid of 102 lbs. of Excess Fat

Middlesex.

Dear Sirs, — Mere words can scarcely convey my thanks for the welcome transformation which "Silf" tablets have effected in reducing my very excessive fatness.



From a huge unhealthy bulk of 18st. 10lbs., they have brought me down to the normal and healthy weight of 11st. 6lbs.—just about what a man of my height and build should be. I wholeheartedly recommend "Silf" tablets to all afflicted with the grievous burden of corpulency.

Yours most thankfully, G. R.

MONEY BACK OFFER

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 Box of Silf (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by the Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

Silf
BRAND
OBESITY TABLETS

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

WAS 13st. 9lbs.
NOW 9st. 3lbs.

London.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing this letter to say how grateful I am to your marvellous "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets. Only a short time ago I weighed 18st. 9lbs., but now I am only 9st. 3lb.

I cannot express my gratitude for this remarkable change for the better, but can only say I will recommend "Silf" brand tablets to anyone I know who would benefit by taking them, as I know they cannot fail.

Yours truly, F. G.

Whether your excess weight runs to many stones or is merely a few pounds—the action of "SILF" is just as wonderful.

The discovery of "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets has solved the problem of superfluous fat for ever. Not only is this Natural Remedy Perfectly Safe but it achieves its object without "starvation dieting" or other perilous practices. It restores to the fat-weakened system the lost health and strength—tones up every weakened organ and sets you on the right road to Health as well as Slimness.

Start "Silf" now, and then "Watch your Weight," for you will soon be gratifyingly surprised.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

You save money by purchasing the larger sizes.

From all Chemists and Druggists or Post Free by sending the price to —

THE SILF CO., LTD.
(Dept. 46G.),
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